Sept. 21, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

Price 35 cents

Property of
Ambassador [illegible] Library
Big Sa[illegible]

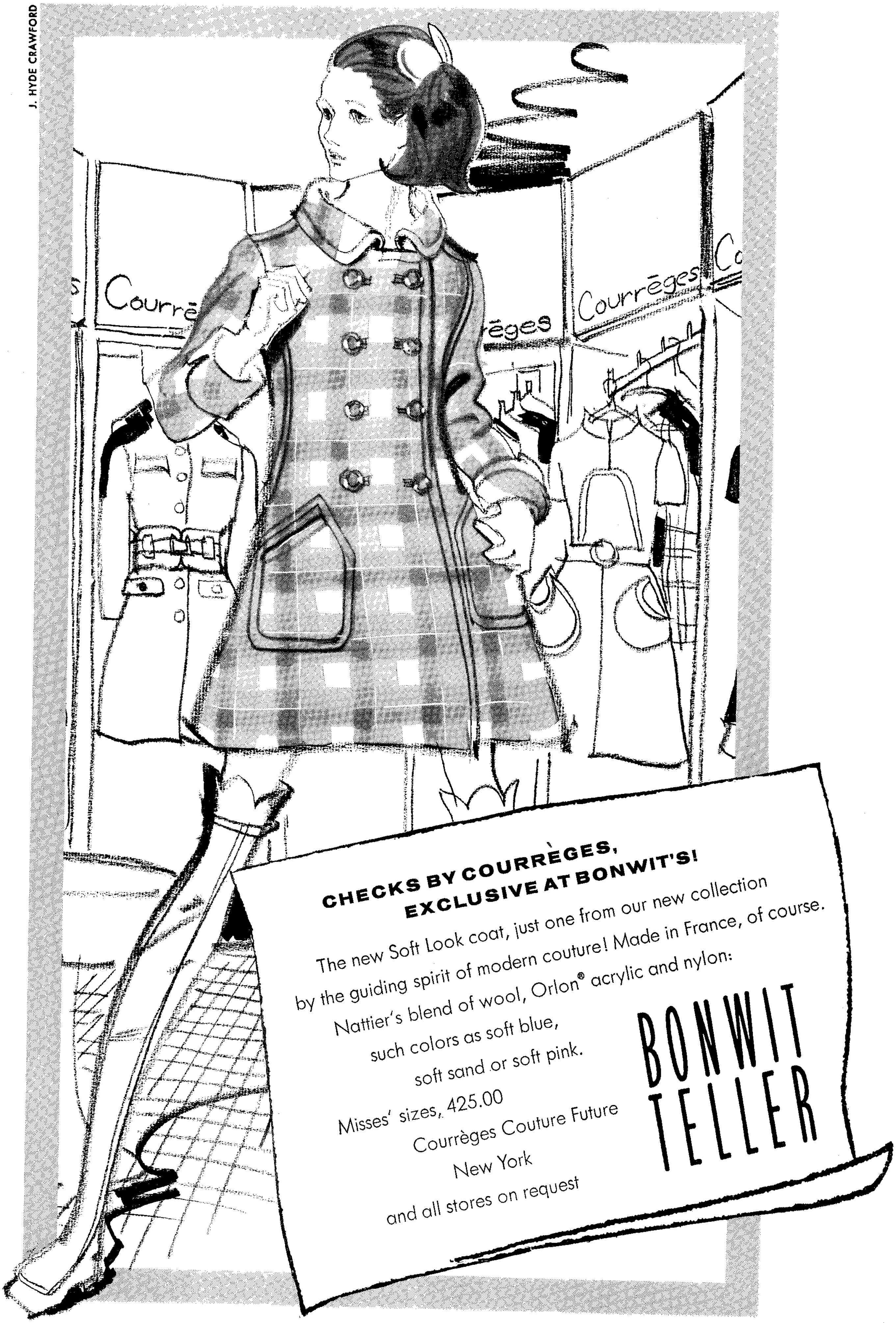
HOW TO
SAVE FACE FROM
9 TO 5
AND
AFTER

Liquid
REVENESCENCE
Charles of the Ritz

A long look in the mirror. Then on goes the make-up. Suddenly your skin looks dewy-fresh, with a brisk walk-in-the-country air. But will it last? Only if Revenescence® went on first. Revenescence moisturizes your skin. Helps protect it from steam heat, sun, wind, air-pollution. The vandalism of time. You can't see Revenescence. It goes on unnoticed. Stays on. To do good deeds all day long. Result: You look as fresh at dinner as you did at breakfast. People will tell you to your face.

© Charles of the Ritz 1968

Charles of the Ritz


J. HYDE CRAWFORD
Courrèges
Courrèges
Courrèges

CHECKS BY COURRÈGES,
EXCLUSIVE AT BONWIT'S!

The new Soft Look coat, just one from our new collection by the guiding spirit of modern couture! Made in France, of course. Nattier's blend of wool, Orlon® acrylic and nylon: such colors as soft blue, soft sand or soft pink.

Misses' sizes, 425.00

Courrèges Couture Future

New York
and all stores on request

BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Performances of George Kelly's THE SHOW-OFF will run through Saturday, Sept. 28. THE COCKTAIL PARTY opens Monday, Oct. 7. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cuban Thing—A play written and directed by Jack Gelber, with Rip Torn, Jane White, Maria Tucci, Rose Gregorio, Michael Wager, and Harold Scott. Previews through Monday, Sept. 23. Opens officially on Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 7. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lovers—Brian Friel has written a charming, sentimental play about the joys and miseries of Irish lovemaking. Art Carney plays the lead, assisted by several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company. The director is Hilton Edwards, also of the Gate. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna are the authors of this comedy in five episodes. Richard Castellano, Zohra Lampert, Gerald S. O'Loughlin, Miss Taylor, Dick Van Patten, and Mary Louise Wilson head a cast under the direction of Charles Grodin. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Donald Pleasence in Robert Shaw's play, imported from London. Harold Pinter is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Sept. 25. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 26. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Ordinary Man—A play by Mel Arrighi. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon has a knack for making people laugh, and these three conjoined one-act comedies would no doubt be S.R.O. even in Tibet. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall have a high old time in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy, brightened at intervals by a funny old man out of the lower East Side of long ago. Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid comprise the family, and David Burns is the funny old man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Jay Allen has turned Muriel Spark's exhilarating little novel into an admirable play. Zoe Caldwell is exceedingly good in the principal role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Woman Is My Idea—A comedy by Don Liljenquist, with John Heffernan and Hugh Marlowe at the head of a cast directed by the author. Previews through Tuesday, Sept. 24. Opens officially on Wednesday, Sept. 25. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—CACTUS FLOWER: Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD: An invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are the principals. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . SCUBA DUBA: Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING: Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Noël Coward's Sweet Potato—A revue devised by Roderick Cook from songs, sketches, and excerpts from plays and other works written by Mr. Coward over the past fifty years. The cast includes George Grizzard, Dorothy Loudon, Carole Shelley, and Arthur Mitchell. Opens Thursday, Sept. 19. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

George M!—An opulently staged account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey makes George M. Cohan appealing by remaining Joel Grey. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie

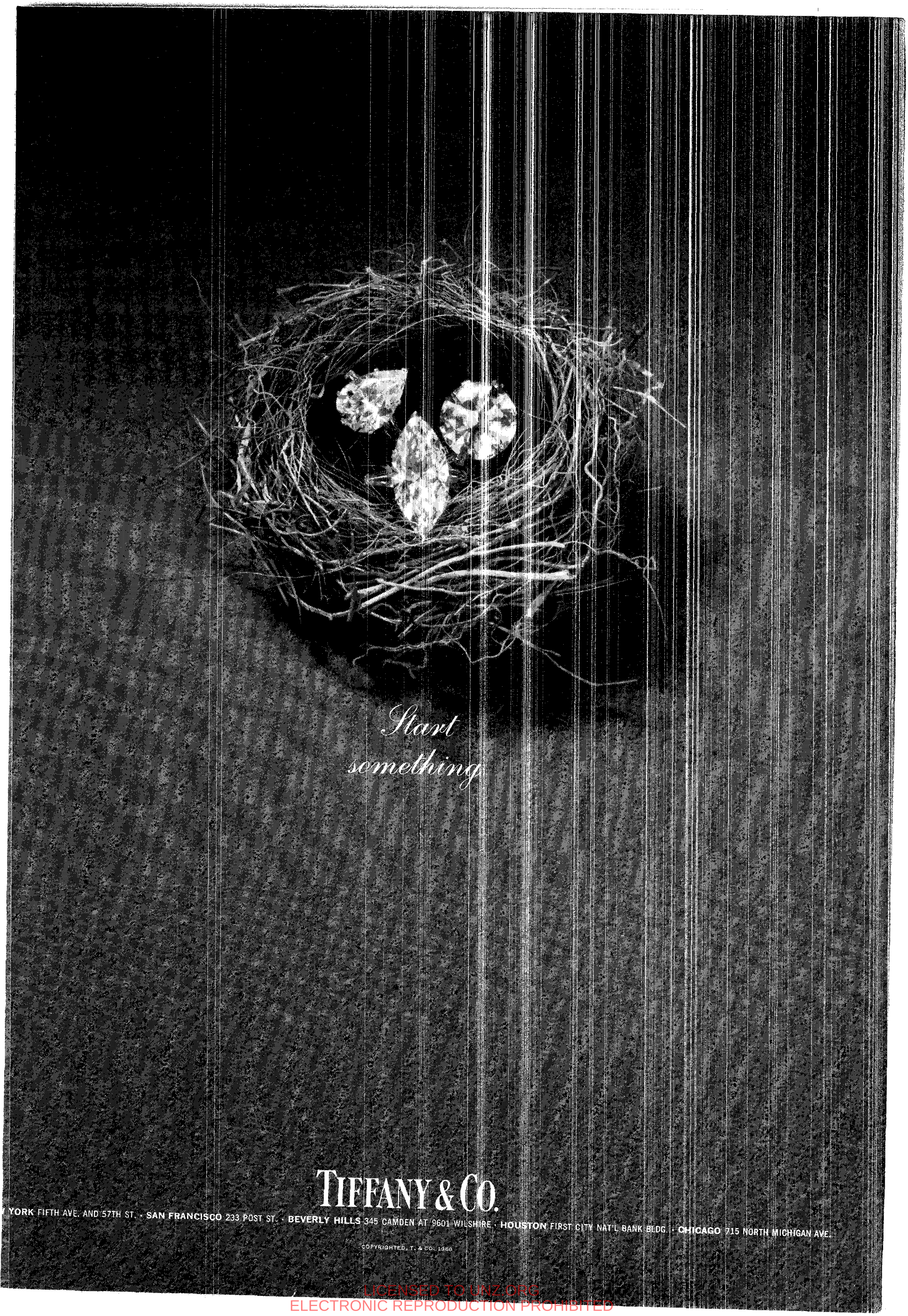
Page
THE AIR 167
BOOKS 180
THE CURRENT CINEMA 140
LETTER FROM PARIS 172
MUSICAL EVENTS 137
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 153
THE RACE TRACK 179

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIV, No. 31, September 21, 1968. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1968 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.



TIFFANY & CO.

YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST. · SAN FRANCISCO 233 POST ST. · BEVERLY HILLS 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE · HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. · CHICAGO 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.

COPYRIGHTED, T. & CO. 1966

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in the wrong town. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HAIR—A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE—A clumsy adaptation, clumsily performed, of Max Beerbohm's fairy tale. James Bredt's score sounds pleasant, though. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Final performance Thursday, Sept. 19, at 9.)

THE HAPPY TIME—A big, hollow, and technically adroit staging of a skimpy book with skimpy songs. Robert Goulet and David Wayne are its wasted stars. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 28.)

MONTH OF SUNDAYS—A musical with a book by Romeo Muller (taken from his story "The Great Git-Away"), music by Maury Laws, and lyrics by Jules Bass. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

WALK DOWN MAH STREET!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

YOUR OWN THING—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7: Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** The murmuring pines and the hemlocks. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Janis Paige plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Starting Monday, Sept. 23, Robert Wright will replace Hal Holbrook in the title role. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

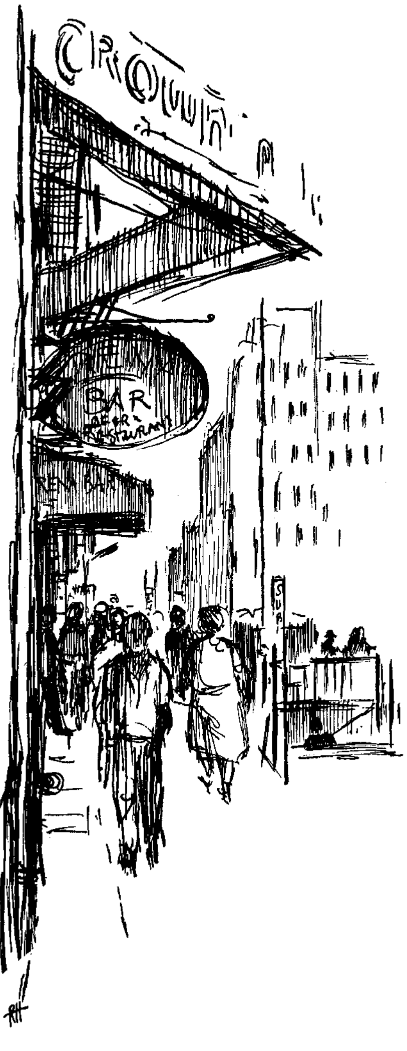
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

BALLET

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Thursday, Sept. 19, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Incubus," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 20, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Sea Shadow," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8:30: "Moves," "Incubus," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 22, at 2:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 22, at 8: "Moves," "Pas de Trois," "Sea Shadow," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 8:30: "Distractions," "Secret Places," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8:30: "Moves," "A Light Fantastic" (première), and "The Green Table."... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "Astarte."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 27, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," "The Lesson" (company première), and "Astarte."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2:30: "Pas de Dix," "Nightwings," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8:30: "Distractions," "The Clowns," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Oct. 20.)

MISCELLANY

NATIONAL MEXICAN FESTIVAL AND RODEO—Bareback riding, trick roping, a mariachi band, and clowns, to say nothing of a horse ballet. Tony Aguilar and Flor Silvestre head the troupe. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Sept. 19, at 7:30; Friday, Sept. 20, at 8:30; Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2 and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Sept. 22, at 2 and 6.)



NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Folk singers Hedge and Donna and rock artists Ars Nova share the bill. On Wednesday, Sept. 25, Patrick Sky, another folk singer, will arrive. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

CAFÉ AU GO GO, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is *tenebrous and sometimes significant*. The Rhinoceros is playing rock, and on Friday, Sept. 27, the elusive and talented Tim Hardin will join the show, singing and playing songs with meaning. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's about the only thing that's happening. Not much to look at, but nice to know: A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and a quartet headed by tenor player Brew Moore, who recently returned from self-exile in Denmark to enliven this city's jazz scene. On Tuesday, Sept. 24, the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet will take over. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

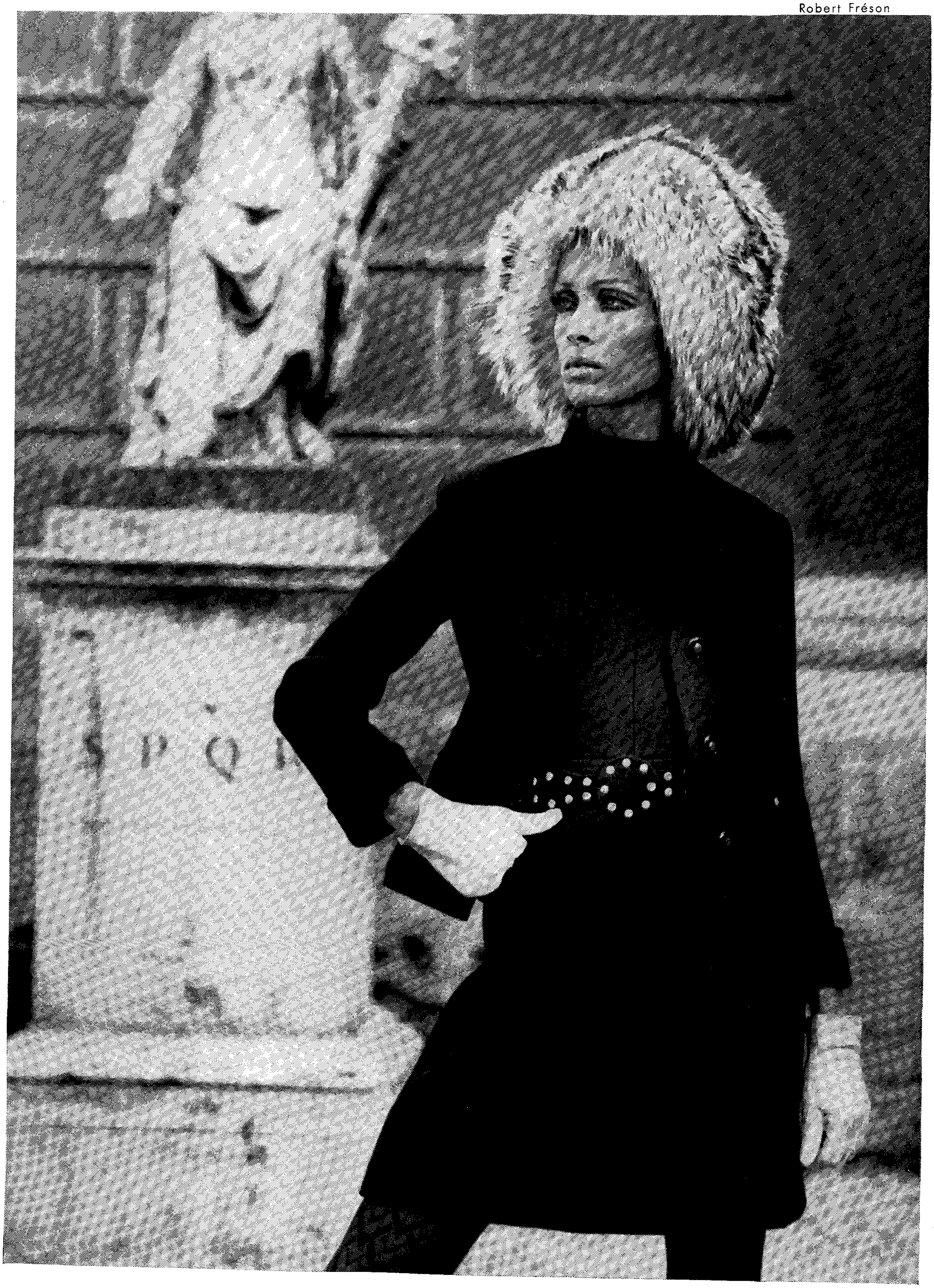
RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and ho-ho-ho. A fine how-do-you-do.

THE SCENE, 301 W. 46th St. (JU 2-5760)—Where some people think it's at. The Mandor-Beekman rock group will play through Sunday, Sept. 22. The Turtles will be around on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 19-20, and Hal Waters, acoustic-guitarist, will be there Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 19-22. Sunshine Company, a California group, will start playing on Monday, Sept. 23. After two-thirty, visiting musicians often turn up for jam sessions. You can dance if you're so inclined.

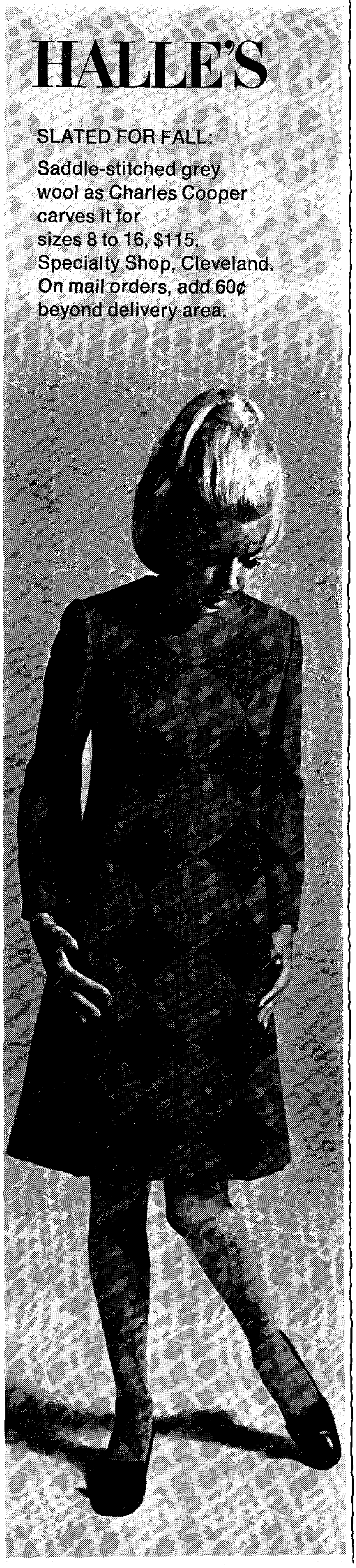
SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Dim, shadowy, nondescript, it's sort of basic. Jazz every night from nine until closing by the Pharoah Sanders quintet. Monday, Sept. 23, will be turned over to singer Jema Jo. On Tuesday, Sept. 24, the Yusef Lateef quartet will start playing. Early-evening specials, from five to nine: Saturday, Sept. 21, the Don Ayler quartet, and Sunday, Sept. 22, Weldon Irvine's big band.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, the Mose Allison trio plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the trio is off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs, a fairly large show: The Music World of Herbie Mann, involving the Roy Ayers sextet, the Soul Flutes, the Steve Marcus quintet, and Mann's own twenty-piece band. David Steinberg, who has some trenchant things to say about some contemporary mat-

Robert Fréson



VALENTINO superb—gabardine dress and jacket, 190.00, just one of his masterpieces impeccably duplicated in America exclusively for Contessa collections, **LORD & TAYLOR**



HALLE'S

SLATED FOR FALL:

Saddle-stitched grey wool as Charles Cooper carves it for sizes 8 to 16, $115. Specialty Shop, Cleveland. On mail orders, add 60¢ beyond delivery area.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ters, will also be onstage. Mondays are devoted to special events.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz goes pretty far out. Thelonious Monk's quartet plays six nights a week. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right—it's practically in the North River. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, things start oscillating at four-thirty and keep going till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. The loud, live sound of the Epitomé alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates attempted to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—It comes in colors everywhere, it combs its hair, it's like a rainbow. Flashing, whirling, pulsing, slamming, the whole big place is a hippodromish carnival, and those who enter seldom leave without having had an experience. Live groups and rock records take turns over a good system for dancing from nine to three or four. Alcohol? No.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (355-7160)—The dancing is fundamental. The music is vital. The drinks are drinkable. Records play from nine to three or four except on Fridays, when they start at eight. Reservations are recommended on weekends. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—An *auberge* for people afflicted with a severe case of ennui in this boring world—just a little spot that affords one a chance to bask in a milieu that is very much of this year while retaining many of the fashionable hang-ups of yesteryear. If you don't wear something chic or even *outré*, you might as well stay home. Dancing from ten till closing, except on Fridays and Saturdays, when things start at eight-thirty. Simply everyone turns up eventually, doesn't simply everyone?

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, the Blue Notes play for listening. On Monday, Sept. 23, the Ronnie David quartet will replace the Notes. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can dance (from seven to three or four) or patronize a bar, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, a gimcrack shop, and several other real establishments. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (870-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Street does. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a hip place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Respect," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Paisley walls forever.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): Sarah Vaughan, voice of authority and of decision, is making herself known during dinner and supper. Phil Wayne's crew of musicians begins at seven, and there is always the view of the world you have well left behind. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The décor of the old villa has been completely redone, and the music (catch-as-catch-can of late) has been redone by Peter Duchin and his social-graces band. And, to further keep up with the times, sections of electronic music have been built in. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Turn and turn about—Johnny Mince's band Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays, thus insuring a spirit of subdued glee every night of the year in the Café Pierre. Between the Worth sets, Ellen Harwicke contributes song and piano. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Peace-on-earth is the guiding principle of the restaurant, and good-will-to-all is the spirit of Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on in general from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): The latest of the revivalist meetings held on the premises brings Clyde McCoy back to town, and Holy Rolling can be done to the strains (and stresses) of his orchestra. Fran Warren is the chirruper of the evening. The music begins as early as six and lasts until well after midnight. No noise Sunday nights, though. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Plain, simple, unvarnished facts—a floor the size of a six-day bike race (not permitted, along with anything resembling the Frug, the Tug, the Hugger-Mugger), in-perpetuity dance music (Argueso's is the leading, and Latin, band), a modicum of sustenance, and no elaboration. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week, but Sundays from three-thirty on. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): The unroofed terrace affords communion with the phenomenon known as Natural Habitat—trees, grass, fireflies, and weather. Nourishment and parochial dance tunes, too. These last are presented from dinnertime until past midnight.

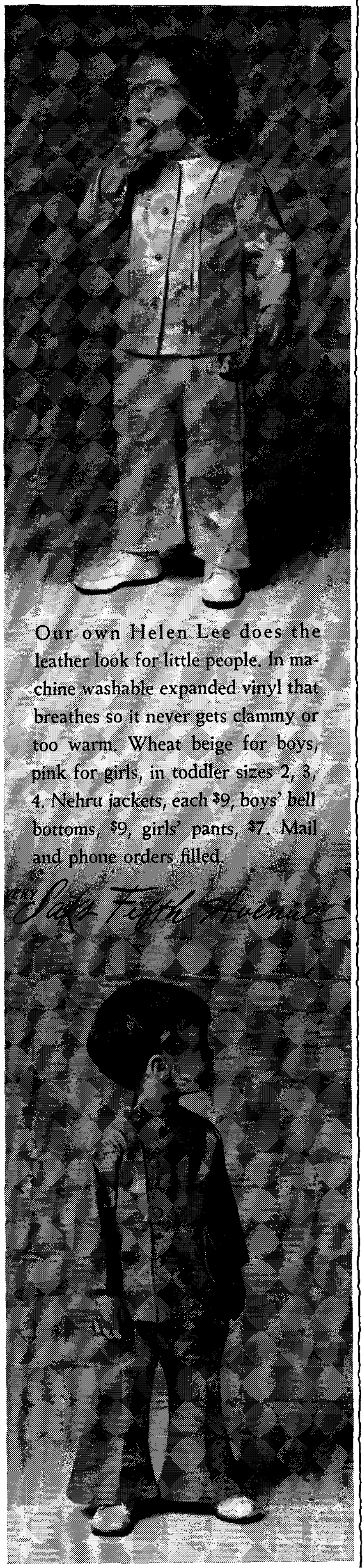
BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, at dinner and supper, Kaye Stevens presents, and buoyantly, the flip side of life, or what passes for it, in Miami Beach and Las Vegas. Her consort, Timmie Rogers, does not exactly shine by comparison. On Tuesday, Sept. 24, Patti Page and her carols will take over. Lee Evans' band, always good as new, remains on duty. Closed Sundays and Monday, Sept. 23.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—That long-playing record, Los Chavales de España, has settled in for a full semester. Singing, parading, blowing their own horns (all hands double and triple in brass), the Chavales make it a Welcome

B
Miss Balmain
BALMAIN
PARIS
the new perfume
For the young. The beautiful. And the bored.



Our own Helen Lee does the leather look for little people. In machine washable expanded vinyl that breathes so it never gets clammy or too warm. Wheat beige for boys, pink for girls, in toddler sizes 2, 3, 4. Nehru jackets, each $9, boys' bell bottoms, $9, girls' pants, $7. Mail and phone orders filled.

Saks Fifth Avenue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wagon evening seven nights a week. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre in the round, mauresque guitar begins at five, flamenco chanting begins at nine-thirty, and all hands stay late, and every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Jerry Vale, beamish boy and bouncy bard, sings for his dinner and sings for his supper night after night. On Wednesday, Sept. 25, the management will draw the Vale over this frabjous scene for the last time; next evening, Miss Peggy Lee, quietly breathing songs of passion from a soul that never will be dead, checks in.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Lainie Kazan is (in the manner of all sopranos who love to make albums) elaborating upon the themes of the popular ditties of the day. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte wax, without waning, the whole evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9-** reopens on Tuesday, Sept. 24, in a new guise—as a showroom for the guys in Lionel Hampton's bursting-with-energy band, and as a *salon de danse* for Mousie Alexander's threesome. Proceedings commence at eight-thirty. As for the menu, the place might as well be known as the Sandwich Islands. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender begins to suffuse the statuary and, except on Sundays, violin and piano begin a pleasant conversation. From Tuesday through Saturday, the violin belongs to Gunnar Hansen, majordomo of this hall.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, at dinner and supper, Patachou unfolds, always in lyric fashion, her tales of two cities—Paris and New York. The orchestras of Quintero and George Cort take up every bit of the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the way lies La Boite, where the only sound is Ernest Schoen addressing his Viennese violin and Jules Kuti addressing his Viennese piano. Likewise closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Shirley Bassey, giving her usual command performance of words and music, provides quite enough *son et lumière* for dinner and supper in the Empire Room. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo and the rock group known as the Young Savages do the dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley affords dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one along with dinner and supper, plus piano on its own, from four to eight Mondays through Fridays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

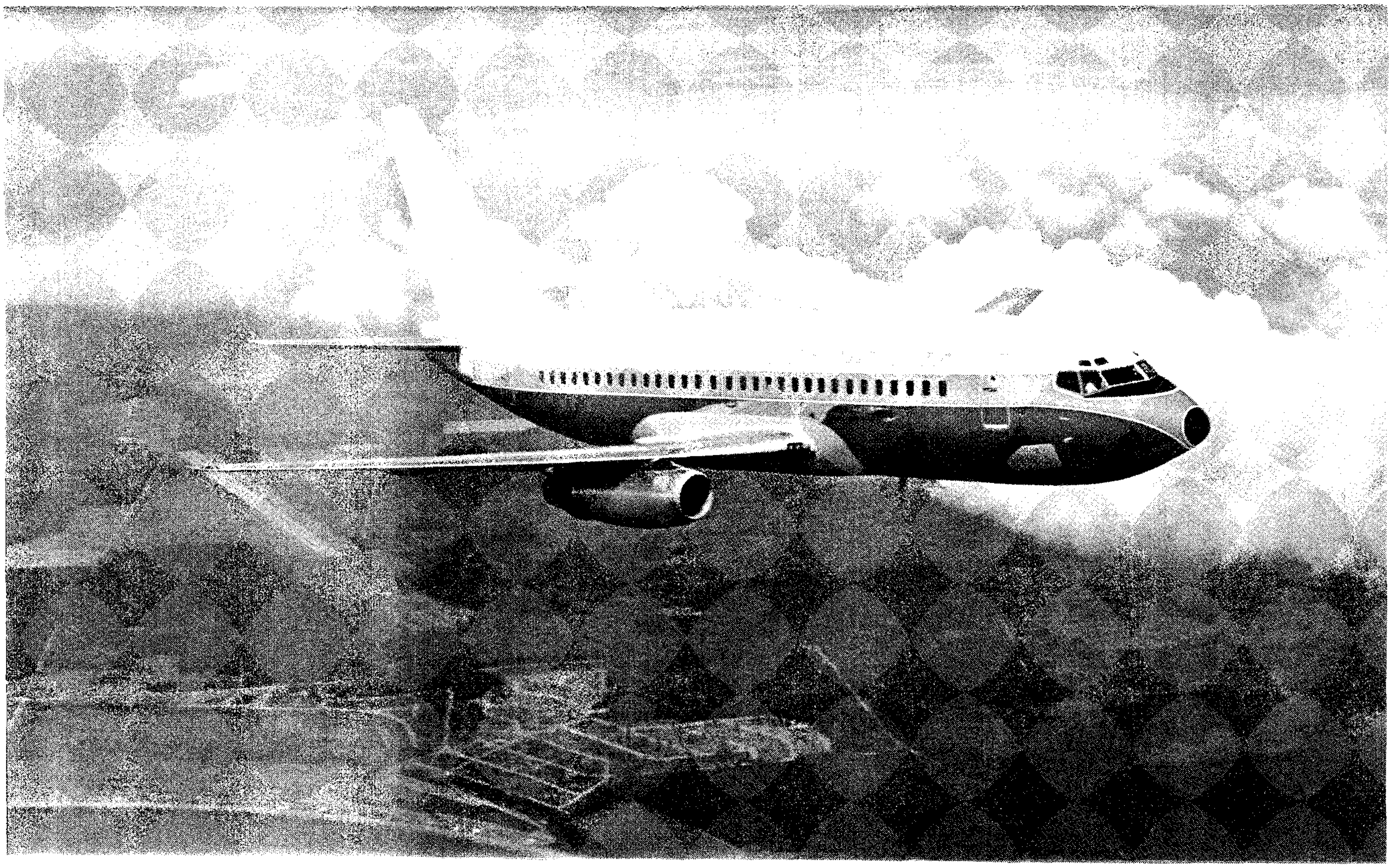
(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The return of the natives, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, to their winter quarters, where piano, single and double, rings out from dusk until early morn. The busy fingers of these artists cease fire only on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The piano in this *salle de luxe* has for years led a life of innocuous desuetude, but under the fingers of Bobby Short it is being driven like mad as he declaims the songs that are at their best during the dark hours. He begins at eight-thirty, and he and his two sidemen run on until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Gulf Stream has a benign influence on this establishment and a bubbly influence on the troubadour in attendance. His beat is dinner, and calypso, as well as after the theatre. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Happiness is a thing called boys and girls—me for you, you for me, and euphoria. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the rest of the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Hands across the seas—in this case, the Mediterranean. Be they Greek, Israeli, or Armenian, the hands are turned to assertive but cheerful music, song, and conversation. Yoel Sharr provides a large part of the chitter and the chatter, George Mgrdichian races across an oud, Tasso Mavris rips across a guitar, and a solemn female, Jasmine by name, makes the *danse de ventre* a truly ceremonial affair. The dining is native without being naïve. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is as Second Avenue does, but in the grim gloaming the grimness is at least eased by Charles De Forest, singing away at his own piano about one lost earthly and urban paradise after another. He is absent Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri prefers to view the world from on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour. There she chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Fridays and Saturdays, Mlle. D. does a reprise at midnight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A souvenir of the Budapest of another day. Béla Babai's orchestra adumbrates the scene, and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. There is a gaggle of girl singers, too, but they can be taken or left alone. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera bouffe and opera bœuf à la mode, with the waiters standing not upon ceremony but upon cacophony, bellowing Italianate arias in the course of their nightly rounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Instant Replay," the miniature revue now on board, does a certain amount of original thinking, yet there are times when it does seem that the name of the game should be "Instant Recall." Except on Sunday, the revue is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty. On Wednesday, Sept. 25, it ascends to **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** same address, same stairs. That evening, too, Joan Rivers, damsel in acute distress, returns **DOWNSTAIRS** to discuss her latest symptoms and syndromes. Her night off is also Sunday. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): In its pleasant fashion, it's sort of a houseboat on the Thames. Just the same, Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, has the sound of midnight Manhattan. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. Fiddle and pianoforte are the weapons of choice, and Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists, makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, a piano discourses every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The old Roman forum serves as a parade ground for Herman Honigsberg, who, diplomatically table-hopping, Stradivarius at the ready, is followed by an entourage of fellow-musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): The acoustics here have been greatly improved by adding Ray Hartley's piano to the décor. He operates from five-thirty until one, but takes Sundays and Mondays off. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Spaceship from Mars, the residential quarter of Istanbul—what can this upstair snug be deemed to represent? In one of the alcoves on display there is piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller



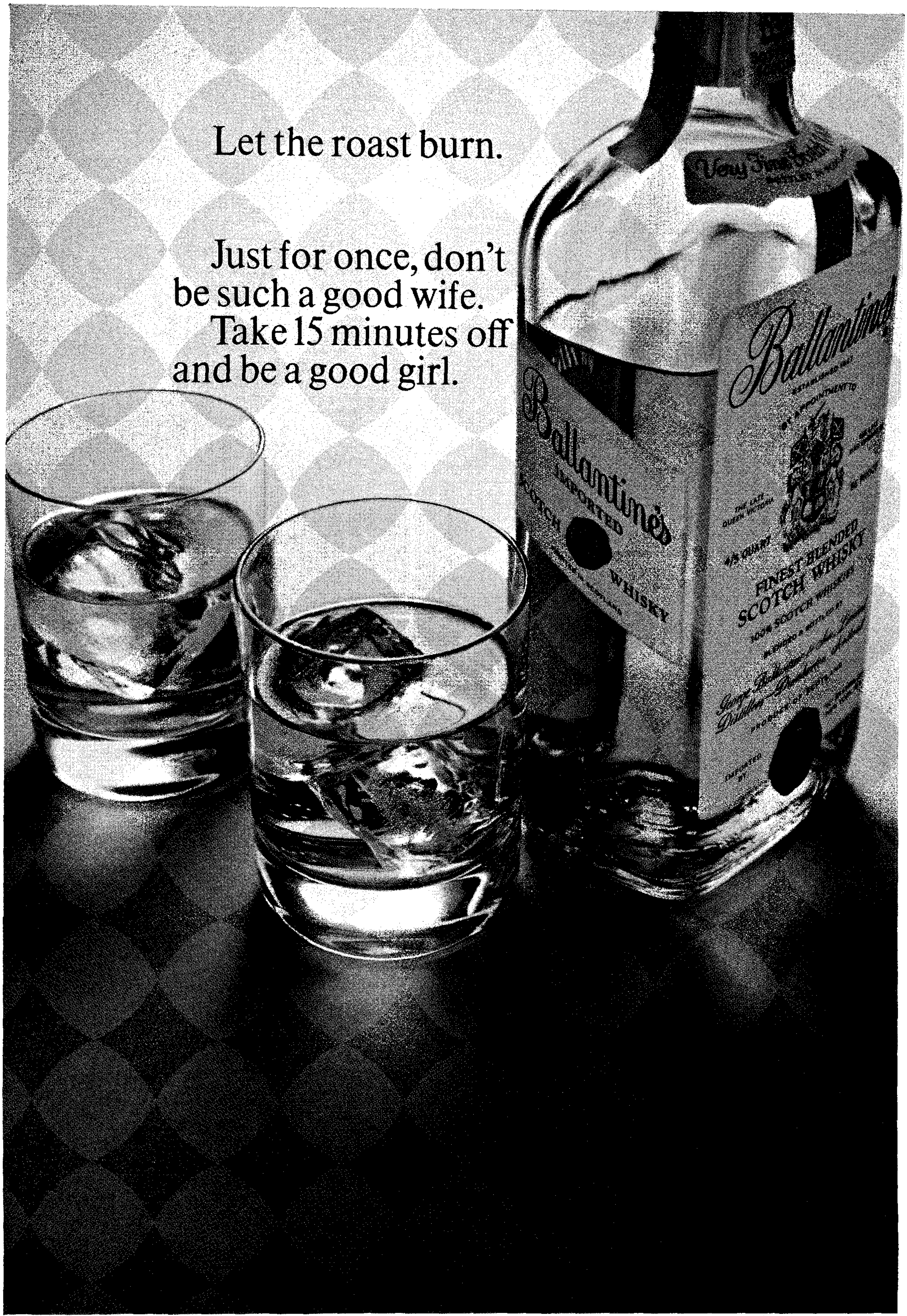
[illegible] new
people-pleasing 737
is [illegible]
pleasing people.

Every month,
more travelers
are discovering that
wide-as-a-707
big-jet comfort
can now be theirs
in a short-range jet.

Next trip,
fly this great
new Boeing jetliner.

BOEING 737 TWINJET

These airlines have ordered 737s: Air Madagascar, Aloha, Avianca, Braathens, Britannia, Canadian Pacific, Irish, Lufthansa, Malaysia-Singapore, NAC-New Zealand, Nordair, PSA, Pacific Western, Piedmont, South African, United, VASP-Brazil, Western, Wien Consolidated.


Let the roast burn.
Just for once, don't be such a good wife. Take 15 minutes off and be a good girl.
Ballantine's
Imported
Scotch Whisky
4/5 Quart
Finest Blended Scotch Whisky

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Center. (PL 7-5730): Beachcombing of a decorous sort beneath the striped umbrellas of a great square of out-of-doors. In a small pavilion, an assiduous set of musicians plays calmly on through luncheon, dinner, and supper. No music Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): On Friday, Sept. 20, George Feyer moves into the scene with his fashion-plate piano and fashion-plate commentary. Closed Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): On Sundays, from five to nine and Mondays from six to ten, song and music issue in the restaurant from the Talbot Brothers, otherwise known as the Bermuda Islands.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-98)—Seventeen oils, watercolors, drawings, and pastels; through Oct. 2. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY BOXER—Abstract sculptures in wood and stone; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Long, narrow paintings, horizontal and vertical, by a follower of the color-field movement; through Oct. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

STYLIANOS GIANAKOS AND ROBERT SWAIN—Abstract fibre-glass sculptures by the former and mathematical "color" paintings by the latter; through Oct. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES HENDRICKS—Paintings inspired by photographs of the craters of the moon; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BETTY KLAVUN—Large sculptures in paper, and small bronzes; through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

ERNST WILHELM NAY—Oil paintings and gouaches by a leading German Abstractionist who died this year; through Oct. 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

NATHANEAL NEUJEAN—Figures in bronze by a Belgian sculptor who has done portraits of well-known international personalities; through Oct. 12. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

CÉSAR PATERNOSTO—Painted structures of canvas and plywood using geometrical shapes by an Argentine; through Oct. 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

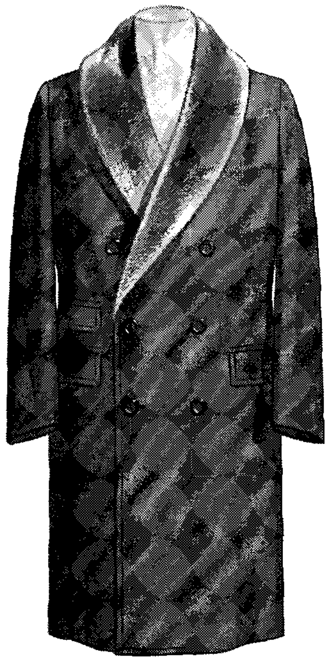
CLAYTON POND—Intimate paintings and related etchings by an artist hitherto known for his work in graphics; through Oct. 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

EMIL SCHUMACHER—Paintings done in the United States by a German Abstract Expressionist; through Oct. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURES—Works by George Baker, John Rosenbaum, and Jack Squier; through Thursday, Sept. 26. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

TAPESTRIES—Pieces by prominent twentieth-century masters, such as Picasso, Léger, Calder, Miró, Laurens, plus others by leading contemporary artists of Yugoslavia; through Oct. 31. (Adria, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, among them Maurice Grosser, Margo Hoff, and Thomas Quirk; through Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings by Michael Goldberg, Ralph Humphrey, Paul Mogensen, David Novros, and Robert Ryman; through Oct. 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **DANENBERG**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: More than eighty paintings from the eighteenth century through the mid-twentieth, by Homer, Eakins, Inness, Hassam, Whistler, Marin, and Cassatt (to name a few); through Oct. 12. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Davis, Kuniyoshi, Marin, O'Keeffe, Shahn, and others whose work the gallery regularly shows; through Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.). . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Forty-two paintings



ESTABLISHED 1818

OUR EXCLUSIVE GREATCOAT
a handsome model from the past
trimly tailored of modern fibers

We introduced these coats last year at the request of a friend who fondly remembered the greatcoat that saw him through the New England winters of his undergraduate days. A striking garment, with generous brown deep pile Orlon acrylic collar (and black pile body lining)...and a black shell of Dacron polyester and worsted blend. Even sizes 38 to 46, regulars and longs. $150

OBSERVING OUR 150TH ANNIVERSARY

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • ATLANTA • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Americans who have worked abroad since 1810; through Oct. 5. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists who include Avery, Baskin, Bolotowsky, Cuevas, de Rivera, and Ernst; through Friday, Sept. 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Show—About forty important artists, from Cézanne to Miró, are represented in a show that has been travelling in Latin America; through Sunday, Sept. 22. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6. Admission fifty cents.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety mezzotints from the Museum's collection, constituting a survey of this method of printmaking, which originated in the seventeenth century; through Nov. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of late-period paintings and drawings by John D. Graham, a figure in the New York art world in the thirties and forties, who abandoned Abstract art for a kind of hallucinatory portraiture, mostly of women; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Five major paintings (by Kandinsky, Picasso, Gris, Marc, and Rouault) borrowed by the Museum; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Starts Friday, Sept. 20. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Drawings done in the past decade by Hyman Bloom, veteran Boston artist, whose subjects include rabbis, man's mortality, and the spirit world; through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of John F. Kensett, 1816-72, a prominent American painter of landscapes; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ A show of works that use light and electronics by six individual artists (among them Stephen Antonakos and Stanley Landsman) and a mixed-media group known as USCO; through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran, and includes carved pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An assemblage of treasures from the Library's vault, beginning with a Book of the Dead written between 975 and 810 B.C. and concluding with mid-nineteenth-century American literary manuscripts; through Oct. 19. . . . ¶ An eyesome showing of bookbindings, 1884-93, by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson; through Nov. 2. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—An exhibit of African and Afro-American art, including sculptures, graphic arts, and fabrics selected from collections throughout the world, designed to establish links between the traditions of five major West African civilizations and Negro art in the New World; through Nov. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"First Fruits," an exhibition (from the Berg collection) of the earliest editions of first books by American authors, from Washington Irving to Countee Cullen; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"Eyewitness: Czechoslovakia, 1938—August, 1968," photographs taken by Jan Lukas, Sonja Bullaty, Angelo Lomeo, and Hilmar Pabel; through Nov. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Sept. 19: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Joann Grillo, Carlotta Ordassy, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 20: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Gabriella Tucci, Sándor Kónya, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 21: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 21: "Carmen," with Shirley Verrett, Mirella Freni, Jon Vickers, and Justino Díaz. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday evening, Sept. 23: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Joann Grillo, Carlotta Ordassy, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 24: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Judith DePaul, Gianni Raimondi, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 25: "Carmen," with Shirley Verrett, Mirella Freni, Jon Vickers, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 26: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Joann Grillo, Carlotta Ordassy, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 27: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Judith DePaul, Gianni Raimondi, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 28: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Gabriella Tucci, Sándor Kónya, and Raymond Michalski. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 28: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Elena Cernei, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Postponed opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 17—Thursday, Sept. 19, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, Kay Creed, and Enrico DiGiuseppe; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Placido Domingo, and Chester Ludgin. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 20, at 8:15: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Jeannine Crader and Lino Savoldi; "Suor Angelica," with Anne Elgar and Claramae Turner; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Maria DiGilio and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 22, at 1:15: "La Bohème," with Anne Elgar, Maralin Niska, Jerome LoMonaco, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 22, at 7:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Janette Moody, Veronica Tyler, Barbara Blanchard, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8:15: *"Il Trittico"*—"Il Tabarro," with Jeannine Crader and Placido Domingo; "Suor Angelica," with Maralin Niska and Muriel Greenspon; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Anne Elgar and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:15: "Bomarzo," with Claramae Turner, Joanna Simon, Salvador Novoa, and Richard Torigi. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 27, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, Kay Creed, and Enrico DiGiuseppe; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Placido Domingo, and Chester Ludgin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Anne Elgar, Maralin Niska, Jerome LoMonaco, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Janette Moody, Veronica Tyler, Barbara Blanchard, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. (Car-

ESTABLISHED 1886 · QUAM VIDERI

The Stand-Up Turtle

Made in Scotland for Tripler. Pure wool Shetland, fully fashioned, six ply. Cable stitch repeated on sleeve and shoulder

BLUE SAND · CANARY · SKYE BLUE

Sizes: 38 to 46

$25

SLACKS. Our new fall slacks, a blend of arnel triacetate and rayon. May be washed or dry cleaned. Made with plain front and belt loops

STEEL BLUE · MED. GREY · CHAR GREY
OLIVE · BURGUNDY

Sizes: 32 to 42

$21

PLEASE ADD 75c FOR MAIL ORDERS

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

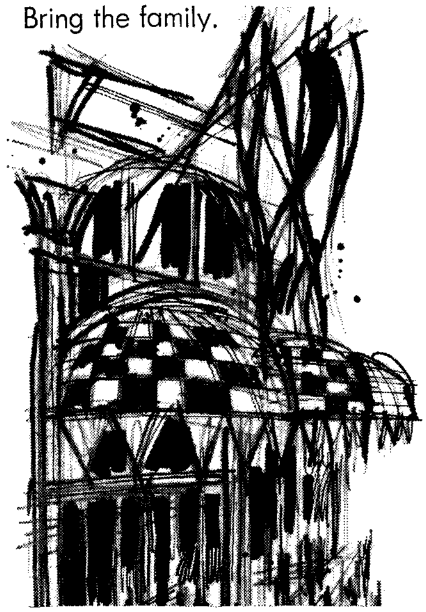
Mr. Chippendale, allow us to introduce you to extruded stainless steel.

The chairs which you originally designed make great dining companions with the table, of shining steel and glowing amber glass, which we designed. But all of Trend House this year is like this. A harmonious mix of periods and styles. Textures and colors. Fine art and decorative art. All with a common basis in design. Eclectic individualism is the spirit of our trend-setting, five-room house, an imaginative entity quite unlike anything, anywhere. At Field's in Chicago. Interior Decorating Galleries on Eight. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

THIS IS ALTMAN'S!

Come celebrate with us as we launch our most exciting season with a something-happening-every-minute house party. September 20th through October 5th. Come see a world of inspired ideas in fashions to live in, home fashions to live with. See fashion shows every day, special demonstrations, displays, seminars, lectures, tastings, exhibitions and consultations. Meet designers, artists, craftsmen, milliners, couturiers, beauticians, and other specialists in the arts of living. Taste new caviar recipes, pâté de foie gras, treats from Greece and Germany. Hear the vital sounds of today's music, by the Tokens, the New York Rock 'n' Roll Ensemble, and the 1910 Fruit Gum Co. Come every day, if you like, to Altman's on Fifth Avenue, and to every branch store. Bring the family.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

negie Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 8:30.)

Mozart Festival Orchestra—Baird Hastings conducting, with Harold Kohon, violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Sept. 27, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Monday, Sept. 23, at 8:30.)

Melvin Ritter-Jane Allen Duo—Violin and piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Traffic, Staple Singers, and Crome Syrcus—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 20-21, at 8 and 11:30.

Roland Kirk Ensemble, Elvin Jones Trio, and Dave Liebman Quintet—Town Hall. Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8:30.

Buddy Rich and Vanilla Fudge—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8:30.

Country Joe and the Fish and Ten Years After—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 27-28, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 20, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 21-22, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 27, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2:15.

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games: Detroit vs. Baltimore and Knicks vs. United States Olympic Team. (Madison Square Garden Center. Saturday, Sept. 28, at 6:30.)

Boxing—Manuel Ramos vs. George Chuvalo, heavyweights, 10 rounds; and Buster Mathis vs. James J. Woody, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden Center. Thursday, Sept. 26, at 8:30.)

College Football—SATURDAY, SEPT. 21: Army vs. Citadel, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 28: Army vs. Vanderbilt, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Detroit, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Grambling vs. Morgan State (benefit game), at Yankee Stadium, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Inwood Country Club, Inwood, L.I. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 25-27.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens, exhibition game. (Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, Sept. 27, at 7:35.)

Horse Show—Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 28.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

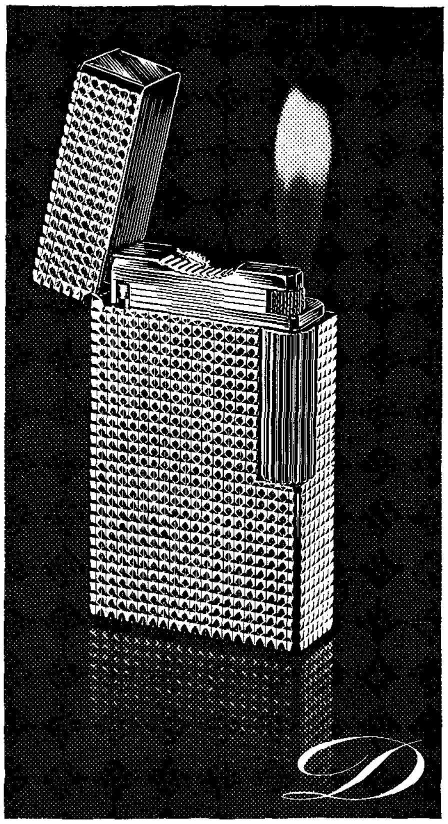
Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 26. The Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 21, and the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 28. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 12.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 17.

ET ALIA

United Nations—The twenty-third session of the General Assembly is tentatively sched-

THAT IT LIGHTS CIGARETTES IS ALMOST INCIDENTAL.



LIGHTERS FROM $800 TO $45

S. T. Dupont OF PARIS

From the S. T. Dupont of Paris collection of fine jewelry butane lighters—reflecting an almost century-old tradition of superb craftsmanship. The ultimate accessory for men and women...exemplifying an apotheosis of elegance, supreme quality, and highest precision. Heavily electroplated in 18 karat gold, or silver. Also in ancient Chinese lacquer.

Faceted design, shown above, large size, gold, $80; silver, $50. Also available in small size, gold, $70; silver, $45.

At fine jewelers in 80 countries around the world. **New York:** Herman Jewelry Co. **Baltimore:** A. H. Fetting Jewelers Co. **Birmingham:** Bromberg & Co. **Boston:** Shreve, Crump & Low Co. **Chicago:** Lackritz Jewelers, C. D. Peacock (also in Winnetka, Skokie, Oak Brook, La Grange). **Cincinnati:** Frank Herschede Co. **Columbus:** Rogers Jewelers of Columbus. **Coral Gables:** Carroll's Jewelers, Inc. **Denver:** Bohm Allen Jewelry Co. **Elizabeth:** Michael Kohn, Inc. **El Paso:** Gilcrest Jewelry. **Fort Lauderdale:** Carroll's Jewelers, Inc. **Las Vegas:** T-Bird Jewelers. **Lexington:** Fuller & Wilder Jewelers. **Minneapolis:** J. B. Hudson Co. **Palo Alto:** Johnson & Co. **Phoenix:** Grunewald & Adams of Phoenix. **Richmond:** Schwarzchild Bros. **San Antonio:** Linz Jewelers. **San Francisco:** Shreve & Co. **San Juan:** Joyeria Riveria. **Seattle:** Friedlander & Sons. **Shaker Heights:** The Rudolph Deutsch Galleries. **Washington:** Edward E. Ayre, Milton H. Schlosser, Chas. Schwartz & Son. Also at fine tobacconists and department stores. For store nearest you, write: S. T. Dupont Corp., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

uled to convene on Tuesday, Sept. 24. In the meantime, there may be meetings of the Security Council and of various commissions and committees to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; on Friday, Sept. 20, the General Assembly Building will close at 2. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily; on Friday, Sept. 20, the last tour will leave at 2.

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Thursday, Sept. 19, at 6:30: "The Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" (West Germany, 1968)....¶ Thursday, Sept. 19, at 9:30: "Report on the Party and the Guests" (Czechoslovakia, 1966).... ¶ Friday, Sept. 20, at 6:30: "The Red and the White" (Hungary, 1967)....¶ Friday, Sept. 20, at 9:30: "Mouchette" (France, 1966)....¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 6:30: "L'Argent" (France, 1927)....¶ Saturday, Sept. 21, at 9:30: "La Religieuse" (France, 1965)....¶ Sunday, Sept. 22, at 6:30: "Lola Montès" (France-Germany, 1955)....¶ Sunday, Sept. 22, at 9:30: "Faces" (United States, 1968)....¶ Monday, Sept. 23, at 6:30: "Tropics" (Italy, 1968)....¶ Monday, Sept. 23, at 9:30: "Partner" (Italy, 1968). ...¶ Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 6:30: "Kaya" (Yugoslavia, 1967)....¶ Tuesday, Sept. 24, at 9:30: "24 Hours in a Woman's Life" (France, 1967)....¶ Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 6:30: "Signs of Life" (West Germany, 1968)....¶ Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 9:30: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (France, 1966)....¶ Thursday, Sept. 26, at 6:30: "Artists Under the Big Top: Perplexed" (West Germany, 1967)....¶ Thursday, Sept. 26, at 9:30: "Les Biches" (France, 1968)....¶ Friday, Sept. 27, at 6:30: "Naked Childhood" (France, 1968)....¶ Friday, Sept. 27, at 9:30: "Weekend" (France, 1967)....¶ Friday, Sept. 27, at midnight: "One Plus One" (France, 1968)....¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 3: "Hugo & Josefin" (Sweden, 1968)....¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 6:30: "Beyond the Law" (United States, 1968)....¶ Saturday, Sept. 28, at 9:30: "The Firemen's Ball" (Czechoslovakia, 1967).

Walking Tours—"Brooklyn Heights," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Sept. 22. Meets on the steps of Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 5; Wednesday, Sept. 25, from 10 to 4; and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Sept. 19, at 1:45: Oriental art, from a number of collections. ...¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 20-21, at 1:45: Furniture and decorations, from various owners....¶ Wednesday, Sept. 25, at 8: British paintings, watercolors, and sculptures by such artists as Romney, Thomas Robins the Younger, and Henry Moore; the property of several collectors. Exhibition starts Tuesday, Sept. 24.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Sept. 19 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Awful Truth" (1937), with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant....¶ Sept. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "100 Men and a Girl" (1937), with Leopold Stokowski and Deanna Durbin....¶ Sept. 21 at 11:30: "Mother" (1926), a Russian film, directed by V. I. Pudovkin....¶ Sept. 21 at 3 and 5:30: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), with Charles Laughton and Mary Boland....¶ Sept. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "The Good Earth" (1937), with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni....¶ Sept. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Make Way for Tomorrow" (1937), with Victor Moore and Beulah Bondi. ...¶ Sept. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Marie Antoinette" (1938), with Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power....¶ Sept. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Romance" (1930), with Greta Garbo. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

Multipurpose

THE VILLAGER COLLECTOR® has a philosophy about suits. She likes hers to be versatile. The kind of thing you can wear to work or the museum or to take your sister's kids to the park and look as though this is the very occasion you bought it for. Voilà, the suit. Pure wool with leather buttons, and beneath, the tri-color striped merino wool sweater. Misses sizes.

Suit about $45, sweater about $15 at good stores and college shops.
Shoes by The Villager®

The Villager®

© 1968 THE VILLAGER, INC. MANNEQUIN DES. PAT. 194,253. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

500.00
BONNIE CASHIN'S CALL OF THE WILD FOR PHILIP SILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Aparajito (1957)—A sequel to the Indian film "Father Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 23.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 19.)

Band of Outsiders (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 21.)

Belle de Jour—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great filmmaker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

The Big Store (1941)—More Marx Brothers. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 20-22.)

The Bride Wore Black—A thriller about a lovely woman (Jeanne Moreau) who kills in vengeful memory of a beloved husband shot on the steps of their wedding church. Truffaut directs, in homage to Hitchcock, and makes a film that just manages to surmount a silly plot, since Truffaut shows an infinite and attentive respect for his characters and embeds in the narrative an idea about the nature of romantic love. In French. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Sept. 20.)

Chaplin Comedies—"His Trysting Place," "Dough and Dynamite," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 22.)

The Cousins (1959)—Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Gérard Blain. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 19.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 24.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—Still more Marx Brothers. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 19 and Sept. 22.)

Diabolique (1955)—How a cad, his wife, and his mistress work together and at cross purposes to reduce their number by a third. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. Directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 20.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 23-24, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers *again*. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 20-21 and Sept. 23-24.)

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 24.)

Hot Millions—Maggie Smith and Peter Ustinov in the first truly funny English comedy for a long time. Directed by Eric Till. If you care for the English, the character of the film is rather moving. The people are tough-tongued, apparently isolated, and secretly immensely good to one another. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 21.)

CINEMA
ALL STAR CAST
2 BIG SHOWS
TODAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25			

Mata Hari (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 25.)

The Music Room (1963)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 23.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Nazarin—Buñuel's film about a defrocked priest in Mexico. Francisco Rabal (of "Belle de Jour") plays the priest. No film has ever said "I do not believe, thank God" with more distress, humor, and endurance. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-0180; through Sept. 25.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers (it's their week). (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 23-24.)

The Odd Couple—If you didn't see the Broadway version of Neil Simon's funny comedy about two men in mid-divorce driving each other balmy with a surrogate version of fussy marriage between them, Gene Saks' film is another chance, with no substantial change. Jack Lemmon is the wifely figure. Walter Matthau the male enraged by vacuum cleaning. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; and Regency, B'way at 67th, SC 4-3700. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 25.)

Petulia—Richard Lester's giant stride forward, in a story about two people—wonderfully played by Julie Christie and George C. Scott—in San Francisco. The story concerns modern ways of hiding pain and injury. Lester's technique, which is jangly and terse, exactly expresses the subject and becomes eloquent about his own tacit perception of modern pain. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Sept. 24, except the afternoons of Saturday through Tuesday, Sept. 21-24.)

The Producers—For those who enjoy satire of the theatre enough to put up with Zero Mostel and much horseplay. Written and directed (sort of) by Mel Brooks. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through Sept. 24.)

Rachel, Rachel—A beautiful, affectionate film, a lot more energizing than a bold statement of the plot sounds, about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher. Joanne Woodward plays her with piercing detail and humor. This is Paul Newman's first piece of direction in the cinema, and it is very good. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Sept. 25.)

Rosemary's Baby—Roman Polanski isn't at full stretch in this film, but he has an obvious and engaging love of making movies. The story, adapted from Ira Levin's thriller, is about a girl (Mia Farrow) who lives in the Dakota with her actor husband and conceives a baby by alarming occult means. Ruth Gordon is very funny as a key witch next door. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Sebastian—Dirk Bogarde cracks codes in this uneven espionage comedy-thriller. With John Gielgud, who provides a few amusing moments, and Susannah York and Lilli Palmer. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 24.)

The Stranger—The Camus novel is a milestone in fiction, and, sadly, the movie version follows the original work without being able to encompass it; still, it is worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 25.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn (1962)—A picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 19.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—An Orson Welles film, with Charlton Heston and Janet Leigh. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 20.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 25.)

The Two of Us—An artlessly simple account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation in France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-three years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Cinerama, B'way at 47th, 265-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Voyage of Silence—Many jobless Portuguese every day cross the frontier illicitly into France in hope of work. Christian de Chalonge's fictionalized documentary is a true and troubling account of one man's experience of exile. In Portuguese. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

Warrendale—Allan King's moving chronicle of the storms in the heads of a group of mentally disturbed children who are only a little more troubled than the people called normal. No commentary, no prompting of us. One needs only to watch, as the children watch one another. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—W. C. Fields again, this time involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Zita—The director of "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," Robert Enrico, makes a fine-detailed feature about a young girl dealing as best she can with the experience of watching a loved aunt die. As played by Joanna Shimkus, the character expresses a moving fury of energy to get away from the inescapable. In color and in French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Sept. 21.)

Crystal
Pan
Coq au vin
Silver
Rosenthal

Rosenthal Studio-Haus
in New York

at 584 Fifth Avenue opened
its doors for business on
Friday, September 20, 1968
telephone 757-6164

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WARRENDALE.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
ULYSSES.

Charles, Ave B. at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 24: **SEBASTIAN**; and **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French).
From Sept. 25: **MATA HARI**; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), Greta Garbo.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 24: **PETULIA.**
From Sept. 25: **THE ODD COUPLE.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Oedipus the King," Christopher Plummer, Orson Welles.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
VOYAGE OF SILENCE (in Portuguese).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Sept. 21: **ZITA** (in French).
From Sept. 22: "The Bofors Gun," Nicol Williamson.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Sept. 22: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French).
From Sept. 23: "Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Duffy," James Coburn, James Mason.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 24: "Deadfall," Michael Caine.
From Sept. 25: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
MY LITTLE CHICKADEE; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 24: "Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.
From Sept. 25: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 24: **PETULIA.** (Saturday through Tuesday afternoons, Sept. 21-24, "Heidi," with Eva Maria Singhammer, will be shown instead.)
From Sept. 25: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Stranger Returns," Tony Anthony.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"Salt & Pepper," Sammy Davis, Jr., Peter Lawford.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 19: **AT THE CIRCUS**; and **A DAY AT THE RACES.**
Sept. 20-21: **THE BIG STORE**; and **GO WEST.**
Sept. 22: **THE BIG STORE**; and **A DAY AT THE RACES.**
Sept. 23-24: **GO WEST**; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA.**
From Sept. 25: "17th Parallel: Vietnam in War," a documentary film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 24: **THE ODD COUPLE.**
From Sept. 25: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Caretaker" (1964), Donald Pleasence.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 24: "The Big Gundown," Lee Van Cleef.
From Sept. 25: "Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?," Doris Day, Robert Morse.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Sept. 19: To be announced.
From Sept. 20: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 24: **PETULIA.** (Saturday through Tuesday afternoons, Sept. 21-24, "Heidi," with Eva Maria Singhammer, will be shown instead.)
From Sept. 25: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Funny Girl," Barbra Streisand, Omar Sharif. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
HOT MILLIONS.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Sept. 23: "He Who Rides a Tiger," Tom Bell.
From Sept. 24: "Capricious Summer," a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Sept. 23: "The Seventh Continent," a Yugoslav film.
From Sept. 24, at 8: "You Are What You Eat," a rock film. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Paris in the Month of August" (in French), Charles Aznavour, Susan Hampshire.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Sept. 24: **THE PRODUCERS.**
From Sept. 25: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
THE ODD COUPLE.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 25: **NAZARIN** (in Spanish); and **THE STRANGER** (in French).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 19: **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** and **THE COUSINS** (both in French).
Sept. 20: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French); and **TOUCH OF EVIL.**
Sept. 21: **MASCULINE FEMININE** and **BAND OF OUTSIDERS** (both in French).
Sept. 22: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); and ten U.P.A. cartoons.
Sept. 23: **APARAJITO** and **THE MUSIC ROOM** (both in Bengali).
Sept. 24: **DARLING**; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (1964; in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
Sept. 25: **12 ANGRY MEN**; and "One Potato, Two Potato" (1964), Barbara Barrie, Bernie Hamilton.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Sept. 19: "Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.
From Sept. 20: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French).

THE LADY DALTON MAINCOAT* OF 65% DACRON® POLYESTER, 35% COTTON, WITH ZIP-OUT WARMER, ABOUT $65.00. SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.
*LONDONTOWN'S TRADEMARK FOR IT'S ANY WEATHER COAT. LONDON FOG®, BALTIMORE, MD.

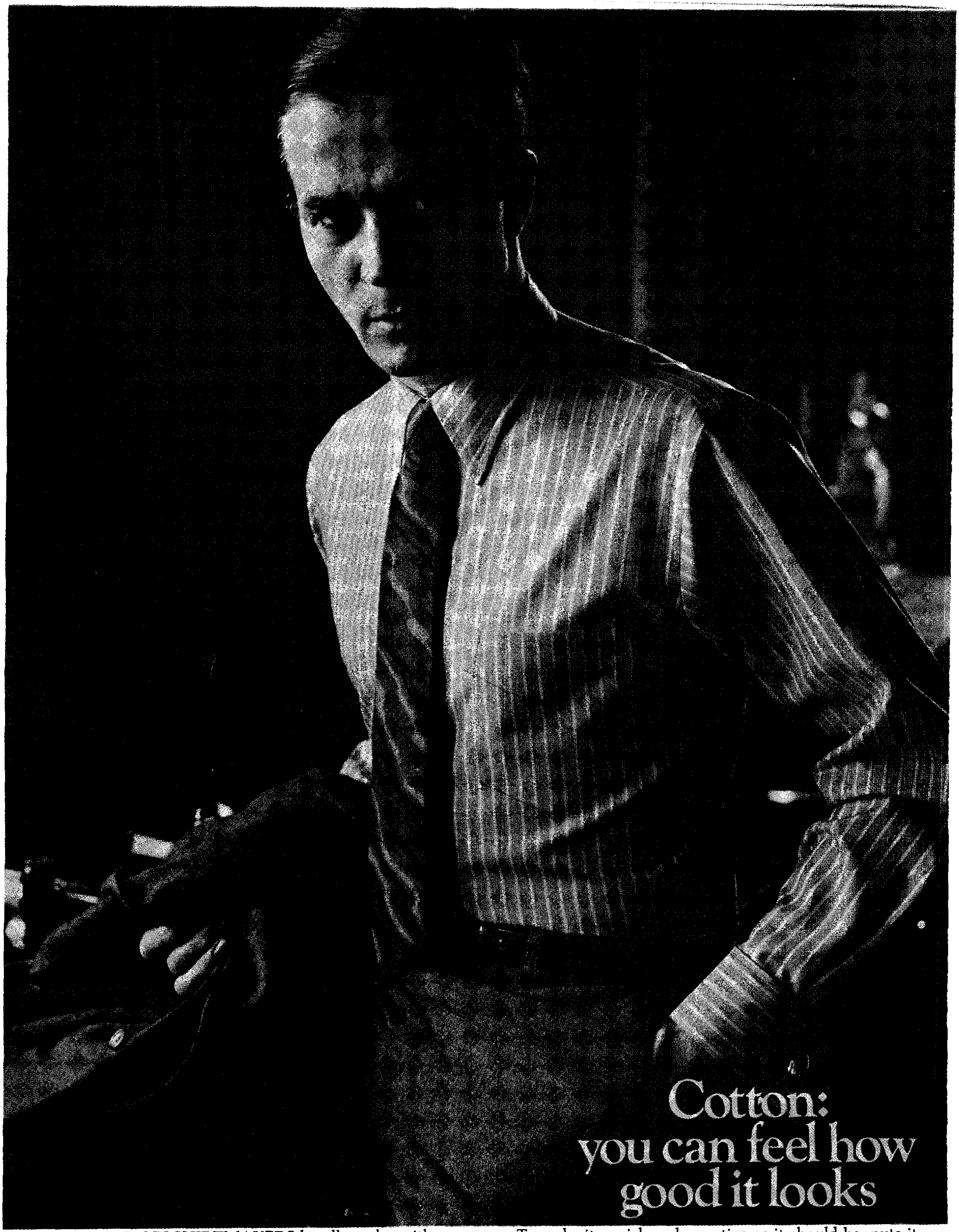
You never know when you'll get caught in a sudden sun.

When it's raining and everyone's busy side-stepping puddles, who really notices what you're wearing?

It's when the sun breaks through, and everything turns beautiful, that an ugly raincoat can make you look bad.

We styled our raincoat for the fairest of days. So that you'll never have to worry about being surprised by a sudden sun.

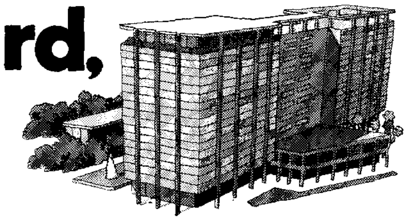
Or, needless to say, by a sudden shower. London Fog®



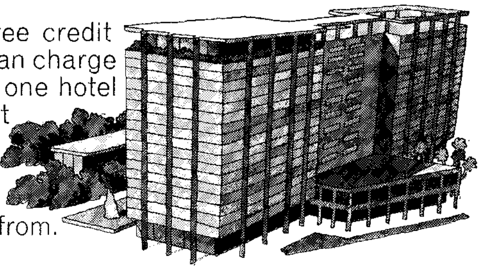
GANT SHIRTMAKERS handles color with assurance. To make it as rich and assertive as it should be, puts it on cotton. Fresh, *comfortable* cotton broadcloth that has a remarkable affinity for color, a special talent for making stripes speak out sharply. Note, too, Gant's way with a collar, the sleek tapered body look, the well proportioned French cuffs. Red (shown), blue, rust; sizes 14 to 17 with sleeve lengths from 32 to 36. About $8.50 at distinguished stores across the country. Cotton Producers Institute, Box 12253, Memphis, Tennessee 38112.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

The difference between charging hotel accommodations with a free credit card,

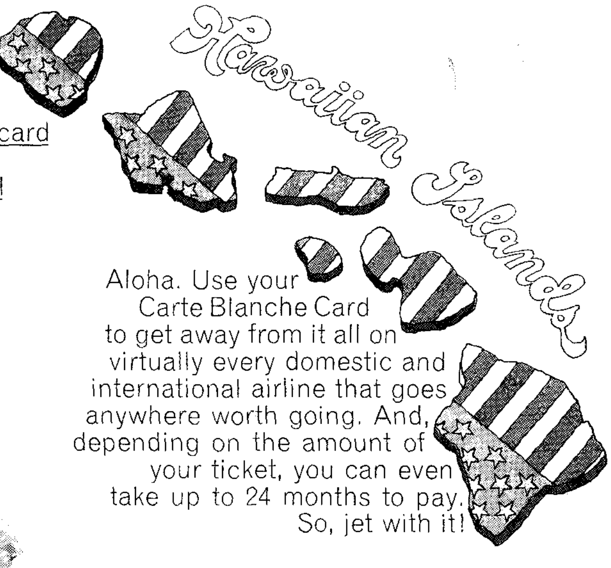


and a $12 Carte Blanche credit card is that we're more accommodating.



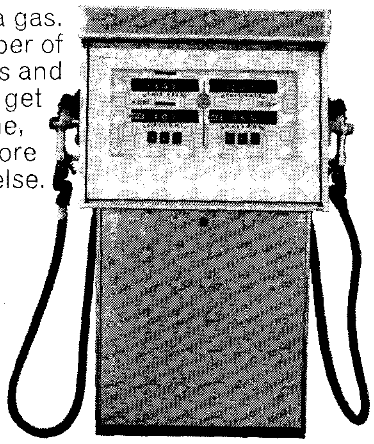
Let's face it: with a free credit card, you're lucky if you can charge your room at just one hotel chain. Lucky you can get Carte Blanche! Because we have an international list of fine hotels, motels, and inns you can choose from.

Eat your heart out! It's hard not to, with our list of restaurants. It reads like a "Who's Who." Which reminds us, we're the only card of our kind that's endorsed by the National Restaurant Association.

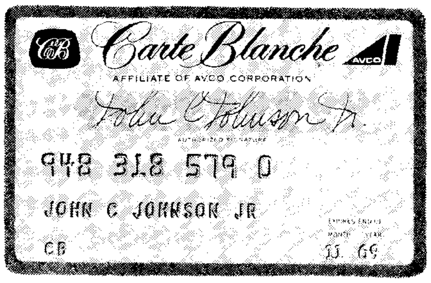


Aloha. Use your Carte Blanche Card to get away from it all on virtually every domestic and international airline that goes anywhere worth going. And, depending on the amount of your ticket, you can even take up to 24 months to pay. So, jet with it!

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may..." And "ye may" any time you like, thanks to our special arrangement with the florists of FTD and Teleflora.



It's a gas. The number of gas stations and brands of gas you can get with Carte Blanche, that is. More than anybody else.

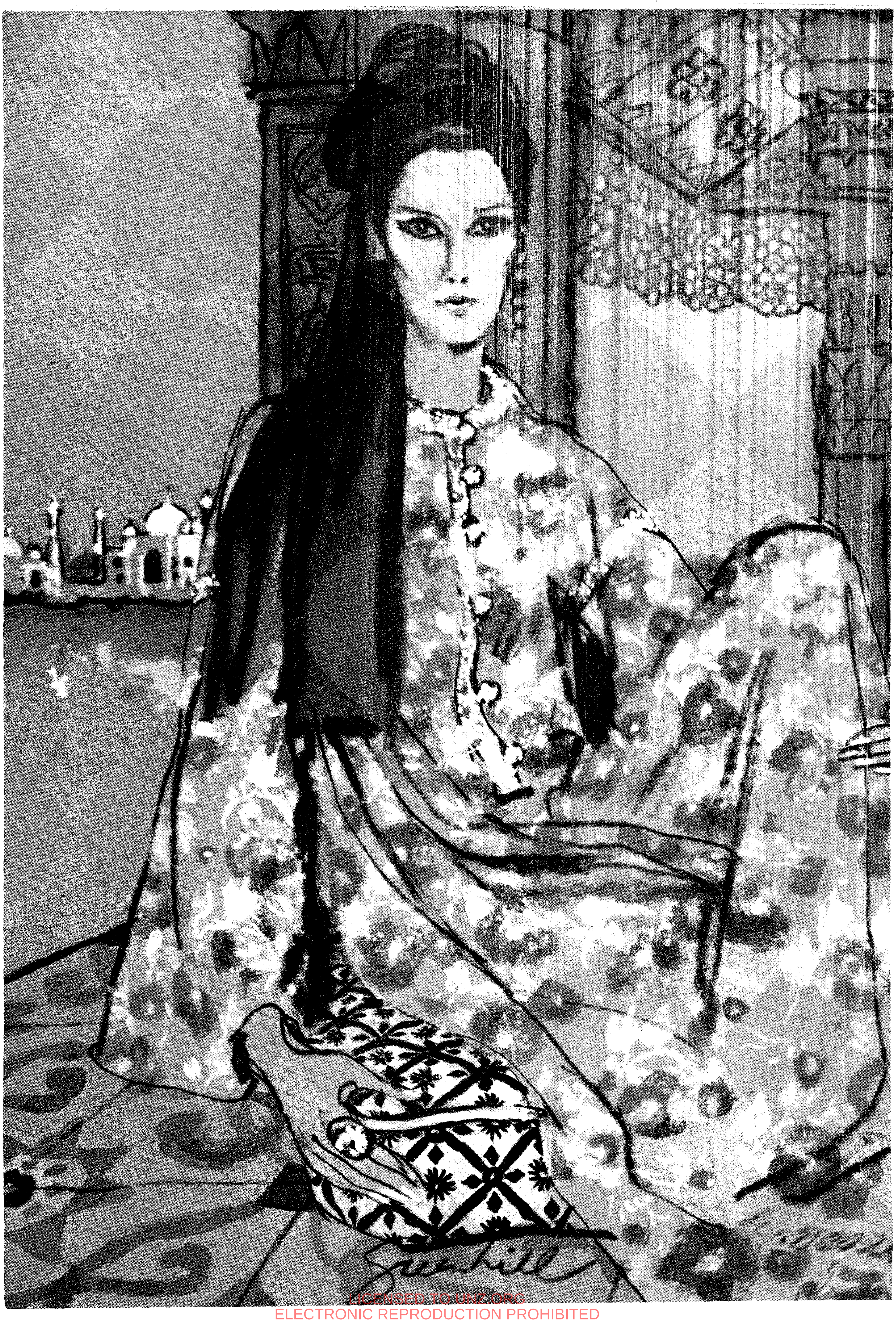


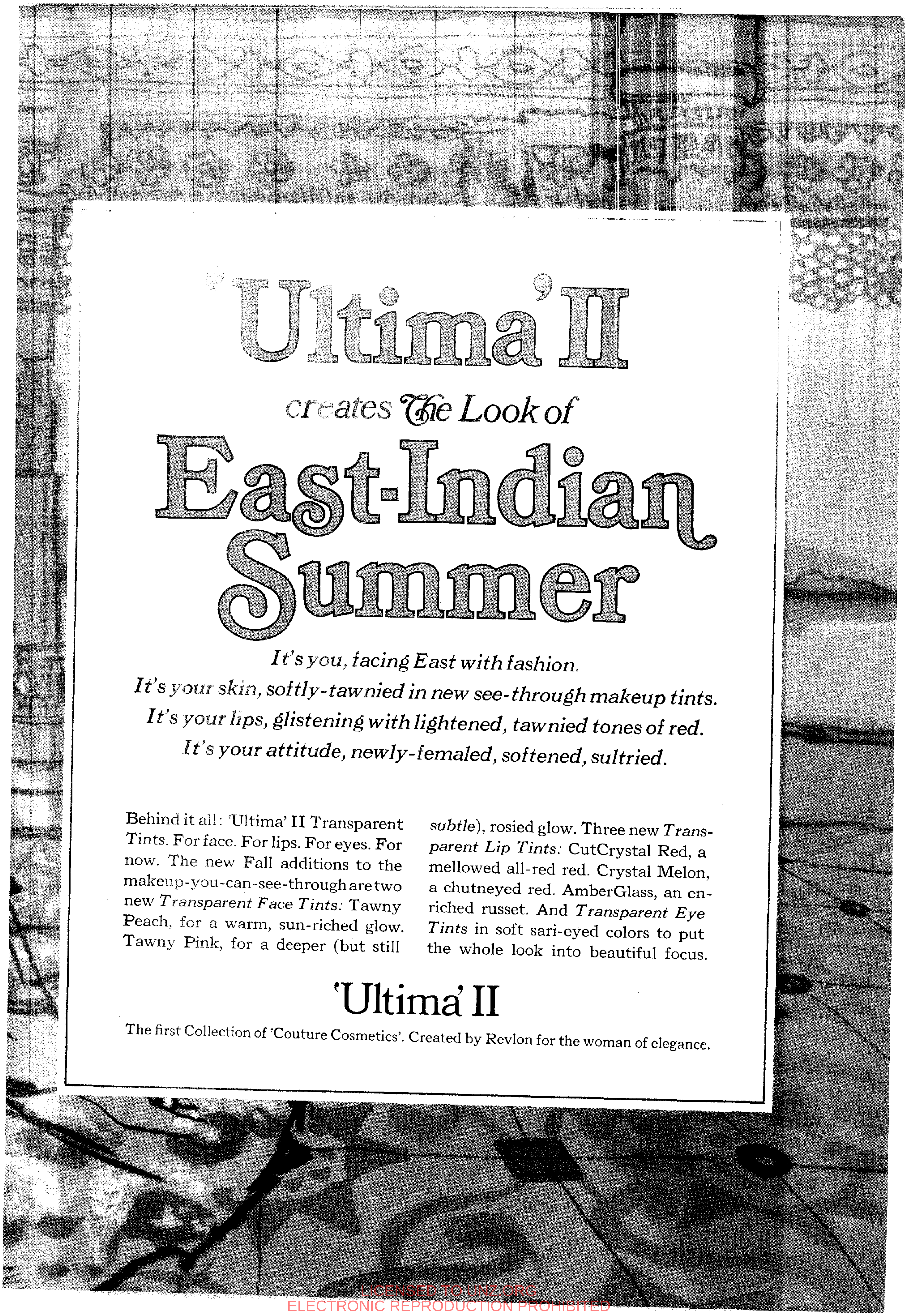
AN AFFILIATE OF AVCO CORPORATION

Carte Blanche®

3460 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90054

gives you what you pay for.


Sue Hill



'Ultima' II

creates The Look of

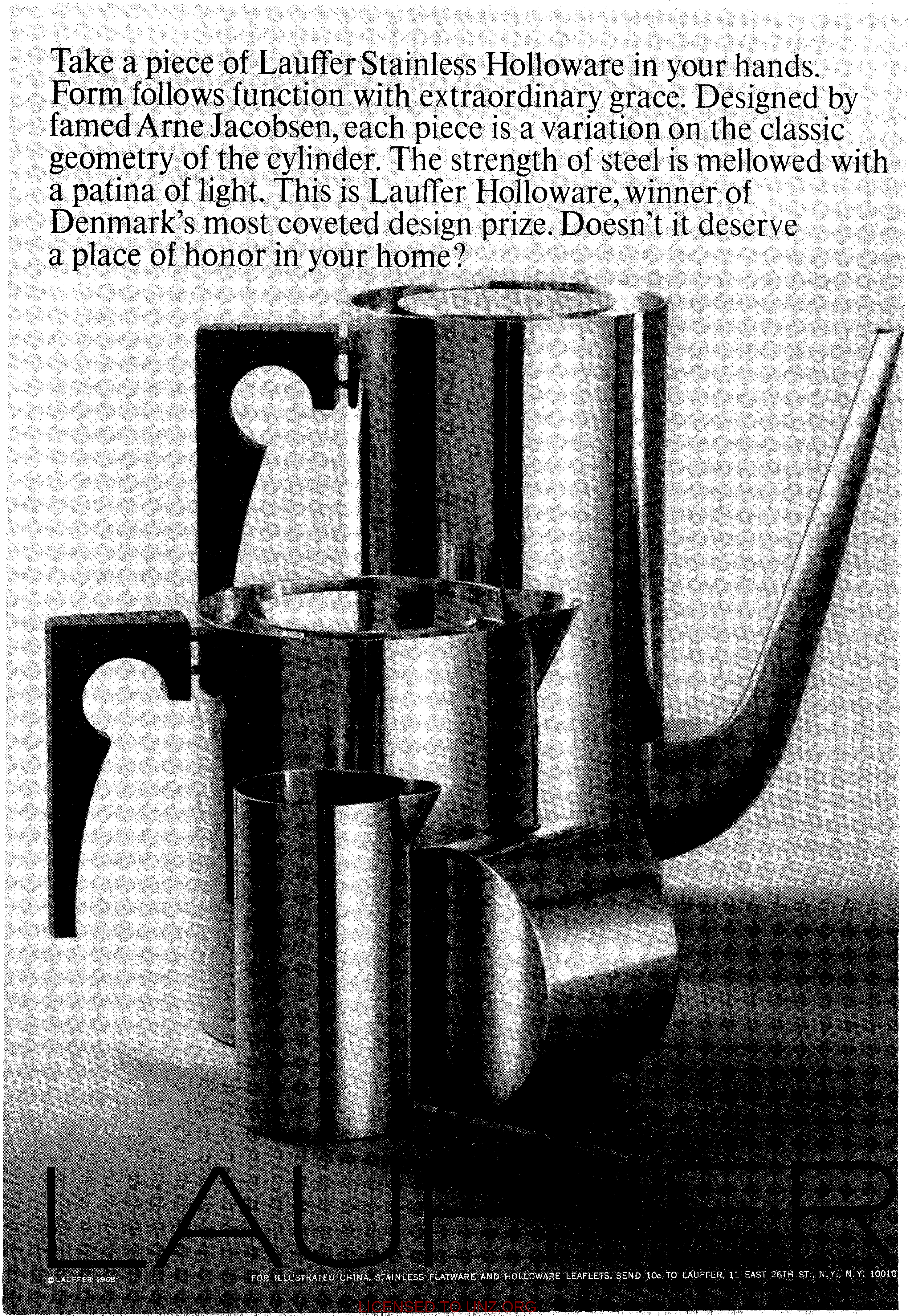
East-Indian Summer

It's you, facing East with fashion.
It's your skin, softly-tawnied in new see-through makeup tints.
It's your lips, glistening with lightened, tawnied tones of red.
It's your attitude, newly-femaled, softened, sultried.

Behind it all: 'Ultima' II Transparent Tints. For face. For lips. For eyes. For now. The new Fall additions to the makeup-you-can-see-through are two new *Transparent Face Tints:* Tawny Peach, for a warm, sun-riched glow. Tawny Pink, for a deeper (but still *subtle*), rosied glow. Three new *Transparent Lip Tints:* CutCrystal Red, a mellowed all-red red. Crystal Melon, a chutneyed red. AmberGlass, an enriched russet. And *Transparent Eye Tints* in soft sari-eyed colors to put the whole look into beautiful focus.

'Ultima' II

The first Collection of 'Couture Cosmetics'. Created by Revlon for the woman of elegance.



Take a piece of Lauffer Stainless Holloware in your hands. Form follows function with extraordinary grace. Designed by famed Arne Jacobsen, each piece is a variation on the classic geometry of the cylinder. The strength of steel is mellowed with a patina of light. This is Lauffer Holloware, winner of Denmark's most coveted design prize. Doesn't it deserve a place of honor in your home?

LAUFFER

© LAUFFER 1968

FOR ILLUSTRATED CHINA, STAINLESS FLATWARE AND HOLLOWARE LEAFLETS, SEND 10c TO LAUFFER, 11 EAST 26TH ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10010

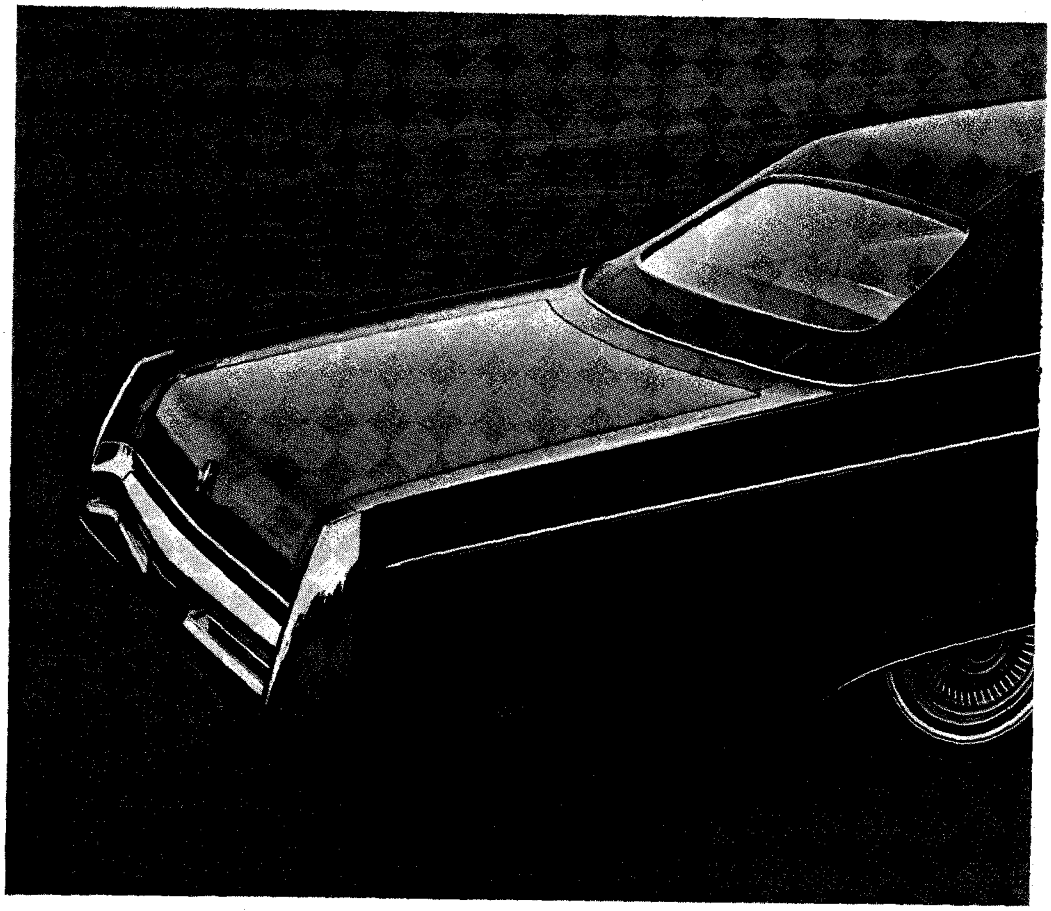
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky · The Paddington Corporation, N.Y. 20, N.Y.

JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 & BROOKS

JUSTERINI
RARE
SCOTCH
J&B
VICTORIA
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK
ONE FULL QUART
J&B

tasting is believing J&B pours more pleasure

J & B RARE SCOTCH / PENNIES MORE IN COST · WORLDS APART IN QUALITY



Introducing the all new 1969 Imperial before you buy

There are only three luxury cars in America. We make one of them, the Imperial. And this year we've made it all new.

Now no one is likely to run out and buy a 1969 Imperial just because it's all new.

Actually there are many things you should know about the Imperial, or any luxury car, before you buy one.

One thing is size. They're all big. The '69 Imperial is the biggest but not for the sake of bigness.

It's big because it gives you a little more leg room, considerably more shoulder room, more hip room. More space under the hood for power equipment, room enough behind the back seat for a separate heater and defroster if you want it.

We don't expect anyone to buy an Imperial simply because it's the biggest car. But since added size is one of the reasons a luxury car costs more, you should know what size it is.

You should know that we've equipped '69 Imperial with the largest passenger-car engine Chrysler ever built. We think it may be the smoothest running engine in America

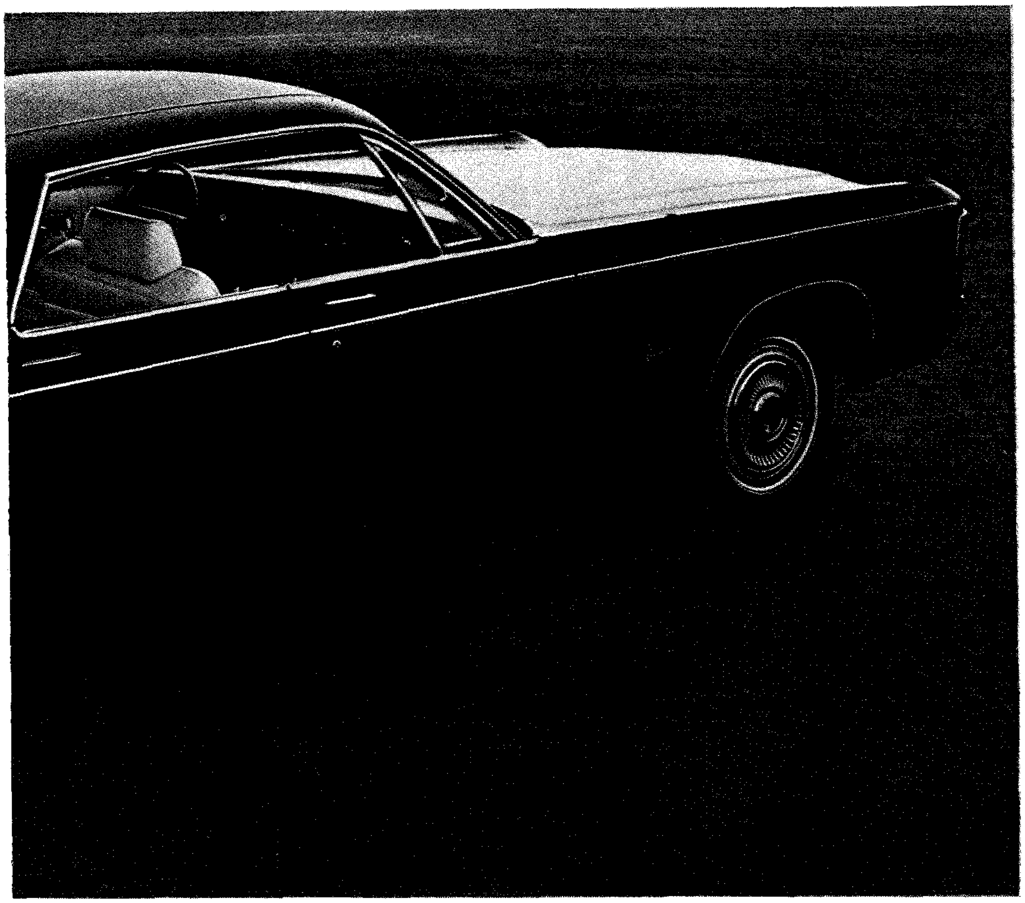
You should know about disc brakes, since all luxury cars have them. They are standard equipment on Imperial. Of the three cars, Imperial's disc brakes are slightly larger. Though only very slightly.

You should know that the new Imperia rides on torsion bars instead of coil springs Torsion bars are better on curves and highways. Unbeatable on long trips. The ride you get doesn't depend solely on suspension Car weight, wheelbase, passenger load and other factors. You'll have to judge it.

All three luxury cars ride like luxury cars And a twenty-page description of the differences between them won't mean as much as a twenty-minute drive.

We think the more you ride on torsion bars, the better you'll like them. But then that's only what we think.

You should know that Imperial's unitized body is a single welded unit that's strong



Le Baron 4-Door Hardtop

And several things you should know ny luxury car.

uiet, and well-protected from corrosion by seven step dip-and-spray treatment.

Not all luxury cars are unitized. And, hile no car body, even a unitized one, is bsolutely rattleproof forever, there's no etter insurance against rattles. You should now that.

You really should know what the optional xtras are. Luxury cars have lots of them. 9 Imperial has more than its share.

Reclining passenger seats. Built-in rear eat pillows. AM/FM radios, tape decks and stereo system with 5 speakers instead of 4.

And headlights that you leave on when ou park the car. They stay on for a minute r two to light your way to the door. Then hey turn themselves off.

It isn't very likely that you'll run out and uy the new '69 Imperial just because the eadlights see you to your door.

Or because Imperial's 5 stereo speakers roduce a slightly better sound. Unless, of ourse, you're a fanatic about music.

Or unless you've been adding it all up, point-by-point. Because you should have been adding it up. These are the things you buy a luxury car for.

You can buy a good car with power options and all the basic parts the new Imperial has for half the Imperial price. But a luxury car isn't just basic transportation.

It's a little more of everything than you need. A little more room. A little more quiet. A little better ride and smoother engine and finer stereo.

These are the things that make luxury cars different from ordinary cars. And make the three luxury cars different from each other. And that's our point.

Before you spend $6000 or $7000 for a new '69 Imperial, or any other luxury car, you should know what you're spending $6000 or $7000 for. This year spend a little time with all three of them.

1969 IMPERIAL CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

Is resistance still a virtue?

THAYER COGGIN believes it is. **MILO BAUGHMAN,** characteristically, has designed this furniture to have endurance in form and appeal. A new dimension is added to this endurance with the resistance qualities of upholstery fabric made of **VECTRA** olefin fiber. Vectra has "built-in color" and the stain and abrasion resistance to protect fabrics from fading and wear. The rugged resistance of upholstery fabrics of Vectra fiber is available in a wide array of soft textures and colors that puts a winning resistance into upholstery fabrics that is "in" . . . way in.

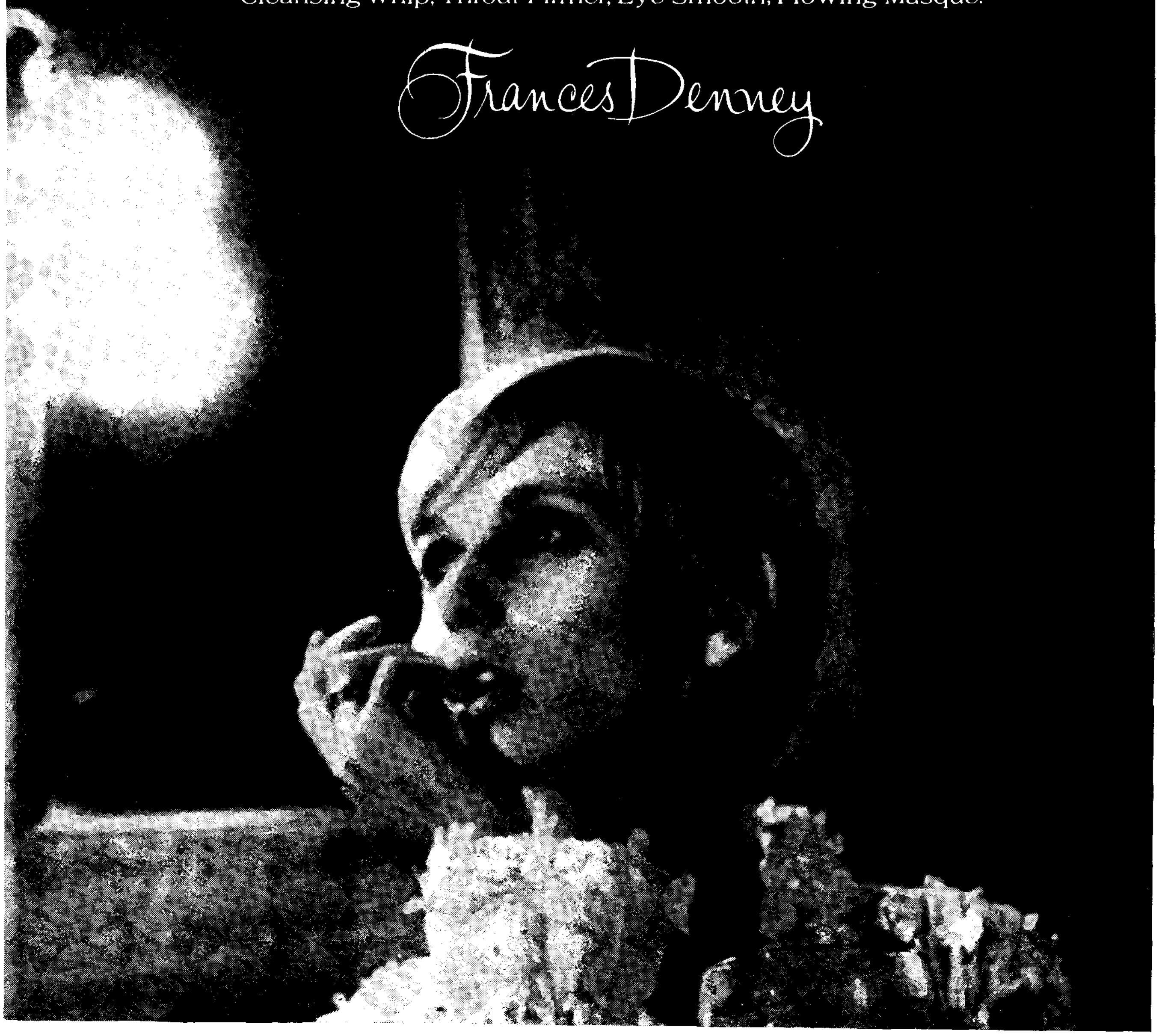
When it comes to modern, THAYER COGGIN thinks of everything.

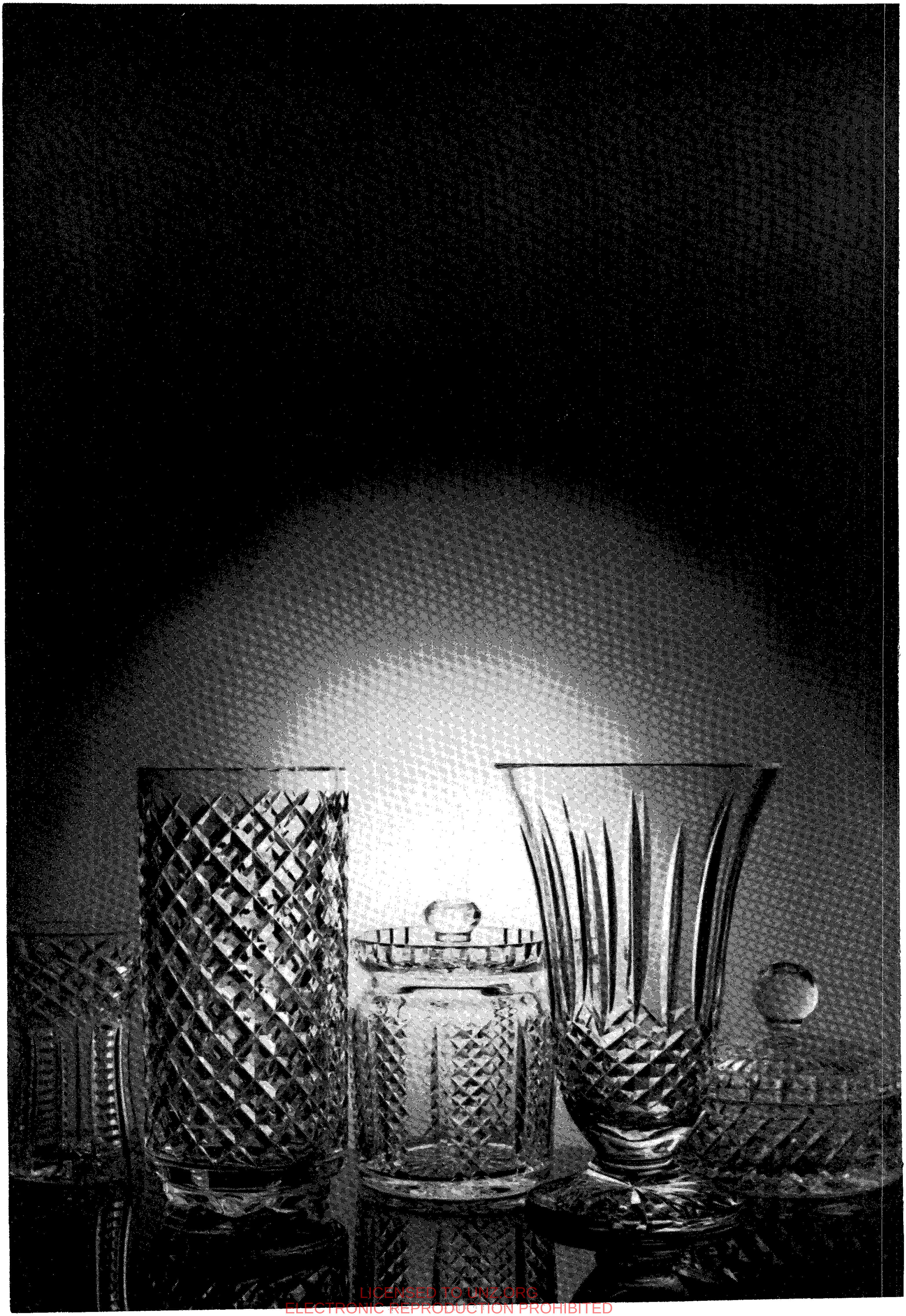
For further information about THAYER COGGIN furniture, write: Hilda Lee, Thayer Coggin, Inc., South Rd., High Point, N.C. 27262.

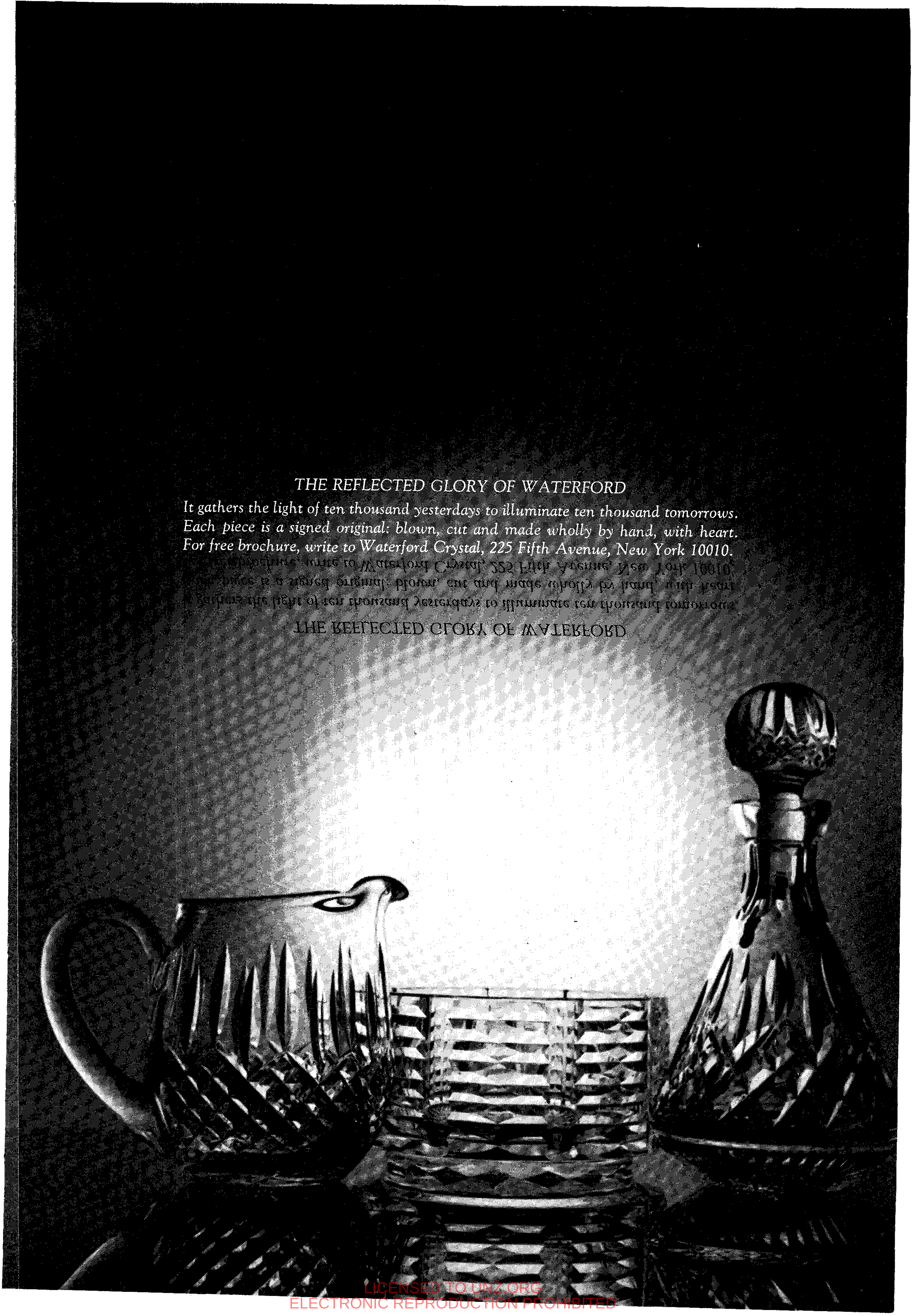
Discover
the source
of beauty...

Discover revolutionary beauty care...
brain-child of Frances Denney. Light, modern, quick-acting,
soaking into the skin with lavish abandon. Touching off this
new era of complexion care is Source of Beauty Cream
and a new group of specifics—
Cleansing Whip, Throat Firmer, Eye Smooth, Flowing Masque.

Frances Denney





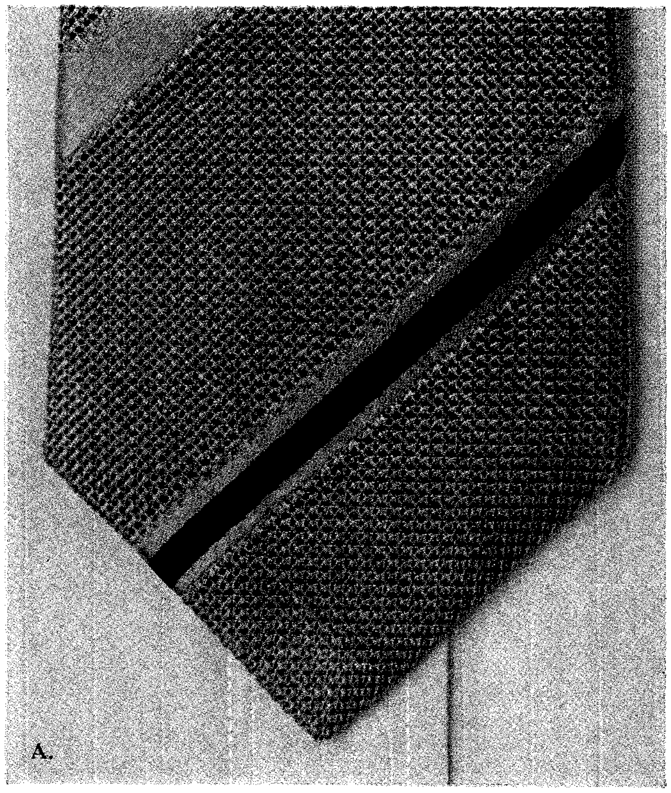


THE REFLECTED GLORY OF WATERFORD

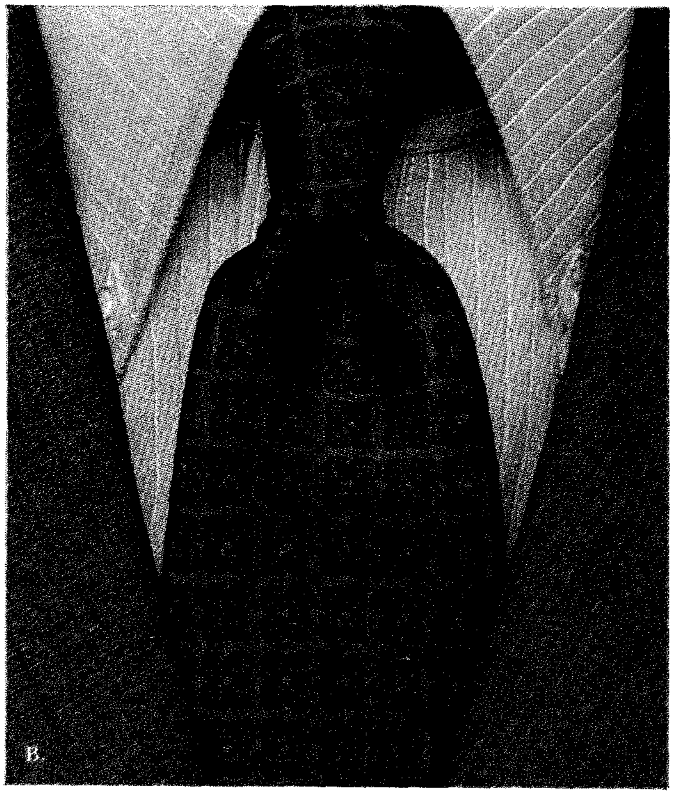
It gathers the light of ten thousand yesterdays to illuminate ten thousand tomorrows. Each piece is a signed original: blown, cut and made wholly by hand, with heart. For free brochure, write to Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.

FROM $165. SUSSEX CLOTHES LTD. 71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.
The finest natural shoulder, side vented, shaped suit in the world. Sussex.

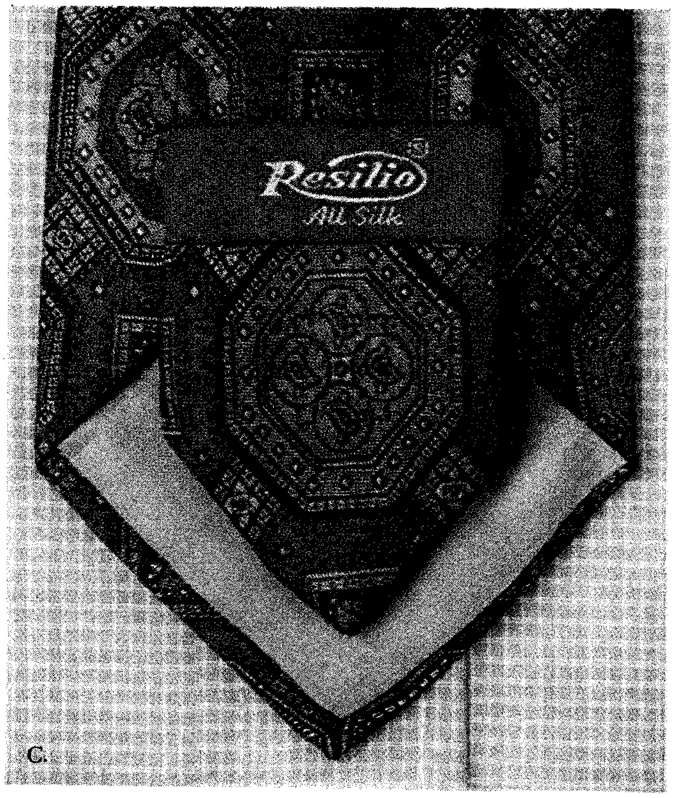
What should you look for in luxurious traditional neckwear?



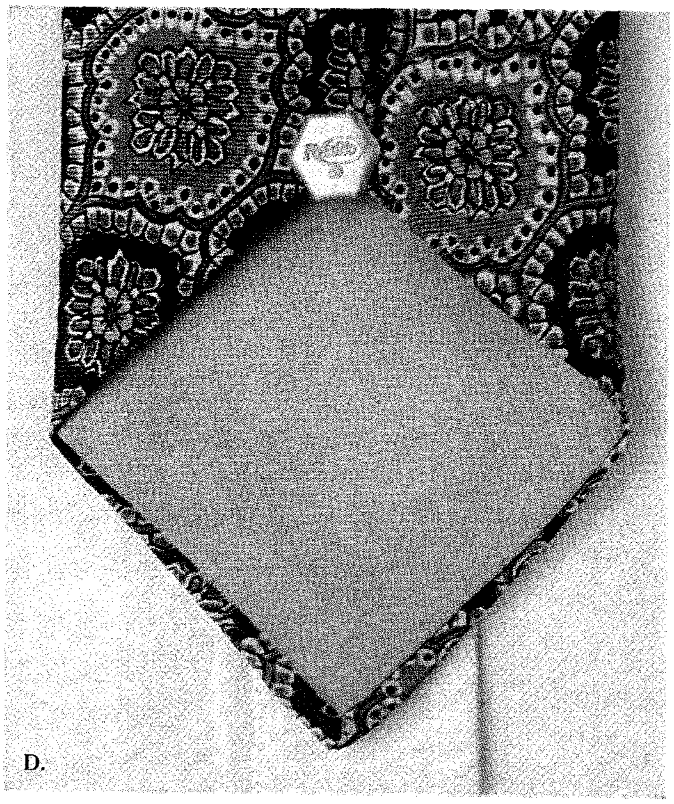
width. the new wider look.



bottle shape. more fullness under knot.



loop label. keeps small end in place.



medallion. point is centered, stays neater.

A. Grenadine B. Spitalsfield
C. Macclesfield D. Ancient Madder

The luxury loomed fabrics of our Exchequer Collection shown above are specifically designed to look their best with today's bolder shirt collars and wider lapels. Resilio Traditional Neckwear, Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. 10001

Resilio®
TRADITIONAL NECKWEAR

The financial Big Board co open book.

If you're like most record-minded Americans, you know what's happened in the stock market this year: people have bought and sold more stock than ever—more by a country mile. And financial news, in this expanding democracy of shareownership, has reached you in record volume, too. (More is written and talked about the market than practically any other industry.)

That's why the members of the New York Stock Exchange believe that you, whether newcomer or old hand at investing, should be familiar with the guidelines the Exchange applies before listing a company on the Big Board.

Two in particular.

Both are aimed at giving you an easier and better grasp of the financial facts on which to base a cool-headed decision.

We specify that Big Board companies, generally the big companies that give the economy much of its leadership, must agree to publish an annual financial report for every one of their shareowners. If you don't own shares in the company, ask your broker or the company itself for a copy.

Essentially, the report is a dollar-and-cents picture of the year's business. Many reports now include a 5- or 10-year comparison of sales and earnings, to help you see at a glance (without a degree in accounting) the trend of a company's progress and its momentum.

And the text often gives you management's view of past performance and expectations.

In recent years, many listed companies have supplemented annual reports with 6-month and quarterly estimates of sales and earnings.

The Exchange also expects its 1,200 listed companies to publicize promptly important developments, whether favorable or unfavorable, which might affect security values or influence investment decisions.

Sometimes, if the news warrants it, the Exchange may briefly halt trading in the company's stock when

This is what we normally consider before

- Pre-tax profit of $2.5 million minimum for the prior year and $2 million for two years before that.
- Market value of publicly-held shares: at least $14 million.
- 1,000,000 common shares of which 800,000 must be publicly-held by at least 1,800 round-lot holders.

High standards in

positio
mpanie
We insis

the news breaks, to give you time to digest it. This has been helpful in maintaining fair and orderly markets.

Companies can be de-listed by another set of criteria which are generally higher than the original listing requirements for any other exchange.

Whether a stock, listed or not, is right for you depends on your objective, how much risk you can afford, the state of the market, and your timing.

While such regulations as those shown below apply to the companies we list, a good many more apply to ourselves—the 1,366 Exchange members, some 42,000 brokers, and the way we run our businesses.

Buying a seat is far from routine, aside from the cost. The Exchange probes the financial and ethical background of prospective members. And member firms are subject to several financial checks, including surprise audits. Plus surveillance of sales and other practices.

The mountainous rules and regulations, mostly self-imposed by the Exchange, are essential to our role in the economy, which is to provide you with a smooth-running central marketplace and to help make it possible for you to share in the growth of the country.

High standards in [illegible]

Members New York Stock Exchange

Mail to any member firm or to New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 8-HE, P.O. Box 1071, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Name________________

Address______________

City_________________

State________Zip Code_____

Free Investment Guide: "STOCKS ON THE BIG BOARD," published by the New York Stock Exchange. 32-page booklet lists long-time dividend payers; 5-year growth rates in per share earnings; consecutively higher dividends; facts about more than 1,000 listed companies grouped by industries.

originally listing a company on the Big Board.

- Agreement to publish annual financial report.
- Agreement to publicize promptly major developments which might bear on your thinking as an investor.
- Common stockholder's right to vote at annual meetings.
- Company standing in its industry and importance to the economy in general.

the public interest.

peanuts
10

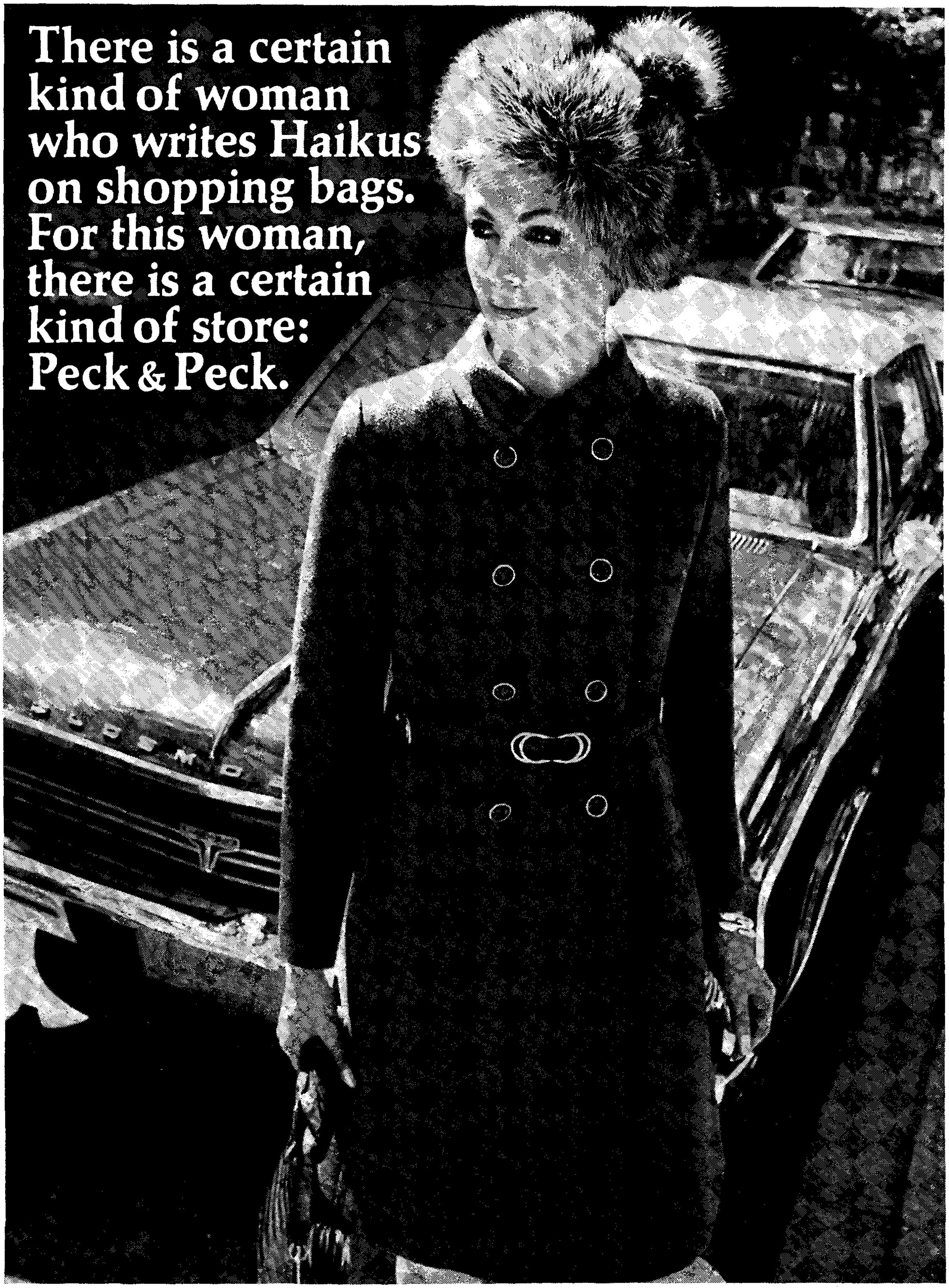
General Electric can make diamonds out of peanuts.

General Electric is doing research in more fields than any other company. Frequently with amazing results.

Genuine diamonds. Out of peanuts. Some people find it hard to believe.
But it's been possible ever since the GE Research and Development Center
discovered the basic secrets of making diamonds. The fact is, General Electric
can make diamonds out of anything that contains enough carbon.
(Today, GE uses graphite to manufacture millions of carats for industry.)
Work now going on at the R & D Center may lead to other equally
amazing breakthroughs.
A new kind of membrane may let man live underwater by letting him breathe the
oxygen in the water around him. A new system of transmitting electricity may mean that
only one underground cable could supply all the electricity for a city of 3 million people.
A new atmospheric control system may help prevent air pollution.
Since General Electric established the first industrial laboratory in this country
devoted to basic research, R & D has been at the core of GE business.
Which explains why GE has come up with more patentable inventions
than any other U. S. company.
And why research is such an important facet of progress.

Progress is our most important product

GENERAL ELECTRIC


There is a certain kind of woman who writes Haikus on shopping bags. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Here's a coat beautifully fitted to you—and to brisk breezes. Welt seaming and a skinny belt give it a truly trim look. Gold-colored fittings trim the belt and black buttons. Worsted petit-point wool. Black. 8 to 14, 115.00

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/CHICAGO/BOSTON/PHILADELPHIA/PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/AKRON/CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D.C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE/SOUTHAMPTON

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NEW YORK CITY'S current and constant school crisis—at this writing most of our 1,100,000 public-school students, having been attending classes on a kind of revolving-door basis, are out—represents, fundamentally, a not unresolvable conflict between those who are devoted to achieving fair labor practices in education and those who are determined that the black neighborhoods must receive a fairer shake in education. The difficulty is that the two educational organizations pursuing these quite laudable objectives have now shown that they are fully prepared to sacrifice education itself altogether—the one in the name of labor solidarity, the other in the name of black power. The first of these two highly political entities is, of course, the United Federation of Teachers, which is pressing for guarantees of increased job security for its members and a form of political security for itself in the hierarchy of city labor unions. ("We have shown that we are the strongest organization in this fight," its president, Albert Shanker, has boasted.) The other is the nineteen-member governing board of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville Demonstration School District, which, apparently to display its power in the Brooklyn community, is demanding, in effect, the right to be wrong—to fire educators without cause if it sees fit. Standing somewhere in between are the City Board of Education, which is determined to delegate at least some of its power to the individual communities as part of a decentralization program, and the Lindsay administration, which has the primary and understandable goal of getting out of this situation with a whole political skin. Decentralization is, after all, a political program, designed to restore control over a civil-service establishment that was described in a recent report by a City University research team as "large, cumbersome, and burdened by a congested bureaucracy" and as having "suffered from inertia, or . . . responded dilatorily to the new major demands being made upon it." Actually, although the Mayor has rallied energetically to its banner, decentralization was really not his idea in the first place. He was converted to it by State Superintendent of Education James E. Allen (and it was Dr. Allen who was called in last weekend for a new attempt to mediate the current strike and, it is hoped, to save decentralization). In March of last year, Allen negotiated an agreement between the Mayor and the State Legislature whereby the city would receive fifty-four million dollars in extra aid to education if it submitted a decentralization plan by December. The plan that was drawn up (by an advisory panel headed by McGeorge Bundy, president of the Ford Foundation) established between thirty and sixty almost completely autonomous districts, each to be governed by its own board composed of parents, community representatives, teachers, and supervisors. The boards would have the power to determine curriculum, policy, zoning, and pupil assignments, and would be allowed to hire new teachers and administrators under modifications of existing standards. The tenure and salaries of all present school employees, however, would be protected. Predictably, the Bundy plan was denounced by members of the Board of Education, whose powers would be greatly curtailed; by the United Federation of Teachers, which objected particularly to the proposed abolition of the Board of Examiners, the body that passes on licensing qualifications; and by a number of black-militant organizations, which felt that the plan didn't go far enough. The Bundy plan was then modified several times—once by the State Education Department—but a version incorporating the thirty autonomous districts was eventually passed by the Legislature last spring, and the city was directed to submit, by December 1, 1968, a step-by-step timetable for decentralization of all its schools. In the meantime, three demonstration districts—the Intermediate School 201 Complex, in East Harlem; Two Bridges, on the lower East Side; and Ocean Hill-Brownsville—would be established, each financed by a fifty-thousand-dollar Ford Foundation grant.

Judith Shahn

Meanwhile, in August of 1967, even before procedures had been formulated for the election of members to the governing boards of the three demonstration districts, the Board of Education was informed that parent and community representatives for the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district had already been named, in an election participated in by 1,045 parents, or about twenty-two per cent of those eligible to vote. (The election is currently being contested in the courts.) That summer, the Ocean Hill-Brownsville governing board selected as its administrator, or top staff officer, Rhody A. McCoy, a holder of a Master's degree in education from New York University, who had established a good reputation as a principal in two city schools for emotionally disturbed children.

Like the rest of New York's school system, the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district got off to a rocky start last year with the fourteen-day strike of the United Federation of Teachers. Although the strike (adjudged illegal under the state's Taylor Law, which bars work stoppages by public employees) involved a number of traditional labor issues, such as pay scales and working conditions, it was interpreted by many residents of black and Puerto Rican districts as a strike primarily against their children, because one of the union demands was that teachers be given authority to suspend "disruptive" students. Although that demand was not met, ill feeling continued after the schools finally opened, and in Ocean Hill-Brownsville it was intensified when U.F.T. officials successfully blocked McCoy's attempt to transfer a number of teachers, against their will, to other jobs within the district. Last May, when he followed that up by dismissing nineteen white teachers and administrators (McCoy pointed out that technically he had only directed them to return to Board of Education headquarters for reassignment, but he was quoted as having also threatened that the black community would prevent any of the "ousted" teachers from working anywhere in the city), most of the teachers in the district walked out. The only charge that McCoy seemed to be able to substantiate against the nineteen was that they showed insufficient enthusiasm for the idea of community control of schools, but when City Superintendent of Schools Bernard Donovan ordered him to reinstate them, McCoy refused. As a consequence, the school year ended last June in Brownsville with a boycott by about two-thirds of the district's five hundred and fifty-five teachers, and by two-thirds of its nine thousand pupils.

Over the summer, nine of the dismissed educators consented to accept transfers outside the district, and an agreement was worked out to submit the cases of the ten others to binding arbitration, but when the arbitrator, Justice Francis E. Rivers, a well-known former Civil Court justice from Harlem, exonerated the teachers and ordered them reinstated, McCoy and the governing board balked again. Eventually, as the summer vacation ran out, Mayor Lindsay and his political aides reëntered the dispute. Legislation was pushed through the City Council increasing the membership of the Board of Education from nine to thirteen—"packing" it, so to speak, with new appointees known to be active supporters of decentralization—but the only concession City Hall could get from the district governing board (at the last minute) was an agreement that the ten dismissed educators, as well as those who had supported them with the spring boycott, would not be prevented from returning to the schools. That concession might have been enough to end the dispute right there if the leadership of the teachers' union had not decided to capitalize on it. Though Mayor Lindsay proclaimed that the dispute had been settled, the only schools in the system that reopened on Monday, September 9th, were those in Brownsville and in Demonstration District I.S. 201, in East Harlem, where teachers, many of them white, had been recruited, primarily from civil-rights groups, to take the place of the strikers. For children in the remainder of the city, the situation was chaotic. Mayor Lindsay had announced that the schools would open; Shanker, appearing with equal frequency on television, said that they would not, insisting that there would first have to be agreements on several other union demands (and in this he was supported by the Council of Supervisory Associations, which represents nearly all the thirty-eight hundred principals, assistant principals, and department chairmen in the school system).

On the morning of September 9th, children waited throughout the city for school buses that did not appear, and others walked to—and soon returned from—padlocked and deserted school buildings. For two days the wrangle went on, until the U.F.T. won most of its additional demands. Job security was virtually guaranteed; protested transfers under decentralization would be submitted to arbitration; full salaries would be paid to the more than three hundred teachers who had participated in the spring boycott; and an unconditional guarantee was tendered that the approximately one hundred boycotting teachers who wished to resume their jobs in Ocean Hill-Brownsville would be allowed to do so. Therein lay the problem last Wednesday morning, when we drove out to Ocean Hill-Brownsville's largest school, Intermediate School 271, on Herkimer Street at Hopkinson Avenue. At the school we ran into Fred Nauman, one of the ten dismissed teachers, who is the U.F.T.'s chapter chairman at I.S. 271. Together with a score of other 271 teachers, he was standing in the street, facing a group of community militants who had lined up on the steps of the school. Among the community representatives we noticed Robert (Sonny) Carson, the chairman of the Brooklyn chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality, standing near Father John Powis, a Roman Catholic priest often in the forefront of civil-rights causes and one of the two white members of the school-district governing board. The so-called confrontation came when Nauman and his fellow-teachers crossed Herkimer Street and attempted to enter the building. "We don't want you here," said one of the men around Carson to the group of teachers. Just at that moment, Assistant Chief Inspector Lloyd Sealy, the highest-ranking Negro officer in the New York Police Department, and several patrolmen pushed open the door of the school from the inside, and cleared a path. The community militants were jostled but not seriously assaulted, and the teachers disappeared through the door, only to emerge some thirty minutes later, having been instructed to attend an "orientation" session to be given by McCoy at I.S. 55, three blocks away. So far, the teachers had not, Nauman conceded, seen a pupil, but he took pains to point out that, on its face, an orientation session was certainly to be considered a proper educational activity.

A reporter asked Nauman what had happened while the teachers were inside I.S. 271.

"We were put in a room," the teacher said carefully, "and Sonny Carson came in and talked to us."

"What did he say?" the reporter asked.

Nauman looked down at a microphone and shook his head. "I can't repeat it," he said, and then he and the other teachers began the three-block walk to the other school.

On the way, we fell in with another teacher, Leon Seligman, who told us that the thirty minutes spent inside the school had been upsetting. "They put us in the medical anteroom, and when these guys came in, things got rough," he said. "There were ethnic slurs, and they kept mentioning the fact that they knew our addresses."

"Hey, Mr. Kutch!" A boy of about thirteen was running across Atlantic Avenue toward one of the teachers walking with us—Maurice Kutch, a general-crafts instructor. When the boy, out of breath, caught up, he asked Kutch, "Are you coming back?"

The instructor, surprised, put a hand on the boy's shoulder. "I hope to," he said.

"You should," the boy said. "You're a good teacher."

At I.S. 55, a fortresslike building with narrow slits for windows, the press found itself barred from the auditorium as the teachers from I.S. 271, plus those from the seven other schools in the district, were ushered in. It soon became apparent that the auditorium was barred only to the press. A number of women and perhaps a dozen men described only as "from the community" by Father Powis, who was acting as a sort of volunteer public-relations aide for the district governing board, crowded into the auditorium, too. Not that the press, restricted to the foyer outside the auditorium, found itself without willing subjects for interviews.

"We have our teachers already in school," a woman in a green dress who was guarding the door to the auditorium proclaimed to several radio men. "These are dedicated teachers who come in at seven. It was illegal, what these strikers did. Mayor Lindsay ordered them in on Monday, and they showed up on Wednesday. Shanker has walked over this community too long, and these teachers haven't taught our kids anything anyway. If they had, the kids wouldn't be so far behind. My name is Clara Marshall. I'm a governing-board representative"—she is, in fact, its vice-chairman—"and we aren't letting these teachers in."

Standing with Mrs. Marshall were another woman, Mrs. Elaine Rooke, former president of the I.S. 271 Parents' Association, and the Reverend C. Herbert Oliver, the chairman of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville governing board. "You go ahead and grin if you want to!" Mrs. Rooke yelled at one of the women entering the auditorium—Sandra Feldman, a union representative. "But you better not come out of this building!"

Inside the auditorium, the press learned later, the approximately one hundred teachers sat nervously watching the number of "community representatives" grow steadily for nearly an hour and a half, until the arrival of the district administrator. "I've been talking on the phone to the Superintendent of Schools," Mr. McCoy explained to reporters outside when he finally did arrive. "But now I'm going to tell these people what kind of problems they will create by coming back to the community and the schools." This may have been his intention, but he found himself unable to deliver this warning—or anything else, for that matter—to the teachers. One teacher reported thirty minutes later, when the session spilled chaotically out onto the street, "Every time McCoy got up, these people from the community would start chanting at us, 'We don't want you, we don't want you,' and then follow that up with something that sounded like 'Zoom, zoom, zoom.' "

There was a difference of opinion among the teachers as to whether McCoy sanctioned the antics of the outsiders. Several said they believed that he had actually led the chanting through the use of prearranged hand signals. Others felt that he was just as much a victim of the disruption as the teachers. "Every time he tried to speak, they would start that chant, and I think a few of them were yelling at him, too, saying he sold out," said Eleanor Weinraub, a teacher at I.S. 55. "People from the community turned the lights on and off a number of times, and threatened us."

"Look what I got while the lights were out," another teacher, a man, said, handing over a .30-calibre cartridge to Abe Levine, the vice-president of the elementary-school division of the U.F.T. "It was thrown from somewhere in the back."

"That's O.K., honkie," said one of a group of militant Negroes who had pressed in close to the clusters of teachers as they talked to reporters. "We have lots more."

A television reporter turned to another of the militants. "How are you going to keep these teachers out?" he asked.

"Any way necessary" was the answer.

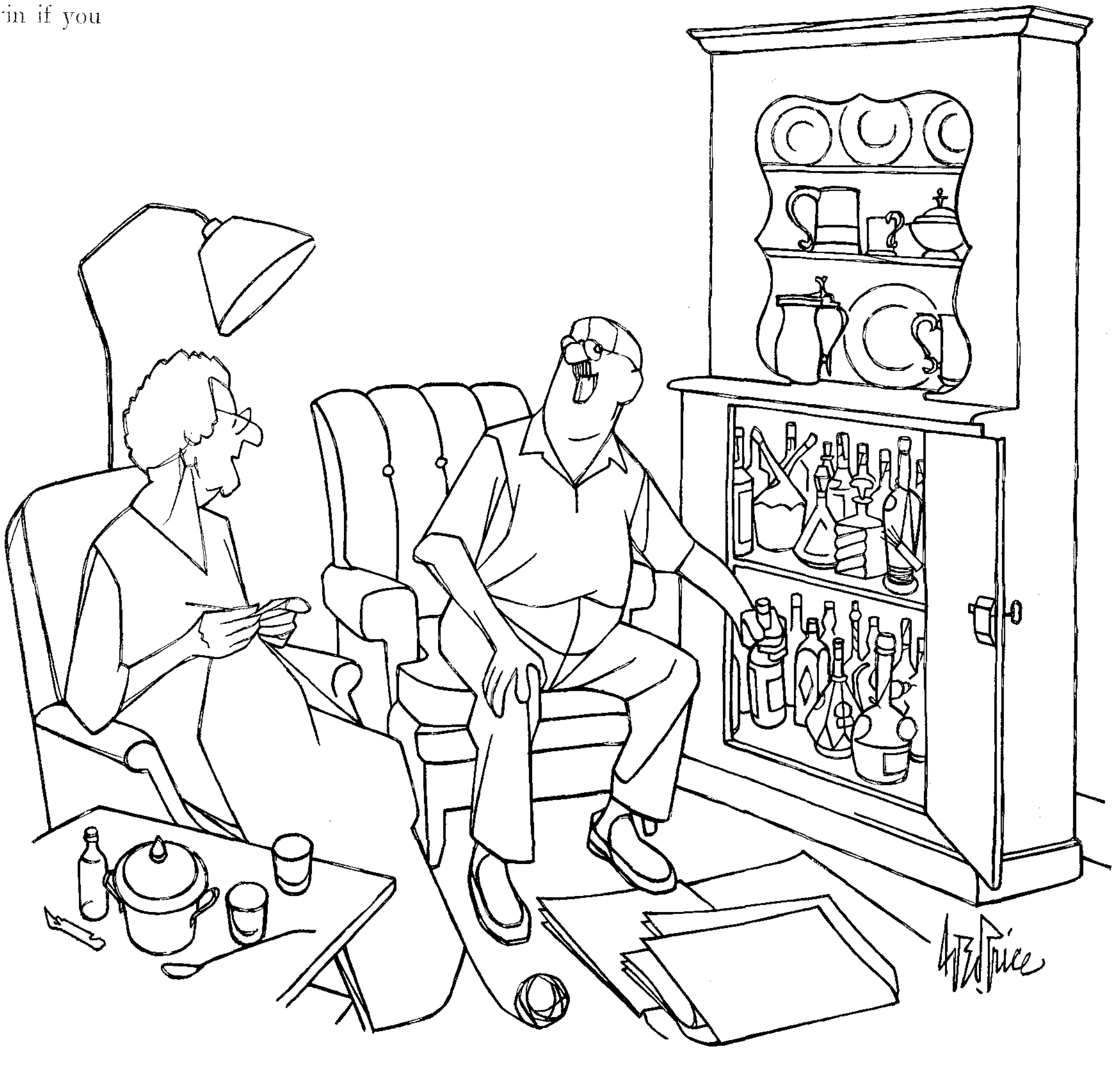
"Don't talk to him," said a man in an African overshirt. "He's a honkie."

"One of the men was shouting that if he had to go down in blood we weren't going to get in that school," a woman teacher said. "And then there was that chant."

"It was almost like a Greek chorus," another put in.

"No," said the first. "It was more like a Happening, but it's made a nervous wreck out of me." She began to walk off, then paused and turned back. "McCoy can have this school," she said, "and the incompetent staff, and the hell with it."

On Hopkinson Avenue, Nauman,



"Well, shall we get on with our golden years?"

the U.F.T. delegate, was speaking before the television cameras. "I think Mr. McCoy has to make a serious effort to control the actions that take place in his schools," he said. "I see he did an excellent job of keeping the press out. Why couldn't he keep out outsiders?" The teachers, he said, had left the meeting when it became apparent that McCoy would be unable to make himself heard. They would have lunch, he said, and then return to their schools.

After the television cameras were switched off, Mr. Seligman said he wasn't sure *he* would return. "I'm ready to give up," he told Nauman. "I see no reason to arouse the community further."

"There's a large group of parents who feel the other way," Nauman replied.

"So why don't we hear from *them* for once?" Mr. Seligman asked.

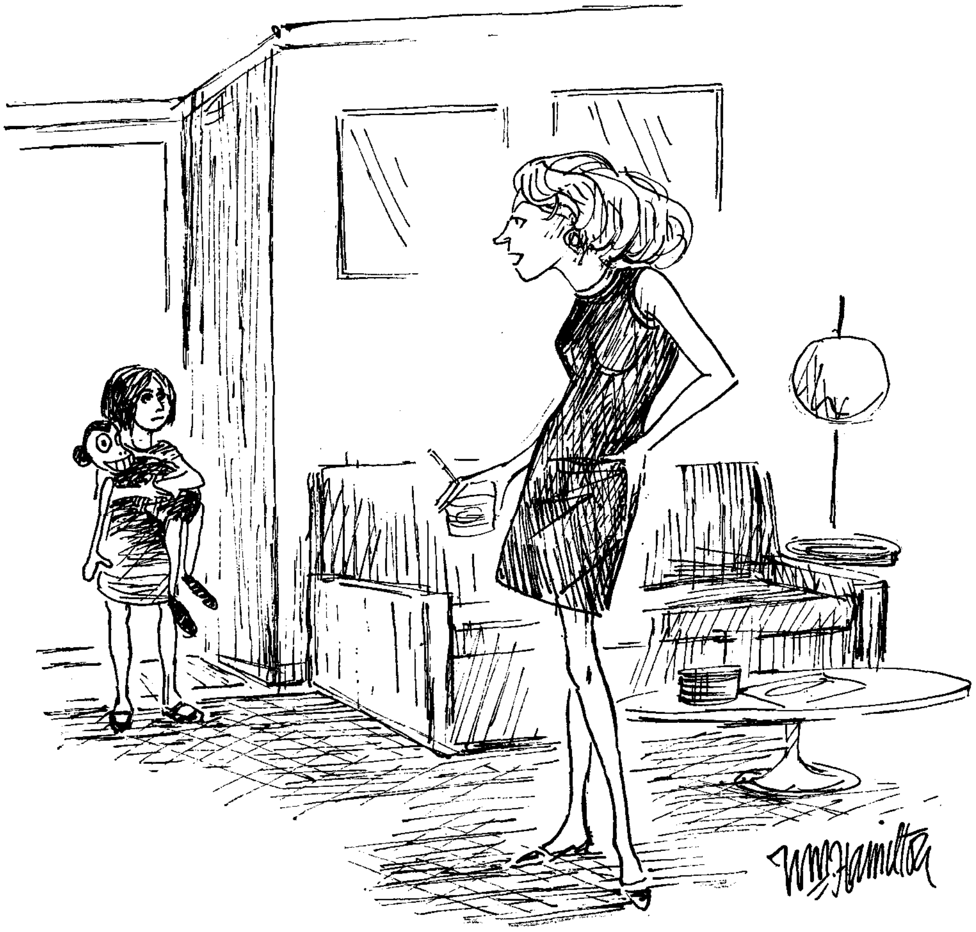
A few minutes later, one of the parents who supported the teachers did make her feelings known. "I want all you people back," she said to a group of teachers from P.S. 73. "Please come back." Then she turned to the reporters and said, "Make them come back." But when one of the reporters asked her name, she turned away. "No," she said. "I have to live here."

By unanimous consent, the teachers had their lunch at the Famous Restaurant, on Eastern Parkway, an eating place patronized almost exclusively by white workers in the Negro neighborhoods of Brownsville and nearby Bedford-Stuyvesant. Afterward, in a private room off the dining room, they held a strategy session.

"I think we'd better be prepared for harassment when we go back," Sandra Feldman, the union aide to Shanker, warned when she opened the meeting. "But I don't see any point in prolonged debate about it. Those who want to go back will go back; those who don't want to, report to the Board of Education for reassignment."

From the floor, a woman teacher spoke out. "This whole three-ring circus today was all carefully planned," she said. "I can't see what we can accomplish by going back there and sticking our necks out."

"Certainly this was all planned for a purpose," Nauman conceded. "To get us to run out. It's the only tactic they have left, and if we let them do it now, we'll snatch defeat from the jaws of victory."



"Ariadne! How many times have I told you not to bring home those ugly, crummy, corny toys you get when you visit your Daddy?"

A white-haired teacher dissented loudly from the rear of the room. He had had enough of Ocean Hill-Brownsville, he said. "What was the agreement? We were supposed to go in and start teaching! What right did they have to let these people in and keep out the news media? If you want to knuckle under to that, then you do it, and if the union wants to do it, then it can have my card."

Eventually, however, the consensus of the meeting was summed up by an attractive sixth-grade teacher who identified herself as Mrs. Marie Vidal, a teacher at P.S. 73 for eight years. "What they did this morning, they did so that this argument would happen right now," she said. "I say we go back to our schools. If we're not permitted to teach, then it's another matter. But if we let them win by our running away now, we just let them get everything they want."

No formal vote was taken, but most of the teachers agreed to give the schools one more try. There were, however, a number of them who followed the white-haired teacher to Board of Education headquarters to seek transfers, and of the twenty-one teachers who had attempted to enter I.S. 271 in the morning only about a dozen returned, to find a full-scale mob clustered on the school's steps. Father Powis was there, and near him a young man, barely visible himself, was holding up for the benefit of the television cameras a flag emblazoned with the words "BLACK POWER." "We don't want you, we don't want you," the crowd began chanting, and then police—a score of them this time—charged up the steps. There was scuffling and shoving, and then two men were being pulled and tugged down the steps. "What's going on? What's going on?" one of the militants was yelling. "We had an understanding!" (Later, he explained that police officials—he didn't say which ones—had promised that the blockaders would be allowed to remain, unmolested, on the school steps as long as they kept their arms folded and did not move.) The two men, and another pulled from the surrounding crowd, were loaded into a police wagon that had stopped in front of the school, and then, without further challenge, the teachers were led into the building. On the street, we found ourself standing next to Carson, the CORE leader, who was restraining one of his men from charging the

Yel owstone
REST
FO D · DR NK
Menu
STEVENSON

"It's the most blatant violation of park rules I've ever seen."

• •

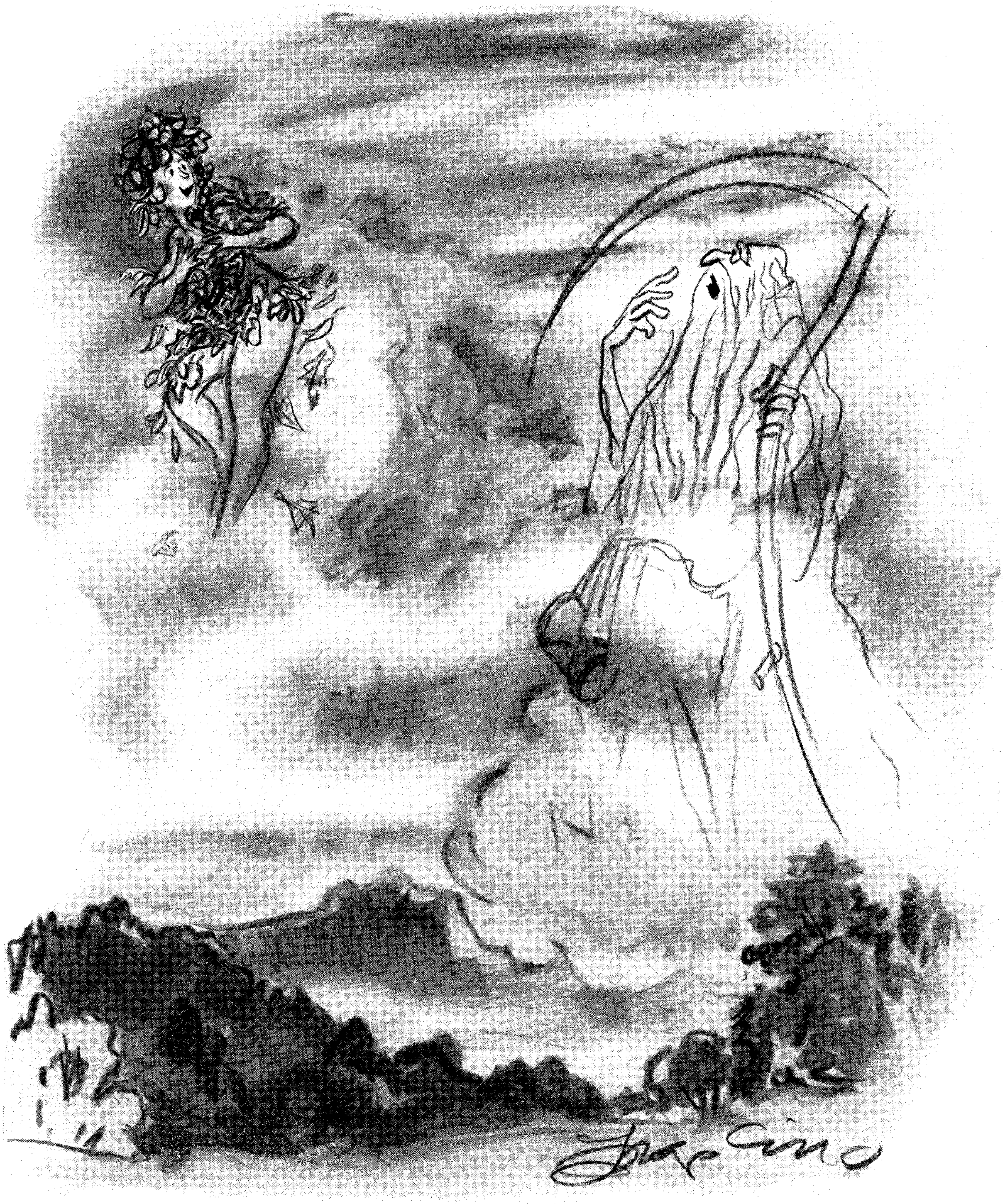
patrol wagon. "Listen, for God's sake, don't get arrested!" the CORE leader was pleading. "I need you now, right here." A radio reporter attempted to interview Carson, but a woman in a turban and a long green gown came around and headed him off. "Police brutality! Police brutality!" she shouted into the microphone over and over, and when the radio man retreated, she followed him across Herkimer Street, still shouting "Police brutality! Police brutality!"

We ourself saw no police brutality. Despite considerable provocation, the policemen, though armed with nightsticks, made only defensive use of them. When they moved crowds back (to the accompaniment of screams of "Pigs! Fascist pigs!"), they brought their arms and sticks up across their chests in self-protection. Even these well-controlled maneuvers were, however, hardly successful in calming a number of the militants. A young man, not much older than twenty, with a minuscule beard and wearing a pendant over what appeared to be a buckskin shirt, was verbally abusing Chief Sealy. "You let our women be beaten—beaten by those racist cops!" he shouted from the midst of a semicircle of onlookers. "You're no better than these honkies, and we're going to give it to you, too!" When the police officer remained impassive, the militant turned on the television crews that were recording the scene. "We ain't going to talk to you no more, either!" he shouted at Gabe Pressman, of N.B.C. "No more talking to the honkie press!" From the crowd around him, and from the windows of the school above, abuse and occasional missiles, including a number of eggs, rained down intermittently on the police and press until, at about two-thirty, the first classes began leaving the building, skylarking and showing off for the cameras. When Nauman and the other teachers emerged, a few minutes later, they reported that they had not been allowed to resume any teaching duties. "We didn't even get to see any children," Nauman said. "We just sat in a room all afternoon." Another teacher added that the group had been warned that there were members of the community in each classroom ready to bar them physically.

Discouraged completely now, the teachers left in a cluster to report to the U.F.T.'s temporary headquarters in the Gramercy Park Hotel, in Manhattan, and to start the chain of events that resulted in a resumption of the strike. State Superintendent Allen, attempting to mediate the situation over the weekend, ordered the Board of Education both to temporarily transfer the ten teachers and to temporarily suspend the Ocean Hill-Brownsville governing board. This compromise, which would have resulted in a defeat for both parties and a victory for neither, was at first—and predictably—denounced by both. Later, however, the U.F.T. accepted the plan, with provisos.

With the departure of the teachers from I.S. 271, the television men began to pack up. A few reporters made desultory attempts to interview some of the students as they left the building, only to have each interview broken up by several older youths, who waded into each cluster of reporters and students and yelled at the children to "get away from those honkies." Not far away we spotted the youth who had been berating Chief Sealy. Now, ironically, he was calming tempers down. "Spread out and keep the peace," he was saying as each group of departing students crowded past Father Powis at the doorway. The priest was telling a reporter, "The only thing I feel bad about is that in the past eight years these Brownsville schools have never operated as well as they are now, with the dedicated kids we have teaching here."

"Do we come to school tomorrow?" a student was asking one of the group of mothers also leaving the building. A woman we recognized as Mrs. Rooke answered, "Yes. You all come back to school tomorrow, and this time you bring your parents." Then, for the benefit of both the crowd and the reporters, she said, "They'll never teach in 271. The only way they will is they will have to kill me." Out of the school at that moment came a young white woman, equally furious, pushing a small boy before her. "You want a statement, I'll give you one," she said to a reporter. "I have two kids in that school, but that's the last time they'll go in that building. How the hell can they get an education with everything that's going on? My other kid's still in there—scared stiff, prob-



"*O.K., Autumn, you're on.*"

• •

ably—and I can't even find him."

The last television interview of the day occurred after most of the students had left the area. The Reverend Mr. Oliver, the chairman of the governing board, braved the disapproving warnings of the boys who were attempting to disrupt all the interviews. "We said Sunday night that we would not try to prevent the teachers' return, and we have not done so," he said, "but we believe in letting the community express itself."

"Even if it means blocking the doorway?" a reporter asked.

"One taxpayer on the steps is enough for us to listen to," Mr. Oliver replied.

"Do you expect this will happen every day?" another reporter asked.

"If they try to come back, it probably will be a daily occurrence," he said. "Brownsville will be occupied, like Czechoslovakia."

PERCY

REMINISCENCE, along with the cheese boards and ugly pottery sometimes given to brides, seems to have a manifest destiny with the sea. Reminiscences are written on such a table as this, corrected, published, read, and then they begin their inevitable journey toward the bookshelves in those houses and cottages one rents for the summer. In the last house we rented, we had beside our bed the "Memories of a Grand Duchess," the "Recollections of a Yankee Whaler," and a paperback copy of "Goodbye to All That," but it is the same all over the world. The only book in my hotel room in Taormina was "Recordi d'un Soldato Garibaldino," and in my room in Yalta I found "Повесть о Жизни." Unpopularity is surely some part of this drifting toward salt water, but since the sea is our most universal symbol for memory, might there not be some mysterious affinity between these published recollections and the thunder of waves? So I put down what follows with the happy conviction that these pages will find their way into some bookshelf with a good view of a stormy coast. I can even see the room—see the straw rug, the window glass clouded with salt, and feel the house shake to the ringing of a heavy sea.

Great-Uncle Ebenezer was stoned on the streets of Newburyport for his abolitionist opinions. His demure wife, Georgiana (an artiste on the pianoforte), used once or twice a month to braid feathers into her hair, squat on the floor, light a pipe, and, having been given by psychic forces the personality of an Indian squaw, receive messages from the dead. My father's cousin, Anna Boynton, who had taught Greek at Radcliffe, starved herself to death during the Armenian famine. She and her sister Nanny had the copper skin, high cheekbones, and black hair of the Natick Indians. My father liked to recall the night he drank all the champagne on the New York-Boston train. He started drinking splits with some friend before dinner, and when they finished the splits they emptied the quarts and the magnums and were working on a jeroboam when the train reached Boston. He felt that this guzzling was heroic. My Uncle Hamlet—a black-mouthed old wreck who had starred on the Newburyport Volunteer Fire Department ball team—called me to the side of his deathbed and shouted, "I've had the best fifty years of this country's history. *You* can have the rest." He seemed to hand it to me on a platter—droughts, depressions, convulsions of nature, pestilence, and war. He was wrong, of course, but the idea pleased him. This all took place in the environs of Athenian Boston, but the family seemed much closer to the hyperbole and rhetoric that stem from Wales, Dublin, and the various principalities of alcohol than to the sermons of Phillips Brooks.

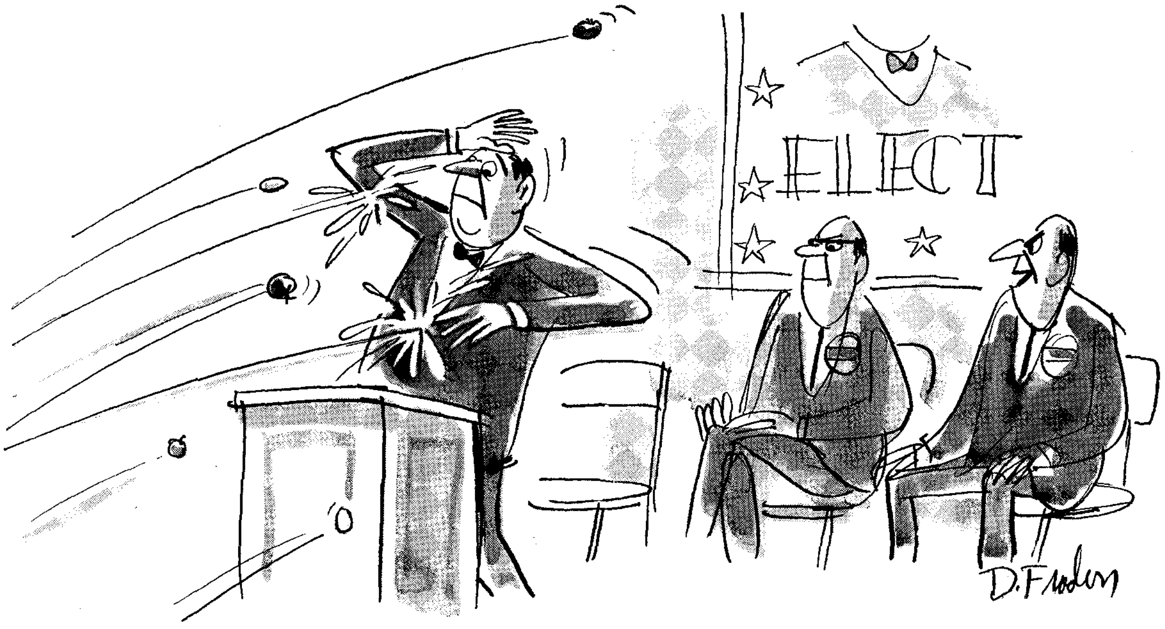
One of the most vivid members of my mother's side of the family was an aunt who called herself Percy, and who smoked cigars. There was no sexual ambiguity involved. She was lovely, fair, and intensely feminine. We were never very close. My father may have disliked her, although I don't recall this. My maternal grandparents had emigrated from England in the eighteen-nineties with their six children. My Grandfather Holinshed was described as a bounder—a word that has always evoked for me the image of a man leaping over a hedge, just ahead of a charge of buckshot. I don't know what mistakes he had made in England, but his transportation to the New World was financed by his father-in-law, Sir Percy Devere, and he was paid a small remittance so long as he did not return to England. He detested the United States and died a few years after his arrival here. On the day of his funeral, Grandmother announced to her children that there would be a family conference in the evening. They should be prepared to discuss their plans. When the conference was called, Grandmother asked the children in turn what they planned to make of their lives. Uncle Tom wanted to be a soldier. Uncle Harry wanted to be a sailor. Uncle Bill wanted to be a merchant. Aunt Emily wanted to marry. Mother wanted to be a nurse and heal the sick. Aunt Florence—who later called herself Percy—exclaimed, "I wish to be a great painter, like the Masters of the Italian Renaissance!" Grandmother then said, "Since at least one of you has a clear idea of her destiny, the rest of you will go to work and Florence will go to art school." That is what they did, and so far as I know none of them ever resented this decision.

How smooth it all seems and how different it must have been. The table where they gathered would have been lighted by whale oil or kerosene. They lived in a farmhouse in Dorchester. They would have had lentils or porridge or at best stew for dinner. They were very poor. If it was in the winter, they would be cold, and after the conference the wind would extinguish Grandmother's candle—stately Grandmother—as she went down the back path to the malodorous outhouse. They couldn't have bathed more than once a week, and I suppose they bathed out of pails. The succinctness of Percy's exclamation seems to have obscured the facts of a destitute widow with six children. Someone must have washed all those dishes, and washed them in greasy water, drawn from a pump and heated over a fire.

The threat of gentility in such recollections is Damoclean, but these were people without pretense or affectation, and when Grandmother spoke French at the dinner table, as she often did, she merely meant to put her education to some practical use. It was, of course, a much simpler world. For example, Grandmother read in the paper one day that a drunken butcher, the father of four, had chopped up his wife with a meat cleaver, and she went directly to Boston by horsecar or hansom—whatever transportation was available. There was a crowd around the tenement where the murder had taken place, and two policemen guarded the door. Grandmother got past the policemen and found the butcher's four terrified children in a bloody apartment. She got their clothes together, took the children home with her, and kept them for a month or longer, when other homes were found. Cousin Anna's decision to starve and Percy's wish to become a painter were made with the same directness. It was what Percy thought she could do best—what would make most sense of her life.

She began to call herself Percy in art school, because she felt that there was some prejudice against women in the arts. In her last year in art school she did a six-by-fourteen-foot painting of Orpheus taming the beasts. This won her a gold medal and a trip to Europe, where she studied at the Beaux-Arts for a few months. When she returned, she was given three portrait commissions, but she was much too skeptical to succeed at this. Her portraits were pictorial indictments, and all three of them were unacceptable. She was not an aggressive woman, but she was immoderate and critical.

After her return from France she met a young doctor named Abbott



"That's the trouble with a truly *enlightened electorate."*

• •

Tracy at some yacht club on the North Shore. I don't mean the Corinthian. I mean some briny huddle of driftwood nailed together by weekend sailors. Moths in the billiard felt. Salvaged furniture. Two earth closets labelled "Ladies" and "Gentlemen," and moorings for a dozen of those wide-waisted catboats that my father used to say sailed like real estate. Percy and Abbott Tracy met in some such place, and she fell in love. He had already begun a formidable and clinical sexual career, and seemed unacquainted in any way with sentiment, although I recall that he liked to watch children saying their prayers. Percy listened for his footsteps, she languished in his absence, his cigar cough sounded to her like music, and she filled a portfolio with pencil sketches of his face, his eyes, his hands, and, after their marriage, the rest of him.

They bought an old house in West Roxbury. The ceilings were low, the rooms were dark, the windows were small, and the fireplaces smoked. Percy liked all of this, and shared with my mother a taste for drafty ruins that seemed odd in such high-minded women. She turned a spare bedroom into a studio and did another large canvas—Prometheus bringing fire to man. This was exhibited in Boston, but no one bought it. She then painted a nymph and centaur. This used to be in the attic, and the centaur looked exactly like Uncle Abbott. Uncle Abbott's practice was not very profitable, and I guess he was lazy. I remember seeing him eating his breakfast in pajamas at one in the afternoon. They must have been poor, and I suppose Percy did the housework, bought the groceries, and hung out the wash. Late one night when I had gone to bed, I overheard my father shouting, "I cannot support that cigar-smoking sister of yours any longer." Percy spent some time copying paintings at Fenway Court. This brought in a little money, but evidently not enough. One of her friends from art school urged her to try painting magazine covers. This went deeply against all of her aspirations and instincts, but it must have seemed to her that she had no choice, and she began to turn out deliberately sentimental pictures for magazines. She got to be quite famous at this.

She was never pretentious, but she couldn't forget that she had not explored to the best of her ability those gifts that she may have had, and her enthusiasm for painting was genuine. When she was able to employ a cook, she gave the cook painting lessons. I remember her saying, toward the end of her life, "Before I die, I must go back to the Boston Museum and see the Sargent watercolors." When I was sixteen or seventeen, I took a walking tour in Germany with my brother and bought Percy some van Gogh reproductions in Munich. She was very excited by these. Painting, she felt, had some organic vitality—it was the exploration of continents of consciousness, and here was a new world. The deliberate puerility of most of her work had damaged her draftsmanship, and at one point she began to hire a model on Saturday mornings and sketch from life. Going there on some simple errand—the return of a book or a newspaper clipping—I stepped into her studio and found, sitting on the floor, a naked young woman. "Nellie Casey," said Percy, "this is my nephew, Ralph Warren." She went on sketching. The model smiled sweetly—it was nearly a social smile and seemed to partially temper her monumental nakedness. Her breasts were very beautiful, and the nipples, relaxed and faintly colored, were bigger than silver dollars. The atmosphere was not erotic or playful, and I soon left. I dreamed for years of Nellie Casey. Percy's covers brought in enough money for her to buy a house on the Cape, a house in Maine, a large automobile, and a small painting by Whistler that used to hang in the living room beside a copy Percy had made of Titian's "Europa."

Her first son, Lovell, was born in the third year of her marriage. When he was four or five years old, it was decided that he was a musical genius, and he did have unusual manual dexterity. He was great at unsnarling kite lines and fishing tackle. He was taken out of school, educated by tutors, and spent most of his time practicing the piano. I detested him for a number of reasons. He was extremely dirty-minded, and used oil on his hair. My brother and I wouldn't have been more disconcerted if he had crowned himself with flowers. He not only used oil in his hair but when he came to visit us he left the hair-oil bottle in our medicine cabinet. He had his first recital in Steinway Hall when he was eight or nine, and he always played a Beethoven sonata when the family got together.

Percy must have perceived, early in her marriage, that her husband's lechery was compulsive and incurable, but she was determined, like any other lover, to authenticate her suspicion. How could a man that she adored be faithless? She hired a detective agency, who tracked him down to an apartment house near the railroad station called the Orpheus. Percy went there and found him in bed with an unemployed telephone operator. He was smoking a cigar and drinking whiskey.

"Now, Percy," he is supposed to have said, "why did you have to go and do this?" She then came to our house and stayed with us for a week or so. She was pregnant, and when her son Beaufort was born his brain or his nervous system was seriously damaged. Abbott always claimed that there was nothing wrong with his son, but when Beaufort was five or six years old he was sent off to some school or institution in Connecticut. He used to come home for the holidays, and had learned to sit through an adult meal, but that was about all. He was an arsonist, and he once exposed himself at an upstairs window while Lovell was playing the "Waldstein." In spite of all this, Percy was never bitter or melancholy, and continued to worship Uncle Abbott.

The family used to gather, as I recall, almost every Sunday. I don't know why they should have spent so much time in one another's company. Perhaps they had few friends or perhaps they held their family ties above friendship. Standing in the rain outside the door of Percy's old house, we seemed bound together not by blood and not by love but by a sense that the world and its works were hostile. The house was dark. It had a liverish smell.

The guests often included Grandmother and old Nanny Boynton, whose sister had starved herself to death. Nanny taught music in the Boston public schools until her retirement, when she moved to a farm on the South Shore. Here she raised bees and mushrooms, and read musical scores—Puccini, Mozart, Debussy, Brahms, etc.—that were mailed to her by a friend in the public library. I remember her very pleasantly. She looked, as I've said, like a Natick Indian. Her nose was beaked, and when she went to the beehives she covered herself with cheesecloth and sang "Vissi d'arte." I once overheard someone say that she was drunk a good deal of the time, but I don't believe it. She stayed with Percy when the winter weather was bad, and she always travelled with a set of the Britannica, which was set up in the dining room behind her chair to settle disputes.

The meals at Percy's were very heavy. When the wind blew, the fireplaces smoked. Leaves and rain fell outside the windows. By the time we retired to the dark living room, we were all uncomfortable. Lovell would then be asked to play. The first notes of the Beethoven sonata would transform that dark, close, malodorous room into a landscape of extraordinary beauty. A cottage stood in some green fields near a river. A woman with flaxen hair stepped out of the door and dried her hands on an apron. She called her lover. She called and called, but something was wrong. A storm was approaching. The river would flood. The bridge would be washed away. The bass was massive, gloomy, and prophetic. Beware, beware! Traffic casualties were unprecedented. Storms lashed the west coast of Florida. Pittsburgh was paralyzed by a blackout. Famine gripped Philadelphia, and there was no hope for anyone. Then the lyric treble sang a long song about love and beauty. When this was done, down came the bass again, fortified by more bad news reports. The storm was travelling north through Georgia and Virginia. Traffic casualties were mounting. There was cholera in Nebraska. The Mississippi was over its banks. A live volcano had erupted in the Appalachians. Alas, alas! The treble resumed its part of the argument, persuasive, hopeful, purer than any human voice I had ever heard. Then the two voices began their counterpoint, and on it went to the end.

One afternoon, when the music was finished, Lovell, Uncle Abbott, and I got into the car and drove into the Dorchester slums. It was in the early winter, already dark and rainy, and the rains of Boston fall with great authority. He parked the car in front of a frame tenement and said that he was going to see a patient.

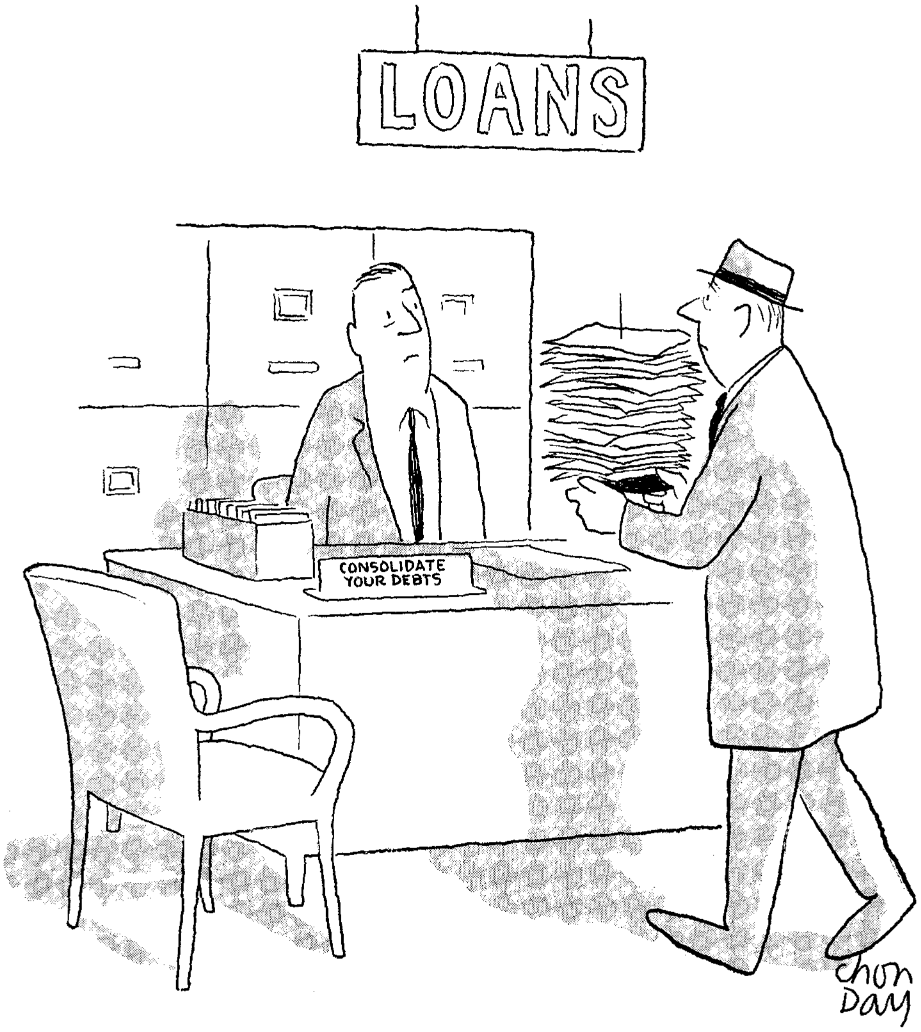
"You think he's going to see a patient?" Lovell asked.

"Yes," I said.

"He's going to see his girl friend," Lovell said. Then he began to cry.

I didn't like him. I had no sympathy to give him. I only wished that I had more seemly relations. He dried his tears, and we sat there without speaking until Uncle Abbott returned, whistling, contented, and smelling of perfume. He took us to a drugstore for some ice cream, and then we went back to the house, where Percy was opening the living-room windows to let in some air. She seemed tired but still high-spirited, although I suppose that she and everyone else in the room knew what Abbott had been up to. It was time for us to go home.

Lovell entered the Eastman Conservatory when he was fifteen, and performed the Beethoven G-Major



Concerto with the Boston orchestra the year he graduated. Having been drilled never to mention money, it seems strange that I should recall the financial details of his début. His tails cost one hundred dollars, his coach charged five hundred, and the orchestra paid him three hundred for two performances. The family was scattered throughout the hall, so we were unable to concentrate our excitement, but we were all terribly excited. After the concert we went to the greenroom and drank champagne. Koussevitzky did not appear, but Burgin, the concertmaster, was there. The reviews in the *Herald* and the *Transcript* were fairly complimentary, but they both pointed out that Lovell's playing lacked sentiment. That winter, Lovell and Percy went on a tour that took them as far west as Chicago, and something went wrong. They may, as travellers, have been bad company for one another; he *may have had poor notices or* small audiences; and while nothing was ever said, I recall that the tour was not triumphant. When they returned, Percy sold a piece of property that adjoined the house and went to Europe for the summer. Lovell could surely have supported himself as a musician, but instead he took a job as a manual laborer for some electrical-instrument company. He came to see us before Percy returned, and told me what had been happening that summer.

"Daddy didn't spend much time around the house after Mother went away," he said, "and I was alone most evenings. I used to get my own supper, and I spent a lot of time at the movies. I used to try and pick up girls, but I'm skinny and I don't have much self-confidence. Well, one Sunday I drove down to this beach in the old Buick. Daddy let me have the old Buick. I saw this very fat couple with a young daughter. They looked lonely. Mrs. Hirshman is very fat, and she makes herself up like a clown, and she has a little dog. There is a kind of fat woman who always has a little dog. So then I said something about how I loved dogs, and they seemed happy to talk with me, and then I ran into the waves and showed off my crawl and came back and sat with them. They were Germans, and they had a funny accent, and I think their funny English and their fatness made them lonely. Well, their daughter was named Donna-Mae, and she was all wrapped up in a bathrobe, and she had on a hat, and they told me she had such fair skin she had to keep out of the sun. Then they told me she had beautiful hair, and she took off her hat, and I saw her hair for the first time. It *was* beautiful. It was the color of honey and very long, and her skin was pearly. You could see that the sun would burn it. So we talked, and I got some hot dogs and tonic, and took Donna-Mae for a walk up the beach, and I was very happy. Then, when the day was over, I offered to drive them home—they'd come to the beach in a bus—and they said they'd like a ride if I'd promise to have supper with them. They lived in a sort of a slum, and he was a house painter. Their house was behind another house. Mrs.

• •

LAST THINGS

I

In the tunnel of woods, as the road
Winds up through the freckled light, a porcupine,
Larger than life, crosses the road.
He moves with the difficulty of relics—
Possum, armadillo, horseshoe crab.
To us they seem creatures arthritic with time,
Winding joylessly down, like burnt-out galaxies.
In all their slowness we see no dignity,
Only a want of scale.
Having crossed the road oblivious, he falls off
Deliberately and without grace into the ferns.

II

In another state are hills as choppy as lake water
And, on a hillside there,
Is a junkyard of old cars kept for the parts—
Fenders and chassis and the engine blocks
Right there in the field, smaller parts in bins
In a shed by the side of the road. Cows graze
Among the widely spaced rows,
Which are irregular only as an old orchard is,
Following the contours of the hill.
The tops of the cars are bright colors still
And as pretty as bottles hung on a bare tree
Or painted cinder blocks in a garden.
Cars the same age are parked on the road like cannibals.

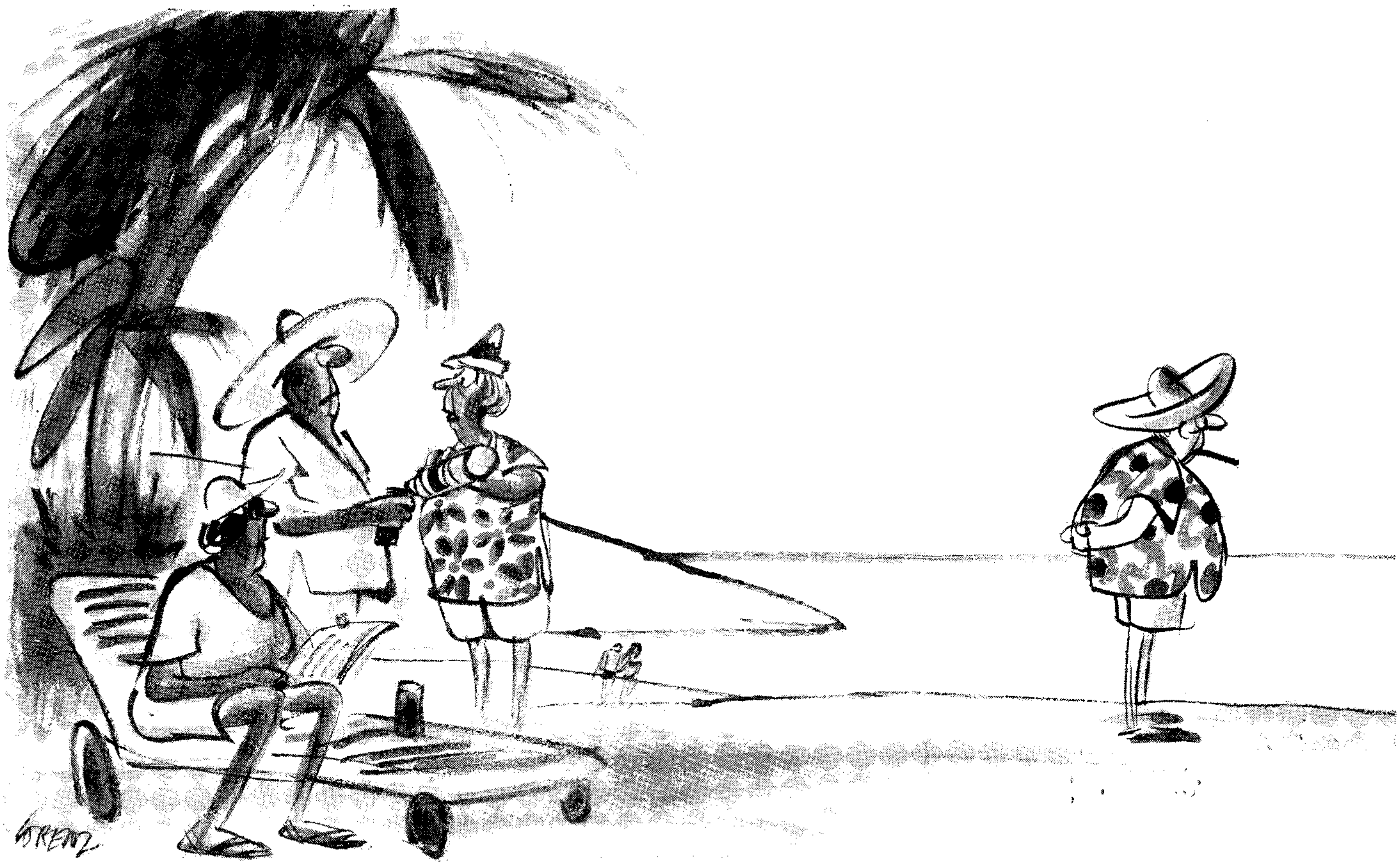
III

At the edge of a harbor, in a field
That faces the ocean they came by and left by,
Statues of soldiers and governors and their queen
Lie where the Africans put them.
Unbewildered, not without understanding,
The marble countenances look at the green
Continent; they did their best; plunderers
Were fewer among them than men of honor.
But no one comes for them, though they have been offered.
With chipped extremities, in a chipped regalia
They lie at angles of unaccustomed ease.
In the parks and squares of England are set up
Bolder, more dreadful shapes of the ego,
While African lichen confers an antique grandeur
On these, from whom men have withheld it.

IV

At the edge of the Greek world, I think, was a cliff
To which fallen gods were chained, immortal.
Time is without forgiveness, but intermittently
He sends the old, sentimental, hungry
Vulture compassion to gnaw on the stone
Vitals of each of us, even the young, as if
To ready each of us, even the old, for an unthinkable
Event he foresees for each of us—a reckoning, our own.

—William Meredith



"Poor Harrison! He's hedged against inflation, depression, flood, famine, pestilence, insurrection, war, and peace, but he still feels he's forgotten something."

• •

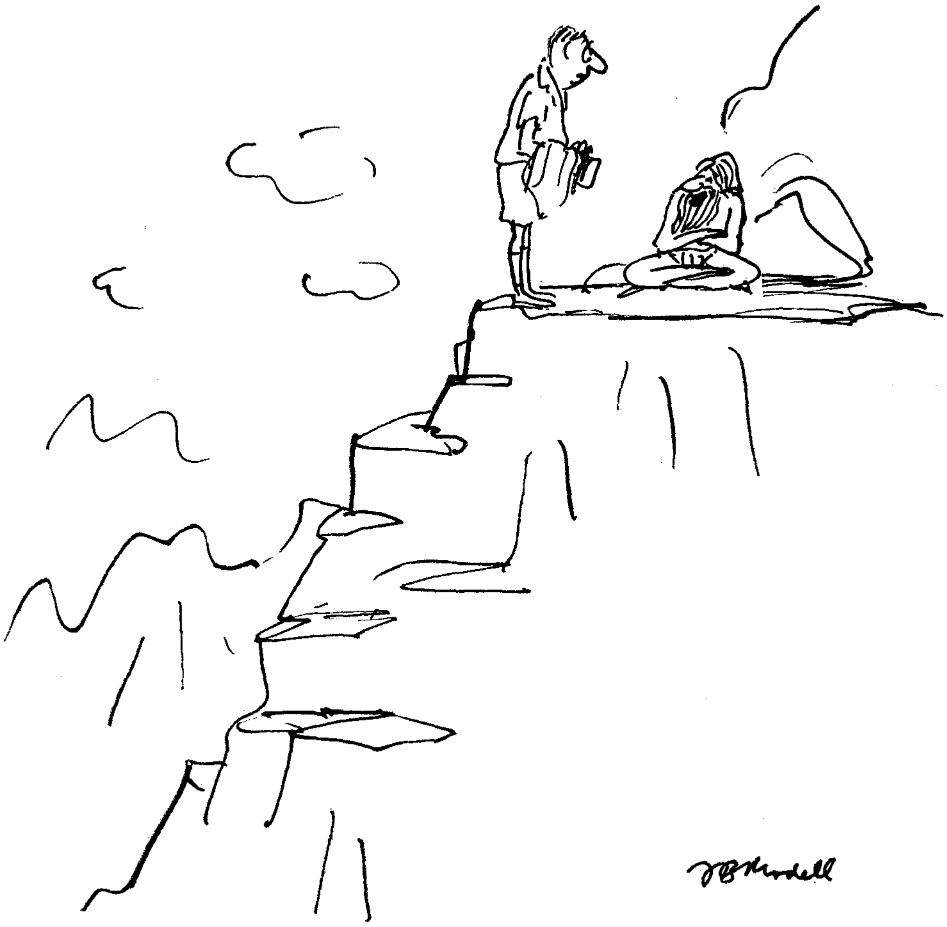
Hirshman said while she cooked supper why didn't I wash Donna-Mae off with the hose? I remember this very clearly, because it's when I fell in love. She put on her bathing suit again, and I put on my bathing suit, and I sprayed her very gently with the hose. She squealed a little, naturally, because the water was cold, and it was getting dark, and in the house next door someone was playing the Chopin C-Sharp-Minor, Opus 28. The piano was out of tune, and the person didn't know how to play, but the music and the hose and Donna-Mae's pearly skin and golden hair and the smells of supper from the kitchen and the twilight all seemed to be a kind of paradise. So I had supper with them and went home, and the next night I took Donna-Mae to the movies. Then I had supper with them again, and when I told Mrs. Hirshman that my mother was away and that I almost never saw my father, she said that they had a spare room and why didn't I stay there? So the next night I packed some clothes and moved into their spare room, and I've been there ever since."

It is unlikely that Percy would have written my mother after her return from Europe, and, had she written, the letter would have been destroyed, since that family had a crusading detestation of souvenirs. Letters, photographs, diplomas—anything that authenticated the past was always thrown into the fire. I think this was not, as they claimed, a dislike of clutter but a fear of death. To glance backward was to die, and they did not mean to leave a trace. There was no such letter, but had there been one it would, in the light of what I was told, have gone like this:

Dear Polly:

Lovell met me at the boat on Thursday. I bought him a Beethoven autograph in Rome, but before I had a chance to give it to him he announced that he was engaged to be married. He can't afford to marry, of course, and when I asked him how he planned to support a family he said that he had a job with some electrical instrument company. When I asked about his music he said he would keep it up in the evenings. I do not want to run his life and I want him to be happy but I could not forget the amount of money that has been poured into his musical education. I had looked forward to coming home and I was very upset to receive this news as soon as I got off the boat. Then he told me that he no longer lived with his father and me. He lives with his future parents-in-law.

I was kept busy getting settled and I had to go into Boston several times to find work so I wasn't able to entertain his fiancée until I had been back a week or two. I asked her for tea. Lovell asked me not to smoke cigars and I agreed to this. I could see his point. He is very uneasy about what he calls my "bohemianism" and I wanted to make a good impression. They came at four. Her name is Donna-Mae Hirshman. Her parents are German immigrants. She is twenty-one years old and works as a clerk in some insurance office. Her voice is high. She giggles. The one thing that can be said in her favor is that she has a striking head of yellow hair. I suppose Lovell may be attracted by her fairness but this hardly seems reason enough to marry. She giggled when we were introduced. She sat on the red sofa and as soon as she saw Europa she giggled again. Lovell could not take his eyes off her. I poured her tea and asked if she wanted lemon or cream. She said she didn't know. Then I asked politely what she usually took in her tea and she said she'd never drunk tea before. Then I asked what she usually drank and she said she drank mostly tonic and sometimes beer. I gave her tea with milk and sugar, and tried to think of something to say. Lovell broke the ice by asking me if I didn't think her hair was beautiful. I said that it was very beautiful. Well, it's a lot of work, she said. I have to wash it twice a week in whites of egg. Oh there's been plenty of times when I've wanted to cut it off. People don't understand. People think that if God crowns you with a beautiful head of hair you ought to treasure it but it's just as much work as a sinkful of dishes. You have to wash it and



"I open in Town Hall November sixth, and I'm on Johnny Carson's show on the eighth. You could have saved yourself a trip."

• •

dry it and comb it and brush it and put it up at night. I know it's hard to understand but honest to God there's days when I would just like to chop it off but Mummy made me promise on the Bible that I wouldn't. I'll take it down for you if you'd like.

I'm telling you the truth, Polly. I am not exaggerating. She went to the mirror, took a lot of pins out of her hair, and let it down. There was a great deal of it. I suppose she could sit on it although I didn't ask. I said that it was very beautiful several times. Then she said that she had known I would appreciate it because Lovell had told her I was artistic and interested in beautiful things. Well she displayed her hair for some time and then began the arduous business of getting it back into place again. It was hard work. Then she went on to say that some people thought her hair was dyed and that this made her angry because she felt that women who dyed their hair were immoral. I asked her if she would like another cup of tea and she said no. Then I asked her if she had ever heard Lovell play the piano and she said no, they didn't have a piano. Then she looked at Lovell and said that it was time to go. Lovell drove her home and then came back to ask, I suppose, for some words of approval. Of course my heart was broken in two. Here was a great musical career ruined by a head of hair. I told him I never wanted to see her again. He said he was going to marry her and I said I didn't care what he did.

Lovell married Donna-Mae. Uncle Abbott went to the wedding, but Percy kept her word and never saw her daughter-in-law again. Lovell came to the house four times a year to pay a ceremonial call on his mother. He would not go near the piano. He had not only given up his music, he hated music. His simpleminded taste for obsceneness seemed to have transformed itself into simpleminded piety. He had transferred from the Episcopal church to the Hirshmans' Lutheran congregation, which he attended twice on Sundays. They were raising money to build a new church when I last spoke with him. He spoke intimately of the Divinity. "He has helped us in our struggles, again and again. When everything seemed hopeless, He has given us encouragement and strength. I wish I could get you to understand how wonderful He is, what a blessing it is to love Him. . . ." Lovell died before he was thirty, and since everything must have been burned, I don't suppose there was a trace left of his musical career.

But the darkness in the old house seemed, each time we went there, to deepen. Abbott continued his philandering, but when he went fishing in the spring or hunting in the fall Percy was desperately unhappy without him. Less than a year after Lovell's death, Percy was afflicted with some cardiovascular disease. I remember one attack during Sunday dinner. The color drained out of her face, and her breathing became harsh and quick. She excused herself and was mannered enough to say that she had forgotten something. She went into the living room and shut the door, but her accelerated breathing and her groans of pain could be heard. When she returned, there were large splotches of red up the side of her face. "If you don't see a doctor, you will die," Uncle Abbott said.

"You are my husband and you are my doctor," she said.

"I have told you repeatedly that I will not have you as a patient."

"You are my doctor."

"If you don't come to your senses, you will die."

He was right, of course, and she knew it. Now, as she saw the leaves fall, the snow fall, as she said goodbye to friends in railroad stations and vestibules, it was always with a sense that she would not do this again. She died at three in the morning, in the dining room, where she had gone to get a glass of gin, and the family gathered for the last time at her funeral.

There is one more incident. I was taking a plane at Logan Airport. As I was crossing the waiting room, a man who was sweeping the floor stopped me.

"Know you," he said thickly. "I know who you are."

"I don't remember," I said.

"I'm Cousin Beaufort," he said. "I'm your cousin Beaufort."

I reached for my wallet and took out a ten-dollar bill.

"I don't want any money," he said. "I'm your cousin. I'm your cousin Beaufort. I have a job. I don't want any money."

"How are you, Beaufort," I asked.

"Lovell and Percy are dead," he said. "They buried them in the earth."

"I'm late, Beaufort," I said. "I'll miss my plane. It was nice to see you. Goodbye." And so off to the sea.

—John Cheever

•

"What are they so worried about prurient interests for?" he lashed out in quiet tones.—*American Bar Association Journal.*

That's cracking the rhetorical whip!

THE PERFECT SETTING

WAKING, Adolphine Corbett saw the fathomless blue of a summer morning; and remembered it was Thursday and that Hudson was coming that afternoon, bringing a Mr. Bannerman, who was interested in Oswald.

It was not to be looked for that Hudson would bring anybody who was interested in Oswald Corbett's widow. Those who came on her account (there were fewer and fewer of them) came unbrought, and came (it is the way of the aging) to demand interest and not to display it, beyond a few inquiries about her health. It should have interested them; it was so uncommonly good. But they preferred to dwell on their inferior own.

Oswald had died fifteen years ago, aged sixty-seven, but was still interesting, because he was a poet. If you can once make a name as a poet, people will go on being interested in you for quite a time after your death, if only because you have succeeded in doing so—a rare feat and interesting in itself to people who otherwise feel no interest in poetry. Because of Oswald, she would shortly meet Mr. Bannerman. Because of Oswald, she still had Hudson. When he and Dinah divorced, it was Hudson who remained, more of a son-in-law than ever, devoted, assiduous, bringing people who were interested in Oswald. There had been Mr. O'Flaherty, who unstemmably quoted poem after poem, and Mrs. Bugler, who went through his manuscripts examining every watermark, and took so long about it that Dinah seized on her as a pretext for wanting a divorce, and Father Garment, S.J., who traced a latent Catholicism in Oswald's "Three Odes to Ovid," and Professor Mackenzie, who translated them into Lallans. There had been admirers from America, some writing poetry themselves, others theses, and from Japan, who hissed, and from Australia and the Philippines, to whom he had been an inspiration; and an enormous young man from Tiflis, who came by mistake—what he wanted was Cobbett—but was charming and particularly admired the door scraper. There were people who came with cameras. There was the woman with a tape recorder, who sat for hours in the garden waiting to record the owls. Of late years, there had not been quite so many of them. But now Hudson had dredged up this Bannerman, and she would have to go through it all over again.

The library. The manuscripts: the early ones, dashed down on odds and ends of paper in the delicate sharp handwriting like bird footprints on snow; the later group, when he was using India ink, blackened with scratchings out, clotted with alternatives, the delicate opinionated calligraphy grown hectoring. The portraits, the first publications, the Poetry Bookshop broadsheets; the shelf of folios and the splendid Ovid on the lectern; the foot muff and the stuffed eagle owl and the coffeepot. Tea in the dining room. After tea, the garden: the screen of aspen poplars, the pleached alley, the mulberry, crouched and dwarfish with age, the fountain. In the garden people would exclaim, "The perfect setting!" or, "You'd never think you were so close to London!" Some said both.

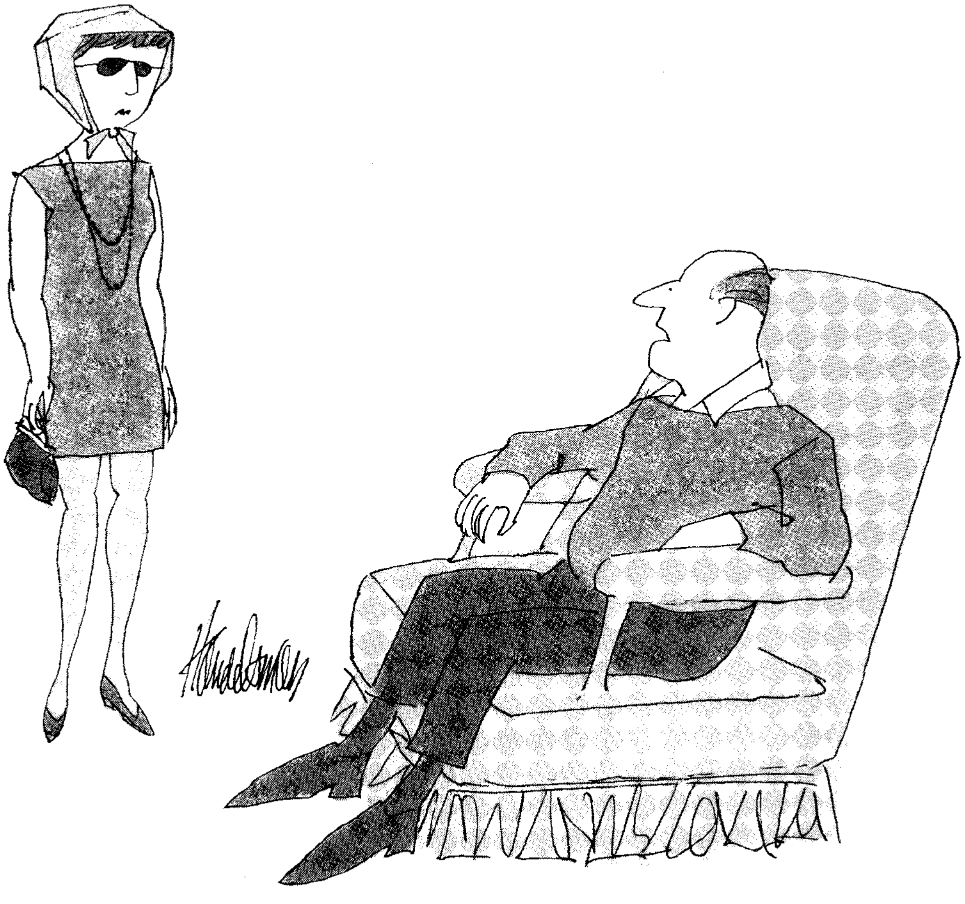
At this point Hudson would give her her due as a perfect setting herself, telling how she found the house, long derelict, its garden a mass of nettles and willow herb, a resort of truant children, owls, and cats, and knew at once that it was the house for Oswald Corbett.

"You did not even consult him, did you?"

"No, Hudson. I never bothered him with things like that. I just bought it, and when it was restored and the garden put in order I gave it to him as a surprise."

This made it clear that the money was hers, and left Oswald's aloofness unblemished. It also deterred inquiries as to what he had meant in such and such a passage—though such inquiries were things of the past, since Oswald's admirers had for some time known exactly what he meant.

She did not say—and Hudson could not, since she had never told him—that Adolphine Ezra, idling among her riches, had bought Trafalgar Lodge when she had met Oswald Corbett exactly once and not particularly liked him, but was so much under the spell of his poetry that to fit him with a dwelling to match it seemed a very natural thing to do, regardless of how he was to be got there. With the artlessness of wealth, she had not stopped to think that the dwelling presupposed enough money to live in it. This difficulty did not arise. When they met again, she liked him better. The fountain had not begun to play, the electricians were still in the house, when with the calm acceptance of total astonishment she heard him ask her to marry him. It was not what she had meant. Later on, she sometimes regretted the frustration of her first simple design. But it would not have done. Oswald could never have



"I wouldn't want you doing social work in my ghetto."

lived in Trafalgar Lodge without someone to run it, and to look after Dinah, his pretty little bastard.

Hudson, embodiment of contented mental penury, was a poor exchange for Dinah. She did not suppose that he would be much enriched by Bannerman. She looked away from the blue summer sky and the tremor of light on the aspens, and contemplated the telephone by her bedside. She could put them off and have another day to herself. Almost all her days were such, but as one grows old one increasingly values them. But in this bed Oswald had lain dying, angrily stoical, telling her not to be a fool and cursing the weekly in which his last volume had been reviewed among the also-rans. Hudson must come. Louise must bake her lemon biscuits, speciality of the house.

Hudson came, slightly out of breath as though he had brought Mr. Bannerman in his jaws. He had put on his summer waistcoat and wore a carnation in his buttonhole. Mr. Bannerman wore no waistcoat. He had a purposeful look—as though he had come about the plumbing.

"How do you do?"

"Oh. Er. How do you do?" He seemed startled by the inquiry.

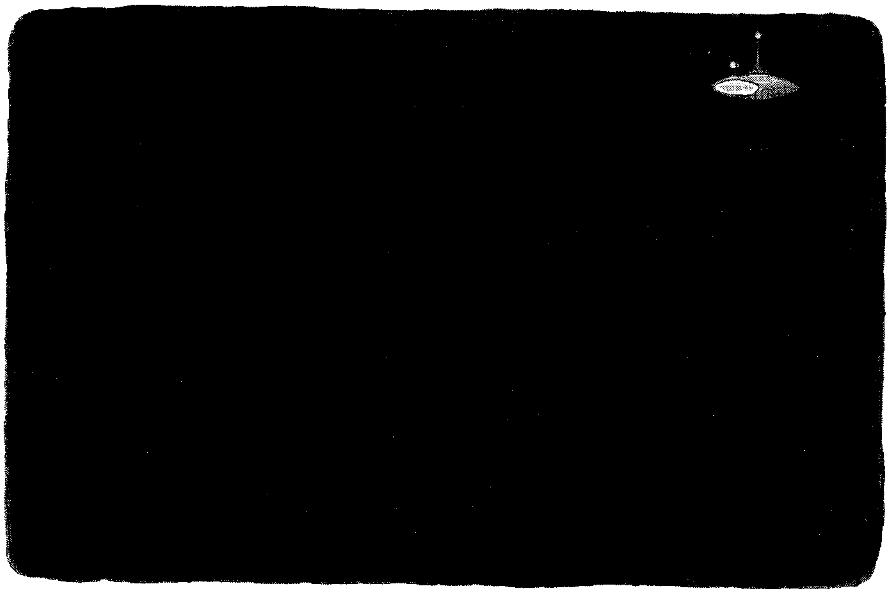
Hudson got rid of the silence by asking if they could see the library. She opened the door, and stood back for Hudson to do his piece. Disregarding him, Mr. Bannerman exclaimed, "I say, that's rather remarkable," and went straight for the eagle owl. "Tell me about this. What sort of bird is it? Did he shoot it? I didn't know he went in for that sort of thing."

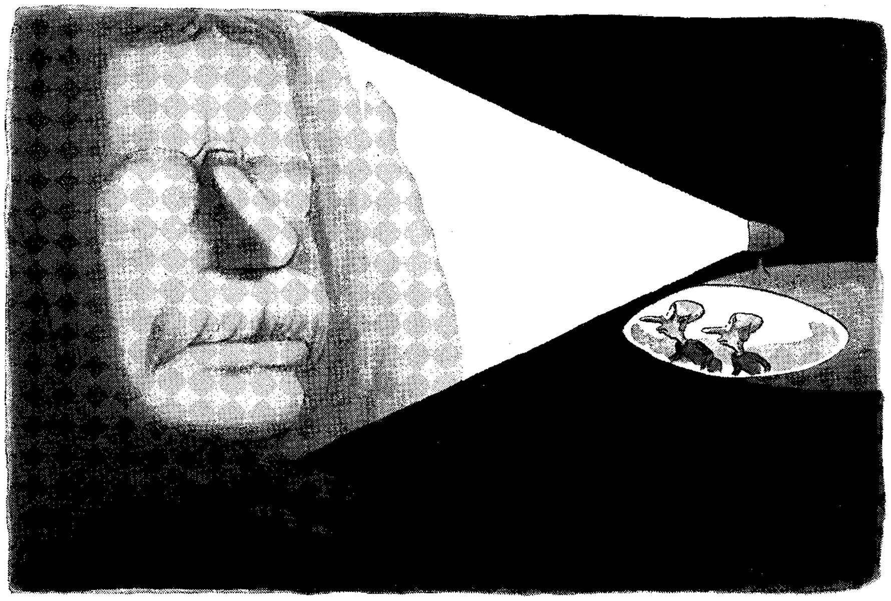
Hudson said it was an eagle owl, and that in life its eyes would have been an even brighter flame color. The French name for it was *un grand-duc*. Perhaps Bannerman remembered that Rostand had included a *grand-duc* in "Chantecler." Mr. Bannerman briefly shook his head, and continued to stare at the owl, which, naturally, continued to stare back.

"But he didn't shoot it," she said. "As far as I know, he never shot anything. He certainly wouldn't have shot an owl. He was particularly fond of them."

Hudson helpfully murmured the owl stanza from the second ode to Ovid: " 'Roofed by your chuckling pibroch, your cries of rapine, I neither rustic nor innocent snore the merrier. . . .' How many variants of that last line, Adolphine?"

She opened the boulle cabinet holding the manuscripts. Hudson followed her. Mr. Bannerman did not turn.





"I believe you are hypnotized by that bird," remarked Hudson playfully.

"I was thinking about it as a jacket," said Mr. Bannerman. "It would have to come out of its glass shade, of course."

Hudson caught back a cry of delight. His dull good face was transfigured by servile triumph, and he gave her a quick little nod. If the best he could bring in was an ornithologist, and a hack one at that . . . The glass shade should never be lifted off Oswald's owl for a bird book. Then she heard Hudson say, "Mr. Bannerman is thinking of writing a book about Oswald."

"Not too fast, Moberley. Not too fast. I am a professional writer"—Mr. Bannerman sat down at Oswald's writing table—"and I don't like to take a thing on unless I can feel reasonably sure I can do it adequately, and that there will be a public for it. And a publisher. You may not know, Mrs. Corbett, but since your husband's time the cost of bringing out a book has more than trebled. If you are by way of buying books—"

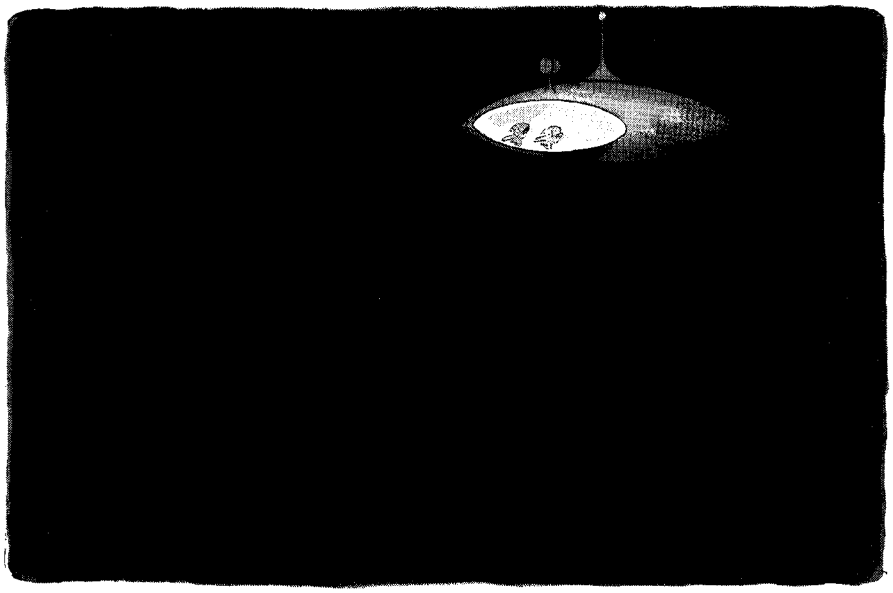
"I buy them from time to time."

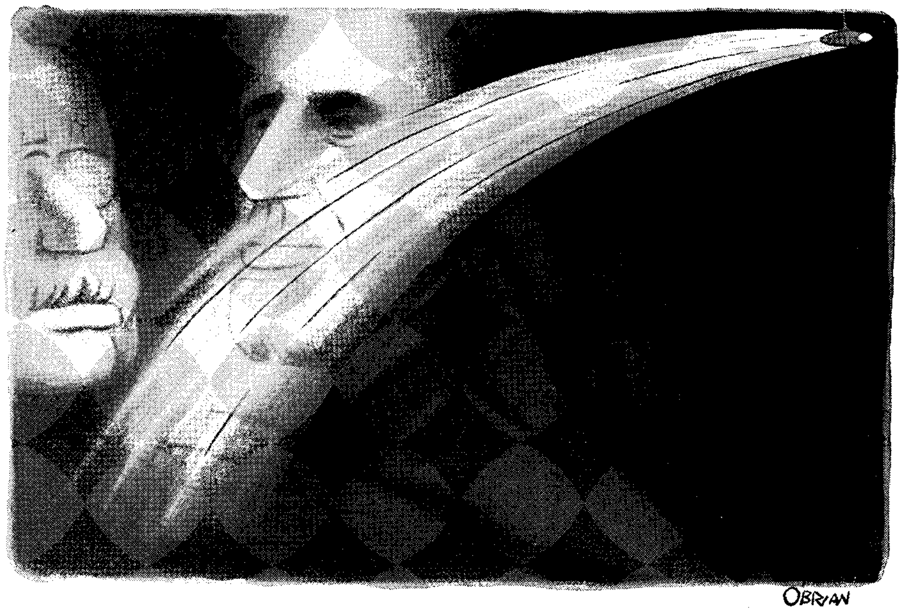
"Then you will realize how the whole picture has changed."

"More misprints."

Hudson, poor wretch, was twiddling in agony. His lower lip drooped, and he goggled.

Mr. Bannerman continued, "Now, Moberley has been at me for a long time to do a book about your husband—he's not preëmpted, I take it? Well, it's a shot in the dark, but it appeals to me. That early-twentieth-century background, you know. It's a vanished age—and practically untouched. Men of letters. Bohemians. The Poetry Bookshop. The discovery





of Cornwall. Rosicrucians. Was your husband a Rosicrucian?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well, he'd have met them."

"He wasn't at all gregarious."

"Oh. A solitary." Mr. Bannerman's face fell. The plumbing wasn't as straightforward as he had assumed. He brooded.

Hudson remarked that in 1912 Oswald went to Bayreuth. Mr. Bannerman's silence rejected this. If I go on being patiently disagreeable, she thought, he'll go away and write about Aleister Crowley.

"A solitary? . . . A solitary? . . . Why, of course, that owl! It's a gift. I felt it, the instant I came into this room. I can build up that owl into something terrific—Poe's raven will be nothing to it. It's exactly what I want. It's a gift. I say, Moberley, you might copy out those grand duke bits. They'd all help to build it up. Did he have it from a child, Mrs. Corbett?"

"No. He bought it in 1933, at Pitlochry."

"Exactly. Ex-actly! And it was in the middle thirties, wasn't it, that he changed his style and began to write those abstruse poems? Black poems. And went off on the classics."

It was as if Hudson had brought in a very cheap Mephistopheles—a self-winding Mephistopheles with an inexhaustible mechanism, enabling it to dart at false conclusions, to rebound from obstacles of fact. So it wasn't surprising if this fatuous importee should momentarily, accidentally, hit on something which might seem of significance. There sat Hudson beaming with collaboration. But what was this dizzied weakening in herself as though she too were under the fascination of a vulgar mind?

"And this is where it all happened," said Bannerman, giving a brisk glance round the room. "Of course, it's a wonderful setting. I really feel as if I could write poems myself in a room like this."

"Only he didn't write them here," she said. "He wrote in hotel bedrooms. He used to go to some industrial town, like Retford or Wellingborough or Wolverhampton, and take a room at a commercial hotel or a railway hotel, and write there."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" Mr. Bannerman sprang up and seized her hand. "This is tremendous! I had no idea of it. Moberley never told me."

"He didn't know."

Mr. Bannerman was now pumping Hudson's hand. "It's so right, it's out of this world. Wellingborough! Wolverhampton! Commercial hotels! Moberley, isn't this marvellous? It's like a blood transfusion. I knew I could do a lot with the owl, but it would have been a bit literary, a bit too much in the past. This brings him to life, makes a vital figure of him. There'll be a public for his poems again or I don't know the book market. Wolverhampton!"

"Yes, Bannerman, you're right. I'm sure you're right. My father-in-law will be read with new eyes. And that's what matters."

"That's what matters. By the way"—Mr. Bannerman's voice tautened—"it's an understood thing, isn't it, that we keep these commercial hotels strictly under our hats?"

"And the owl?" she asked.

"The owl too, of course."

TEA was quickly disposed of. Mr. Bannerman couldn't wait to get back and start on the book. Hudson, making a creditable recovery, told her between two slices of cake that she had kept the best wine to the last. Nothing was said of the garden.

When she had waved them off she returned to the library and closed the boulle cabinet. Nothing turns out as one meant. Perhaps by that one exasperated disclosure she had at long last done something for Oswald's poetry. It didn't seem likely, but conceivably it was possible.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

•

PARK AVE: LUXURY CO-OP!
From a spacious foyer walk into burning fireplace. Facing Park Ave. Formal dining rm.—*Adv. in the Times.*

What good is formal dining if you have a third-degree burn?

REFLECTIONS

THE EVENTS IN MAY: A PARIS NOTEBOOK—II

MAY 26

CONVERSATION with D. C., my medical-student neighbor. Tells me he was on duty in the Faculté de Médecine until yesterday. Came home and slept twelve hours. Med students, in order to be allowed to operate a safe infirmary in the Faculté, had to be neutral—anyway, noncombatant. Tried to keep two streets open so ambulances could get through—formed cordons. He says that he and others stood linking arms to keep the street clear. That when police would charge past, sticks raised, roaring that awful roar of theirs, like a great animal, it was too much for some of the med students—they wanted to attack them, or at least shout back. The calmer ones had all the trouble in the world. When he and some others put out a fire, the students who had started the fire nearly attacked *them*. So much rubbish in the streets one can start fires easily now. Says that on Friday night he saw the same toughs I had seen in the afternoon. Each of them arrived dragging his *grille d'arbre*, which they must have brought from another *quartier*—none left in the Latin Quarter now. Tells me about fake Red Cross vans used for carrying iron bars and the like. Finally, doctors took to painting blue crosses on their cars. Each of these improvised ambulances had an interne or an externe. All volunteer. Police very rough on them—considered them suspect. "Gladiators" is his word for the toughs. Seems embarrassed when he talks about them, so I don't insist. He doesn't want to criticize the student movement in any way. Ask about the dead. Looks unhappy, says none official, yet says there *must* have been some. Tells me some story I can't follow about police taking away a list of names. Interrupted by telephone, forgot to ask end of story.

Journal du Dimanche mentions (as a rumor) that Cohn-Bendit in pay of C.I.A., a common story now. Also (as a rumor) that there is a direct line to Peking in the Sorbonne basement. According to A. J., who had some wartime connection, C.-B. inherited money from his late parents. Father was a lawyer. Never occurs to anyone one can act on conviction, without payment. Also, anyone with a clean shirt is automatically in pay of Americans.

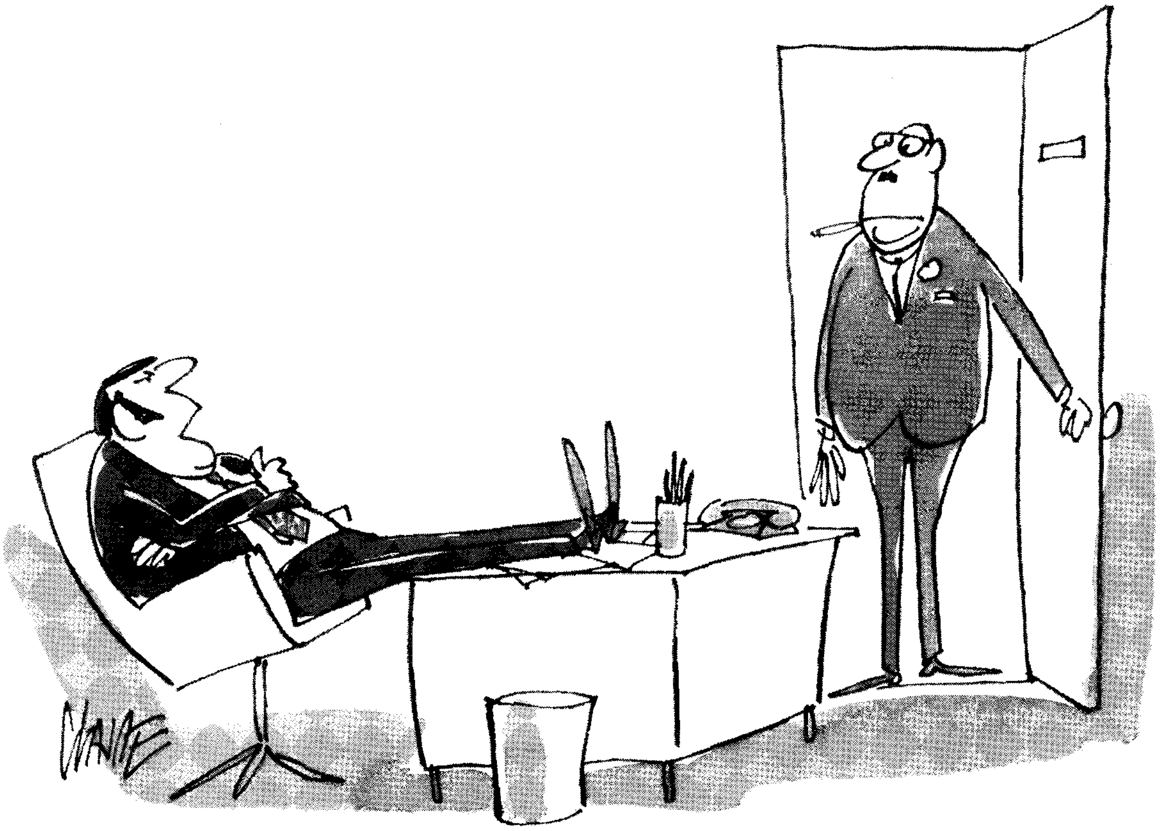
"Other men exude charm. Why can't you?"

Yesterday, at seven-thirty in the evening, crowd by the Volontaires Métro station. Turned out to be waiting for a truck, which presently arrived bearing bicycles. Bicycles rushed into nearby shop, where queue formed for rapid sales.

Still puzzled about who set fire to the Stock Exchange. E. tells me Jacques (professor) told her that he was there, that it was all professors and students, that it is nonsense to say one needed to know the place in order to get in—all you had to do was get the keys. ("Get the keys" must mean when they threatened to burn the concierge's daughter alive.) I say that if that *is* the truth Jacques should be ashamed, that I would prefer to have gone on thinking it was the work of delinquents, that it is like a child's breaking her own dolls when she actually wants to throw the dining-room table at Mother. Did they really think they could destroy capitalism by setting the Bourse on fire? E. indignant: "We have no right to judge Jacques." Why not? I don't think it was wicked—I think it was asinine. It could just as easily have been the Louvre. If someone had cried "*Au Louvre!*" instead of "*À la Bourse!*" they'd have swarmed there.

Don't know if Mother's Day was put off—don't see much in the way of *fleurs* or *chocolats* on the streets. At the Deux Magots, it seems like any Sunday—perhaps fewer people. Crowds (they say) on the Boulevard Saint-Michel inspecting the damage. Have seen enough of that.

Marie-Élise calls from Toulon, wanting news of her sister. Reassure her. Asks if I will call her brother and check, but as her sister isn't speaking to him at the moment . . . (I wonder where the myth grew up about the "closed" character of French families. On the contrary. All the stranger has to remember is who is speaking to whom, never to repeat anything, even if it sounds innocuous, and not to take sides. You also have to remember who inherited the grandfather clock and how the others felt about it.) Tell her I am dead certain the brother did not join the teachers' strike, is probably



"I'm right on the fringe of a biggie, R. B. I'm just waiting for it to jell."

in every day lecturing to an empty classroom. Laughter from the Mediterranean. Marie-Élise has a job in a detention home for delinquent and disturbed girls. Says the strikes and *mouvements divers* are having an effect. A number of the girls are Algerians, and won't accept the authority of other women even at the best of times. They feel the slackening of the staff, the confusion, the semi-strike state. "It is like living in boiling soup," she says. As for her fiancé, the ultra-conservative banker, he "refuses to see or hear what is going on," she says. "Pretends it doesn't touch him. But I am *in* it, and it means we are in different worlds. *Il aime son petit confort bourgeois*"—she having only just noticed. One of the rippling effects of the *contestation* may be to keep a bright and charming girl from marrying a dolt.

Say to H. T., "Nothing shows. This could be any Paris street, any Sunday. Nothing looks different. But in here . . ."—meaning the knot in the stomach.

Late last night, heard something on the radio about "grenades" and "*faculté*." Began to feel sick, but it was in Bordeaux. (Reminds me of wartime joke—"The Germans are raping all the Paris women!" "*Vraiment? Moi, je suis de Marseille*"—because my first reaction was relief that it wasn't here.) How normal, how gentle the news seemed at seven o'clock this morning! A heart transplant in Virginia. President Johnson something-something. Sweden. Strike-settlement talks. (Insane idea that everything will be settled by Tuesday.) "Not a drop of gas in Paris except for doctors and food-supply trucks."

TV newsmen, the last to remain working, finally on strike. They decided to go out because of some flagrant distortion in last night's eight-o'clock "Journal Télévisé," apparently. Announce, "The eight-o'clock journal will continue, but we cannot guarantee its impartiality." Did they ever?

D. C. says the medical students have been called back to the Faculté "*en permanence*" for tomorrow. He had been there steadily, came home at dawn yesterday, slept hours and hours. He is worried about tomorrow and the new demonstration, says, "*Il faut si peu*"—to turn it into a riot. Tells me that the students are very bitter now. They think they have been forgotten. They say: We were the first to go out and face the police and be beaten up; the unions came along later; very few workers actually fought along with us until two days ago, and now the heads of the unions are being received by M. Pompidou; they will get everything they ask for, and we shall be forgotten. D. C. says, "If the basic wage rate for workers has been raised, it is thanks to the students." He repeats, as if afraid I am not paying attention, "*We* went out, *we* received the blows, the workers caught the train after it left the station, *they* are being received by M. Pompidou, *we* are forgotten. *Les étudiants sont furieux—nous, on s'est fait taper sur la figure. Ils sont reçus par M. Pompidou—grâce aux étudiants ils ont ce qu'ils veulent.*" Tells me about Friday's and yesterday's guerrilla fighting. The police use three kinds of grenades. There's one that the students call "*offensive*," because of the noise it makes, and because, on direct contact, it can start fires. This is always followed by tear-gas grenades. The third kind he calls "*phosphore*"—if you are close when it explodes, you need "*soins urgents*" and have to be revived with oxygen. D. C. has a tidy mind; he puts everything into one-two-three categories—even the kind and nature of the injuries he has seen and helped doctor. One, the head bashed in by *matraques*; fractures of the wrist and forearm, the arm having been raised to protect the head; fractures of the ankle after a fall (running), the pursuer having smashed down on whatever he could reach. (This last thing I saw here in Paris during the Algerian crisis ten years ago this month. As D. describes it, I see it—the kid tripped, down, the grown man . . .) Two, *les gazés*, some knocked out cold, some with eye injuries. Three, the results of a grenade explosion—the debris, that is: eyes, fingers torn off. He saw someone's calf muscle torn out of the leg, and he describes, coolly, a "frequent" injury—the smashed ankle when a grenade has exploded at one's feet. The two medical faculties—the "old" school, on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, and the "new" one, on the Rue des Saints-Pères—were turned into emergency hospitals. Not yet a doctor, he is so proud of the "solidarity" of the medical profession—all the doctors and nurses and the specialists who worked with them—and of the people who live in the neighborhood, in the Latin Quarter, who walked through the fighting, past the police, with sheets and blankets and whatever medicines they had.

Julie's friend Jean tells E. of a "nightmare" conversation on the barricades. Two or three grown men, ordinary workingmen. One says, "The best way to kill is with a knife." The others don't know how; the man takes out a knife and shows them how to use it and where. They seem interested, not excited. Jean suddenly realizes what he is hearing, tells them to stop. Jean, Julie, and someone else E. knows, a professor, are firm: There were "only students;" there were only "ordinary working people;" they did not see any of the "*éléments*" the police describe. I tell E. what I saw. What H. T. saw. My medical-student neighbor is just as firm: After half past ten, the fighting was in the hands of "gladiators." He describes exactly what I saw on the quais on Friday afternoon—the helmets, the gloves. Student who belongs to central committee of the students' union, the U.N.E.F., says, "We were overrun by the boys from the suburbs. All we can try to do now is *calmer la folie*." Jean and Julie say that the stones I saw on the Rue Saint-Jacques were brought from outside Paris by car—by students only, not by "*éléments*." But in that case what happened last Thursday night was *not* spontaneous. They can't have it both ways.

Dream: Am having long conversation about "the events" with two men I have never seen in my life (in life) but whom I would recognize if I were to meet them today on the street. Faces distinct, like the faces of strangers close to one in a demonstration. In a strange city upset by strikes. Talkative man says he knows a restaurant still open. He says that if the *idea* of revolution fails (as distinct from revolution itself) he will not feel able to continue his life—that is, a serious life. In dream, had thought he was the more intelligent of the two men. (Now think that if your whole life depends on an abstract idea you aren't much.) Along comes E. F., of all people, saying he is backing the revolution. Carries, as he would in life, papers, books, magazines to support his point of view. Say, as I would in life, "*Comment! Toi, un révolutionnaire?*" E. F. furious (lifelike). I remember (in dream) how impressed he was with China in 1957 (in life). Don't trust him as a revolutionary, or at all, but would much rather hear what he has to say—ex-intelligent man really not very interesting. E. F. says, as in life, "Get rid of them." Third man calm type, waiting to see what the outcome of all this conversation will be, as so often in life. Absolutely logical conversation, but the city unknown to me.

Dream: City besieged, strikebound. Rivers of people in the streets. Have to meet someone (who?), and walk *à contre-courant*. Faces all strange to me, but distinct. Everyone very polite. City not Paris.

Dream: Someone asks in dream question that increasingly irritates me in life (because there is no answer): "These kids want to tear everything down, but they don't know what they want to put up instead. What do they want?"

Add to list of stupid questions: "What do these people want? After all, they all have cars."

The Writers' Union is sinister. Incredible that anyone should want it, with the writers' trials in Russia still fresh in everyone's mind. Whenever a new society seems imminent, everyone wants to be Minister of Culture. Uneasy feeling that old scores are being settled. Z. called on her editor and found the publishing house on strike. Committees formed and everyone talking. All book production halted. Her

---

WITH DR. DONOTHING AT FARNEY END

God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.—*George Herbert.*

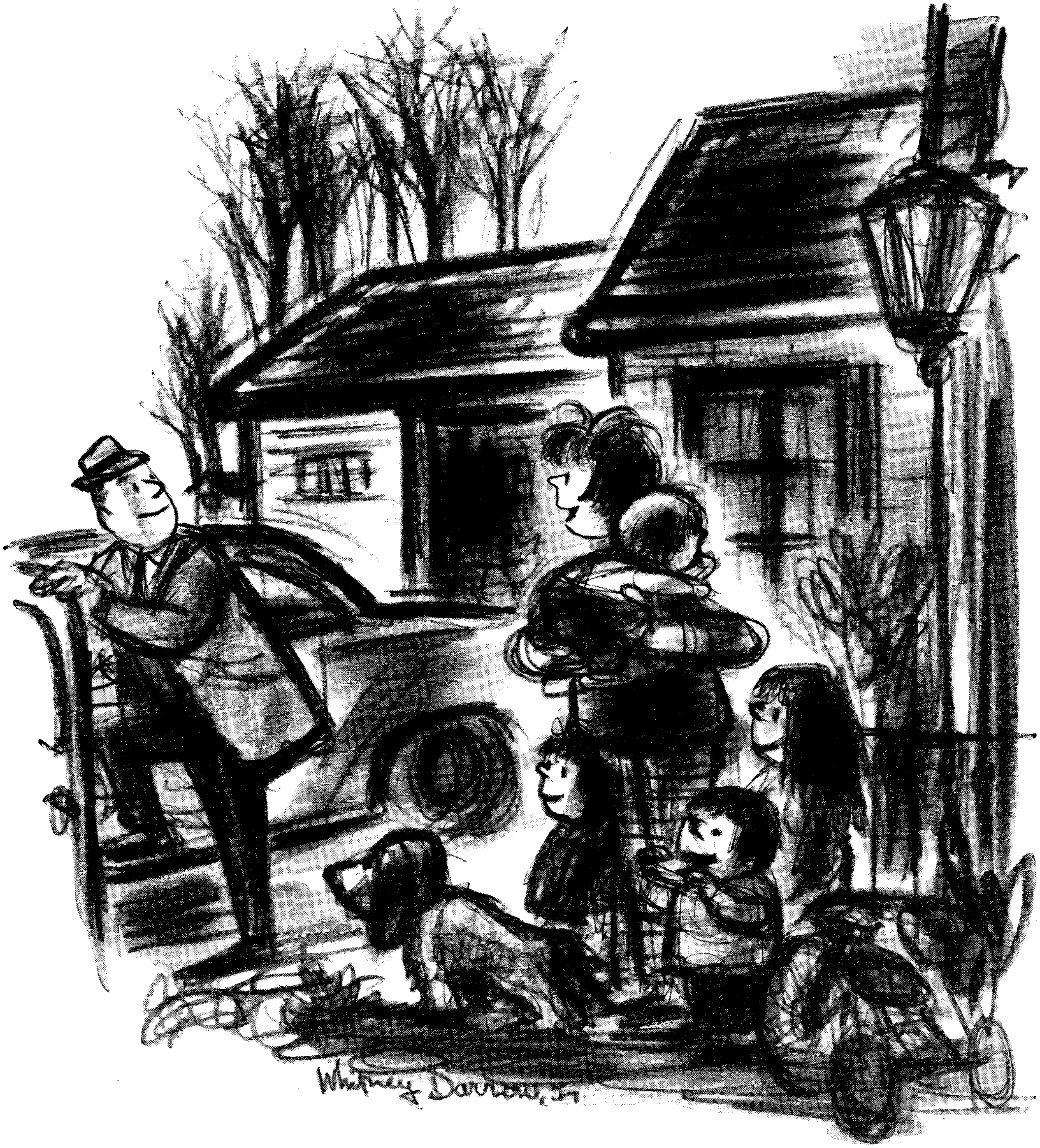
What a vacation! Gullish windlasses
Creak on an endless belt of air, and neap
Tides ebb and spring upon the thunder rocks,
Noisomely reassuring, while the sun
Traverses daytime, and the Farney Light
Beams seaward, neatly taking care of night,
And meals are laid on at the End Hotel,
And Mrs. Dr. fills the night watch well,
And reading chinks the interstitial hours
As we put down the burden of our powers
And coast along the coast. How hard it is,
As we become more broadly doctoral,
More prominent (both senses), and more rich
In all associations, to detach
The woof (east-west) from warp (north-south), and both
From the surrounding, sounding seas of cloth
Which opt in all directions from our web
And loom atlantic, unpacific, up
Over others' futures. To admit
Complicity is but the start of it:
In a misanthropology of sins,
The self-indicting skip-tracing begins,
And leads insequently to skeletons
In coffins, closets, rivers, beds, and brains;
Pain turns on moralists who take such pains.

Verso, it is no wiser to withdraw
And hide in robes that say we are the law,
Though we may be, by virtue of the powers
Vested in us by the accreted hours
We climbed up here on; the warm boy we were,
Full of bluff speeches and the leveller
Of dizzy social superstructures, fire,
Would turn in the cold grave of our late fat
And tell us we can't get away with that.

Until that not unwanted other grave—
The real one—opens like a breaking wave
At Farney End, we'll sit beside the sea
At Farney End, beside ourselves with free-
Dom's implications, Donothing and me.

—L. E. Sissman

• •



"Don't forget, dear, with the new fall shows, the children will be eating in a different time slot."

• •

editor, usually something of a windbag, now anxious and silent. Worried by the new Union, what it will mean. The future is imaginary, but everyone is living in it as if it had happened. It is a collective hallucination.

Mija, strongly against "the events," says nonetheless that without them she would never have known that only eight per cent of the country's university students are working-class. Thinks this should change. Tell her figures had been published over and over. She says, "Well, I suppose I never had time." Everyone has discovered something. I have discovered a population of rootless, drifting teen-agers, who seem to have no homes, or else homes they don't care about. Z. has had up to six teen-agers at a time—had to take them to the country finally, because no room in Paris. She said to one, "Shouldn't you ring your mother and say where you are?" He replied, "Don't want to give my family bad habits. They will go on expecting to hear from me." Z. upset because they formed a clan, hostile, never helping or taking part in the life of the house. Her daughter, who has always got on so well with her parents until now, torn—would come to kiss her mother secretly. No conversation at meals. Z. says, "I felt they had never been encouraged to talk at mealtime." One of them said to her, coldly, "We would like to *par-*

ticiper aux frais," and offered her money—a collection they had taken up. Z. hurt—they were her guests. She says they had an astonishing amount of pocket money; it seemed to be no problem whatever. Though they talked (among themselves) about worker power, they offended Z.'s farmer neighbor by tipping when they used the telephone. Had no idea that a simple person might be offended. My women friends are struck by how dirty they are (the kids), and how insolent. A friend of J. de T.'s who is living with a horde of students—mattresses all over the floors—finally gave up making suggestions, thought she would see how far it could go, found that they would leave dirty water standing in the tub for her to deal with. Slaves at home? The servant-mother? Mystifying. Say to Z., "Who is sleeping in the living room tonight—the Marxist-Leninist?" "*Mon Dieu,* I hope not, but if so he will have to take a bath. And wash the tub. *J'aime la révolution, mais qu'ils lavent la baignoire!*" Fascinating conversation with J. de T. about French family life. He says my ideas out of date by four or five years (i.e., that there is less juvenile delinquency than elsewhere, because of strong family structure, everyone home for the evening meal, etc.). "*La table familiale n'existe plus,*" he says. I knew Christmas no longer existed (children sent to the mountains in groups for skiing now while parents dine in a restaurant somewhere). Says the fathers have "abdicated" and the mothers "*ne sont plus à la hauteur.*" Surely he means only in Paris? Am certain family structures exist as they always did, starting thirty miles outside Paris limits.

Parents and children again: Mme. C. tells me that of her three sons the youngest (seventeen and a half) is *un peu fascisant,* very right; the middle one is actively engaged; the eldest goes to the barricades "just to see." Says family meals now difficult *pour une mère de famille.* Says her husband ("*toujours à l'avant-garde,*" she says proudly) pushes the boys to action—he crossed the Spanish frontier at eighteen to join the Free French. But the middle son, D. C., had quite a different angle—seemed to feel his father was hostile to the movement until May 7th, when father went out at midnight to see the demonstration on the Rue de Rennes, was impressed by how orderly they were, and how determined. D. C., speaking of parents and Cohn-Bendit, says, "*Pour eux, c'est l'allemand.*" Says med students kept out of it at the beginning, joined movement only as a reaction against the police. Tells me that *secouristes* were beaten up. That it wasn't safe for a doctor to help the wounded unless the doctor was wearing a helmet. He saw wounded on stretchers beaten in a kind of frenzy.

In Latin Quarter now, faces bruised, Mercurochrome-stained. Casts and bandages for what would seem to be ski accidents in another season, but these are fresh. Tendency of boys to behave like Old Soldiers: "I was on the barricades," like "I was in the Resistance."

Why do they keep on about Marcuse? Except for Z.'s dentist friend, no one even knows who he is. The last thing they would read now is someone writing from America. No one has mentioned Régis Debray—not a student, not a journalist, no one. I now discover no one has really read him. No one seems to know that the C.P. was opposed to Castro at the beginning. Romantic Che Guevara—but does anyone know anything he wrote or said? Philippe A. said he looked like Christ. My reaction to that was what my mother used to call "a swift pain." Seems to me the reality of the revolution is in people's minds. (That is, the revolution they are imagining—nothing has taken place.) Debray, not Marcuse. Funny Debray should be so quickly forgotten, in his own city.

After the fighting, the hippies emerge. Pale, sick copies of American photos seen in *Paris-Match.* When you hear them, they are not often speaking French—usually Dutch, English. They don't try to stop the fighting; they merely vanish, then reappear on the ruined streets. *Zéro de conduite.*

How can you talk about the Spanish Civil War to people who don't even know what happened in 1958, or 1961,

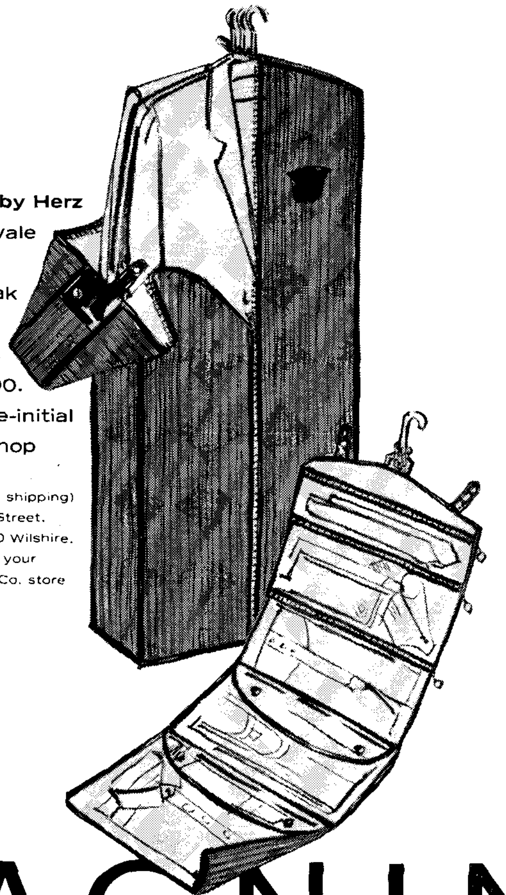
Absolutely new way to put the lid on.

Bright or subtle colored gold... non-metallic of course...
that gives you glisten without oiliness;
thin, fine color that doesn't dull.
This new cake eye shadow is slick and clinging,
and the wickedest thing that ever happened
to a demurely lowered lid. Doubly devastating
with the new Idol-Eyes liquid eye liner.

Germaine Monteil

or what the O.A S. was about? E.'s daughter had never heard of Bastien-Thiry. When her mother said it was the injustice for which she would never forgive de G., her nineteen-year-old daughter didn't know what she was talking about. What one has to remember is they have known nothing but de G. They don't distinguish between veterans of 1944 and the paratroopers of Indochina and Algiers, whom they consider Fascists.

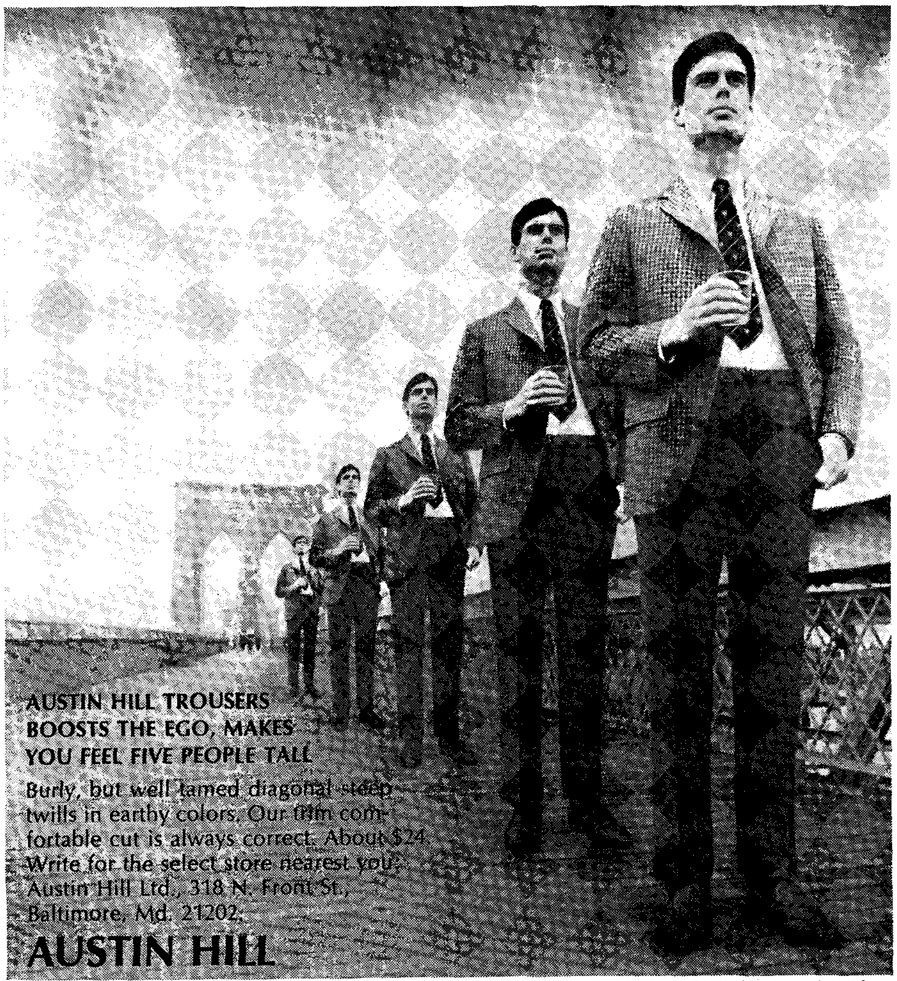
France in throes of *la parlote*. Tried to find, in "Oblomov," the bit that goes something like " 'That's exactly what I don't like,' said Oblomov. 'Everyone talking.' " Because of transport problem, Z., H. T., and I meet at the Cluny, which is midway for all three. K. Mansfield's café, now much done over. Sunny day. Boulevards filthy, papers blowing everywhere; *grilles* missing from around the trees leave areas of mud strewn with crumpled tracts, cigarette wrappers, etc. Power strike, but some traffic lights smashed anyway. New hazard: the four or five inches of metal sticking out of the pavement where one-way signs and the like have been ripped away. Policemen arresting a North African are followed by a silent crowd. No one can be arrested for anything now without bystanders' following along, suspicious. Second floor of café sunny, bright, leaves at the windows, sounds (now normal) of ambulances and police cars. We discuss Mendès France, who seems to be quietly ripening in the shade, and the remarkable amount of talk going on everywhere. Just as we say this, we look at the clock on the wall and see we have been talking three and a half hours, non-stop. Z. has brought me a packet of coffee in case coffee runs out. Z. says that she has discovered the violence in the streets is exciting to her homosexual friends—that someone told her he had never seen anything so "beautiful" as young boys pushing over a bus. Don't know about that, but I know I have never seen so many sexually *détraqués* wandering about and pestering. It is like London and those dreary men in raincoats. Z. confirms what I feel about growing xenophobia since the beginning of "the events." I say, "Yes, but the young . . ." She says that except for supporting Cohn-Bendit they are worse than ever. I think we must be more nervous than we pretend to be. They tease me about wearing a red suit. H. T. convinced that one of the roots of the revolution is nothing but boredom, and that a number of people are anxious to suppress the exams because they couldn't pass



his great travel gear by Herz
Deep brown, wide wale
corduroy trimmed with
black vinyl. Hang-R-Pak
with vinyl-lined zippered
compartments 16.00...
double-zipped suit bag 20.00.
Complimentary three-initial
monogram. Luggage shop

mail orders (add 55¢ shipping)
to 135 Stockton Street.
San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire.
Los Angeles or telephone your
nearest I. Magnin & Co. store

I. MAGNIN
CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX

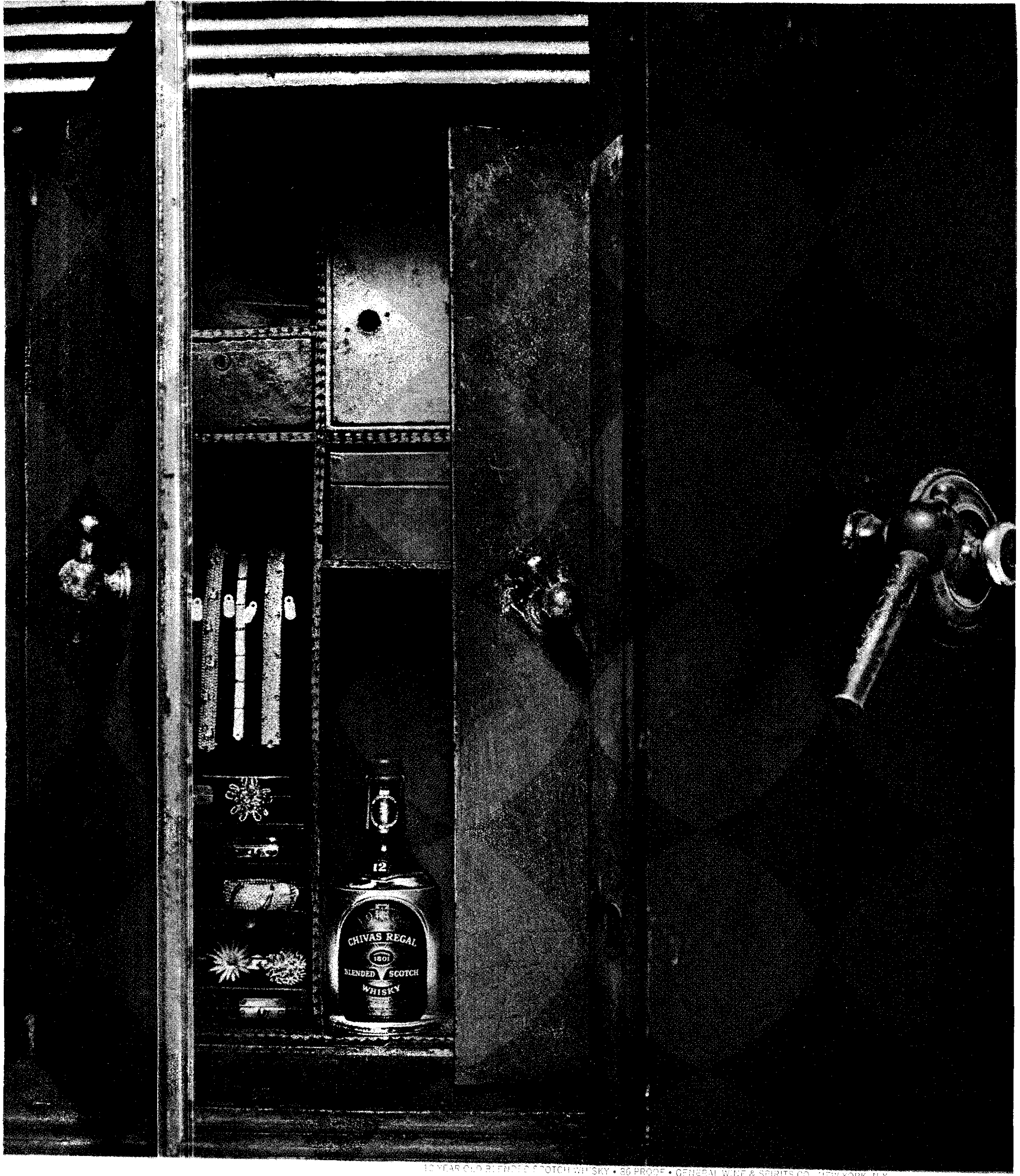


AUSTIN HILL TROUSERS
BOOSTS THE EGO, MAKES
YOU FEEL FIVE PEOPLE TALL

Burly, but well tamed diagonal steep twills in earthy colors. Our trim comfortable cut is always correct. About $24. Write for the select store nearest you: Austin Hill Ltd., 318 N. Front St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

AUSTIN HILL

AT: House of Walsh, Amherst, Mass. • Filling's, Lancaster • Powers & Goode, College Park, Md.



12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A true story.

A friend of ours, looking to buy a gold bracelet, went to a jeweler called M. A. Graham & Co. in the Rockefeller Center area of New York City.

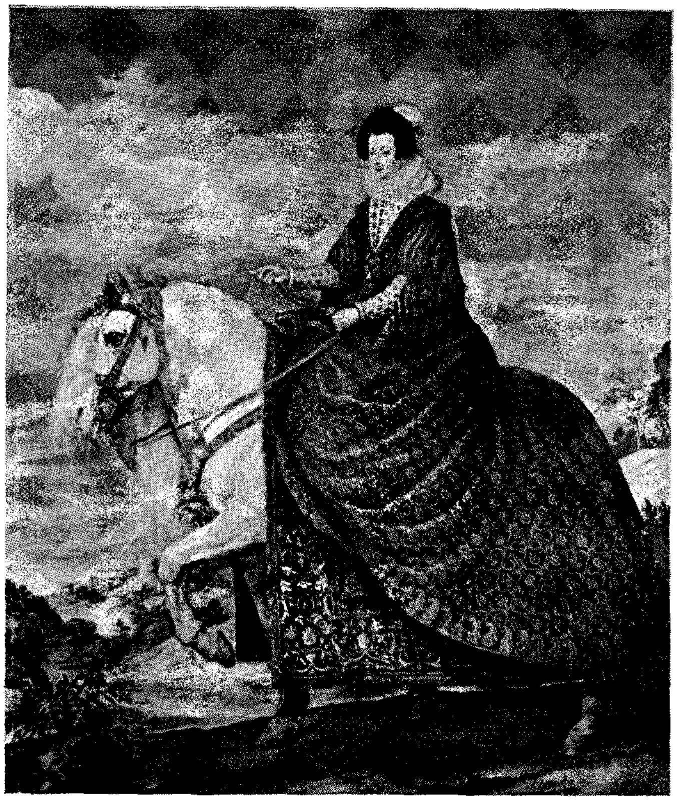
After seeing nothing he liked in the showroom, our friend was taken into the back room by Mr. Graham and shown some additional bracelets he had tucked away in the safe.

Well, as you've probably already gathered from the picture, he discovered that Mr. Graham used his 1600-lb. safe to protect more than just his jewelry.

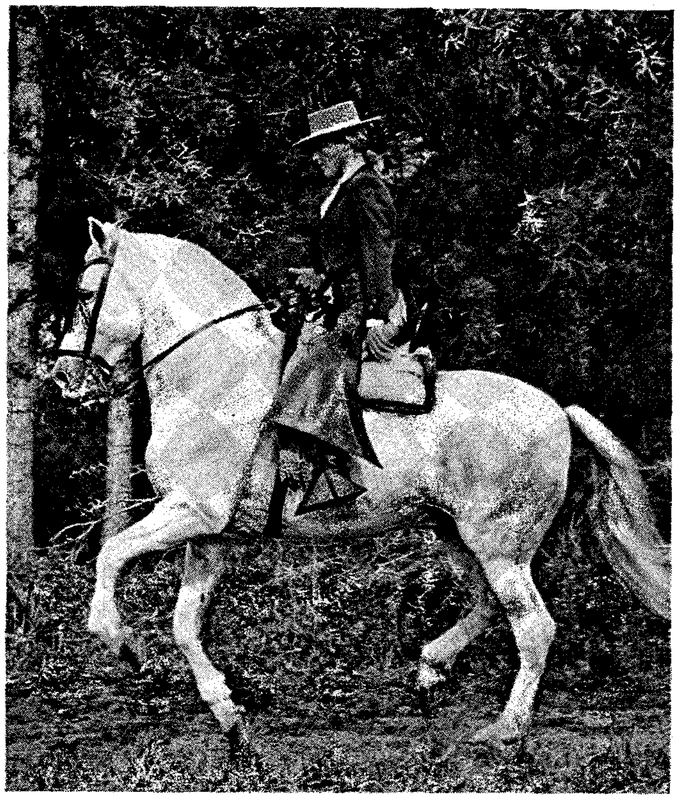
It seems Mr. Graham had been having a problem with people in the office nipping his 12-year-old Chivas Regal when he wasn't around.

And this was his way of solving it. Or almost solving it, anyway.

You see, his partner knows the combination.



Spain through the eyes of an artist.



Spain through the eye of a camera.

This year, see Spain with your own eyes.

Painting: Portrait of Isabel of Borbon by Velázquez at the Prado Museum, Madrid. Photograph: Taken at Jerez de la Frontera, Cadiz, by Isasi. Come to Spain on Iberia, the Air Line of Spain. See your Travel Agent.

©1968 Spanish National Tourist Office; 589 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10017; 53 W. Jackson Blvd., Suite 1310, Chicago, Ill. 60604; 453 Post St., San Francisco, Calif. 94102; 338 Biscayne Blvd. No., Miami, Fla. 33132; Casa de Hidalgo, St. Augustine, Fla. 32084; Fortaleza 367, P.O. Box 463, San Juan, P. R. Also Toronto, Canada.

them anyway. "*Révolution de cancres*," he says. He is fed up with not working. Curious atmosphere: One expects to be told, "No coffee, no sugar," etc., but there is plenty of everything; the sugar bowl, heaped, sits on the table. Students come in looking as if they had come straight off the barricades, but I *know* that except for the look of the streets, and the whine of the ambulances, the city is quiet. We are all living in a future, in something that has not taken place.

Some of my friends now going in for orgies of housecleaning—"something constructive."

Tell Suzanne B.: Thank God no guns in France—so far, not a shot. She says that there are guns—that the arms distributed by the police in 1961, when we expected that paratroop invasion, were never collected. My notebooks have it that men sat all night outside the commissariats waiting for arms, and that the police hesitated, knowing they would never get them back; that people went bravely out to Orly (as M. Debré had requested) unarmed, the mayors of the working-class suburbs wearing their red-white-and-blue sashes and their service medals, their only defense at that point. When I saw these same people in the demonstration May 13th, I was close to tears, remembering 1961.

Don't know when, if ever, I shall have a train for the south. No one seems to know if liquidated trains are replaced or if a reservation gives one any priority. Tried to call M. S., and also G.'s great-aunt, in the Alpes-Maritimes, but the *indicatif* just a faint buzz on the line. Finally got the C.s. Spoke to Antoinette. She says the customs are on strike at the Italian border and cars lined up right around the bay. For Italian gasoline? Yes, she says, but also for washing machines, refrigerators, radios, all much cheaper than in France. Some people have hired taxis to transport the loot; shops all the way to San Remo cleaned out of *frigos* and washing machines. The Italians are burning "large candles to the Madonna" and praying the French crisis will go on forever, but now they are starting to refuse French money, which will mean an end to the rush. Her mother-in-law, eighty-three, says the workingman isn't what he used to be.

May 27

COLD, rain. Listen to "*négociations*" during the night over the radio but don't always take in what I'm hearing.

Change in attitude toward students

8 Iberia travel bargains to Spain.
(Portugal and Morocco, too)

7. Auto España Tour from $320*
Three weeks in Spain by auto. Use of Fiat-Seat 600 (or similar) car plus 1000 free kilometers driving. Excellent Rail-Spain alternative available.

2. Portugal-Spain Tour from $421*
Fly to Lisbon. Then by deluxe motorcoach to Caceres, Madrid, Granada and the beach resort of Torremolinos and on to Seville, gay capital of Andalusia. Comprehensive, economical tour for getting to know Spain and the bonus city of Lisbon in Portugal. All first class accommodations. 15 days.

3. Spain, James Tour—15 days with Your Own Private Car and Chauffeur from $578†
Your English-speaking chauffeur will meet you at the airport in Madrid and pick you up again at your hotel when your tour begins. He will drive you to Toledo, Merida, Seville, Ronda, Torremolinos, Granada, Cordoba and back to Madrid. There's no better way to get the real feel of Spain—especially when you're staying in first class accommodations all along the way. 15 days. Extensions available.

4. "Relax" Tours to Famous Resorts and Cities of Spain and Morocco from $368*
Four "Relax" tours to choose from: Madrid and Tangier; Madrid and Palma; Madrid and Torremolinos; Madrid and Las Palmas. Planned for leisurely shopping and sightseeing, with plenty of time to relax on sunny beaches. Time for sailing, tennis, golf, dancing in a warm and easy atmosphere. Each tour 15 days. Extensions available.

5. Canary Islands and Madeira Jet Away Tour from $399*
All air travel to Lisbon, balmy Madeira, tropical Las Palmas, Puerto de la Cruz. And lovely, lively Madrid. 15 days.

8M. Portugal-Spain by Motorcoach from $698*
Deluxe, air-conditioned motorcoach tour. See Lisbon and the Algarve, Seville. Cross to Tangier, then on to Malaga, Granada, Cordoba, Madrid, Nazare, and other exciting cities. Entertainment, famous dining, great hotels all included. 21 days.

9M. Spain-Portugal from $998*
All deluxe touring at a relaxed pace. All air travel to Lisbon, Madrid, Tangier, Costa del Sol, Barcelona, Mallorca. Plus 6-day motorcoach tour of Andalusia. And more. 21 days.

10M. Spain, Portugal, Morocco from $1198*
Leisurely touring Casablanca, Marrakech, the Imperial Cities, Kasbahs and Moorish palaces. The sun-kissed resorts of Spain's Canaries and Portugal's Madeira, the luxurious Algarve. Entertainment, deluxe hotels, meals included. 21 days.

IBERIA
Air Lines of Spain
...where only the plane gets more attention than you.

*Group inclusive Tour Basing fare from New York City. Air travel must be in groups of at least 15 passengers. Land prices, per person, double occupancy.

† Individual inclusive Tour Basing fare.

Air fare based on 14/21 day economy class.

All prices include air and surface transportation, hotels, transfers. Sightseeing and meals as indicated in brochure.

Only Iberia flies non-stop to Barcelona and direct to Palma de Mallorca. Iberia also has daily non-stop flights to Madrid and non-stop flights to Lisbon on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

For free brochure check tour number or see your Travel Agent.

IBERIA
Air Lines of Spain
PO Box 501
New York, N.Y. 10011

☐ 7 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4
☐ 5 ☐ 8M ☐ 9M ☐ 10M

Name____________________

Address__________________

City_____________________

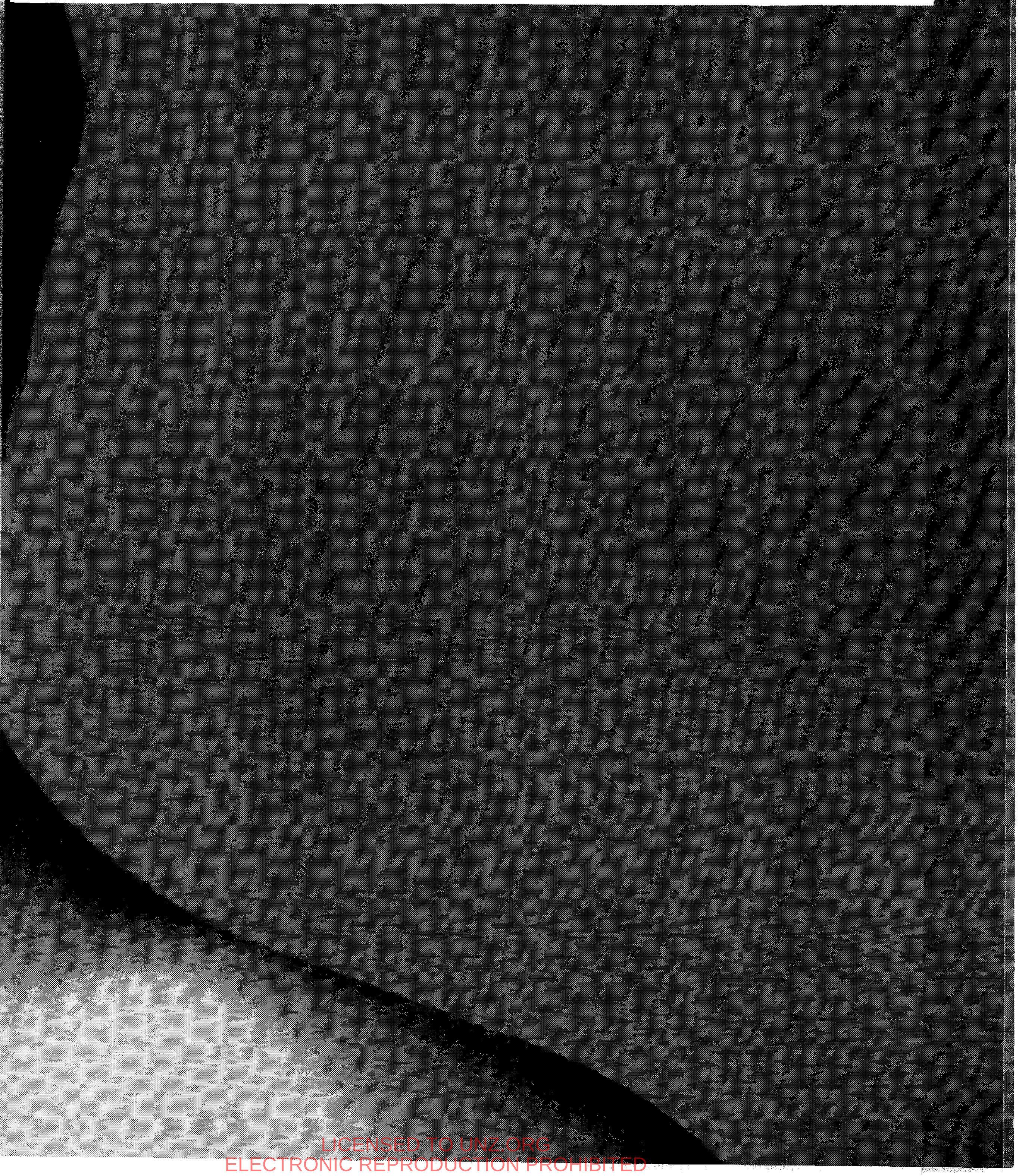
State____________ Zip______

SPECIAL OFFER
☐ **Send one dollar along with this coupon, for beautiful 160-page guidebook to Spain.** 3NY

Hair Spray de Pantene.® Use it to your hair's content.

Wonderful! Hair Spray de Pantene. Now made here from a unique Swiss conditioning formula. It's the spray that deep-conditions as it holds. Brushes right out. Unsticky. Unflaky. Unbelievable. Hair Spray de Pantene. Naturally, more expensive. But doesn't your hair deserve it? $2 and $3. At better stores across the country. Other do-gooders from Pantene: Forming. Shampoo. The Treatment.

HAIR
SPRAY
DE
PANTENE



CHINA BY MAYHEW

Erinpress® Floral Trellis Table Linen

Elegant Irish linen and cotton plus the convenience of no-iron permanent press with soil release. A luxurious combination beautifully captured in this richly textured tablecloth. Available in all sizes with matching napkins. At Marshall Field, Chicago / John Wanamaker, Phila. / Lord & Taylor, New York / Miller & Rhoads, Richmond / May Co., California / Stewart Dry Goods, Louisville. William Ewart & Son, New York, Ltd.

Erinore®

bACCARAT...the crystal of Kings...since 1764

bACCARAT ... for hostesses ... for gourmets ... for brides

bACCARAT ... for stemware ... for gifts ... from France

With over two centuries of experience in the art of refined drinking, BACCARAT has developed the largest collection of champagne glasses, only a few of which are shown here, from $5.75 to $12.50. The plate in translucent white china, with a fresh spray of flowers and fruits, is MON JARDIN, made by RAYNAUD, in Limoges, especially for CERALENE: $29.50 for a five-piece place setting.

Write Dept. Y25 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware, china, or gifts, 25c each, and or $1 for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
bACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C.

now that everyone thinks things are "getting back to normal." Irritates me. I stop answering the phone. The more thoughtful among the young, the more intelligent, and the bravest are in for a lesson now: how affairs are managed. One famous political commentator, who had *slavishly* backed the movement, did a complete about-face on this morning's news. Sounded like a doleful Sunday-school teacher, but sure of his influence. I wonder if the parents, *qui s'étaient faits tout petits*, will be life-size again; I wonder if the kids will again become what they always seemed to me—little old men. I hear "*On s'en fout des frontières!*" *Bon.* But when they started to run I hid behind a tree.

Pound off through the rain to a morning meeting at the Société de Géographie, Boulevard Saint-Germain. Chinese section of the National School of Oriental Languages meeting to discuss reform of degree they are given, and possible merger with Chinese section of Sorbonne. Louis Hémon went to the Langues Orientales. He is still my favorite Frenchman, because of his life, but scarcely anyone has ever heard of him here. Always have to identify him by a book I don't much like—"Maria Chapdelaine." Can't remember if I had any dinner at all last night. Meet vague writer neighbor with large shopping bag. Ask if atmosphere interfering with work, say I can do nothing. Am told that writer neighbor has lavish interior life, which always sounds to me like stomach lined with Moroccan leatherwork. March on. Rich interior life produces forgotten marching verse: "No bloody sports/ No bloody games/ No bloody fun/ With bloody dames/ Won't even tell/ Their bloody names/ Oh bloody bloody bloody." This gets me to Société de Géographie: totally dark; nothing about except a note for the postman (do they still exist?) on which someone has scratched out "*Monsieur le Facteur*," replacing it with "*Camarade*." Buy morning papers and sit outside the Flore to wait. Only customer. Find in coat pocket a slip of paper with "Aglaë Bonaventure" and the words "The Goal" boxed with a red pencil. It is my writing, and I think, for one of those dizzy seconds, I have gone mad. Remember, at last, that Aglaë is a filly and Bonaventure her trainer, and The Goal an outsider. This for yesterday's race at Longchamp, had there been a race—all called off. Bright-colored filth and garbage piled up in front of Lipp, across the street. Not much traffic; it is like a holiday, with everyone out of

The Towle Reputation:
When you've been through every pattern made and finally narrowed it down to just two, it should help you make up your mind.

Laureate*
Legato®*
Meadow Song*
El Grandee®*
Contessina®*
King Richard®
Old Master®

* PATTERN COPYRIGHT BY TOWLE. ©TOWLE 1968

We still do much
of our work by hand.
Forty-four of the men who do this
craft-work have been with us
for more than thirty years,
and some more than forty.

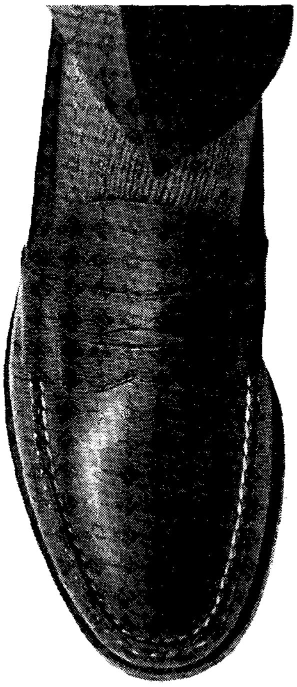
Of the Twenty-five
most chosen patterns in America,
seven are by Towle.
Almost one out of every three.

Towle's craft traditions
go back over 275 years.
In fact, we're still located
near the same little river
in Newburyport, Mass.
where we started in 1690.

For color folders showing
these and other Towle patterns,
write Towle Silversmiths,
Newburyport, Mass.

town. People trudging to work in the rain glance at café. All the terraces empty. Tables arranged as if for a normal morning—hard-boiled eggs, plastic fruitcake. Smell of bitter black coffee, smell of dark cigarettes; even the rain, which is like winter, entirely nostalgic. Reminds me of arriving in provincial cities in France early in the morning, drinking, in steamy, Gauloise-smelling cafés, the same coffee, with its aftertaste of iodine. Overwhelmed with feelings for France, Paris, etc. Plunge into *Combat.* All *Combat* editorialists (on that paper even the sports reporter is an editorialist) feel, as I do, that students have been betrayed. Mention "betrayal" and the more subtle word "*malentendu.*" The "Cultural Revolution" is ending in "sordid negotiations about salary percentages." Another editorial, by Maurice Clavel, who used to be a Gaullist, urges everyone to boycott the referendum. This interests me, because the D.s, my most right-wing friends, are boycotting it, too: "Reforms must come, but not from *him.*" Wonder if this will be widespread. Notice Mendès France's name more and more. When he marched past me May 13th, in that big demonstration, I was the only person to recognize him (where I was, anyway). Now, two weeks later, if he were to sit down outside the Flore, he would probably be mobbed by new-found friends. Marie-Élise, ringing up from Toulon, said her hairdresser had confided that "France would be saved in its present crisis by the Martians." Marie-Élise said she, the hairdresser, meant it—really thought that up there on Mars they were keeping an eye on France. (Logical followup of God saving France through Joan of Arc? Same principle.)

Several people in Société de Géographie. Man named Boris, shirtsleeves, nice face, distributes four brooms (the place is, in fact, a pigsty; must be used for meetings all the time now)—distributes them to girls only. Girl sweeping says, "*C'est aux femmes de balayer,*" like the wife in the dream in "8½." J. P., professor of Chinese at Oriental Languages, arrives. I tell him Cultural Revolution has a long way to go. Meeting gets under way; everyone takes notes. J. P. says, "Here come the Sorbonne troublemakers." Sorbonne troublemakers make a point of slamming out after about fifteen minutes. "*Les troupes de choc nous quittent,*" someone remarks. Sign, "DÉFENSE DE FUMER," but on blackboard someone has written, "*Ne Fumez Pas Trop.*" I discover that it takes as long to get a



the
burnt ivory®
league

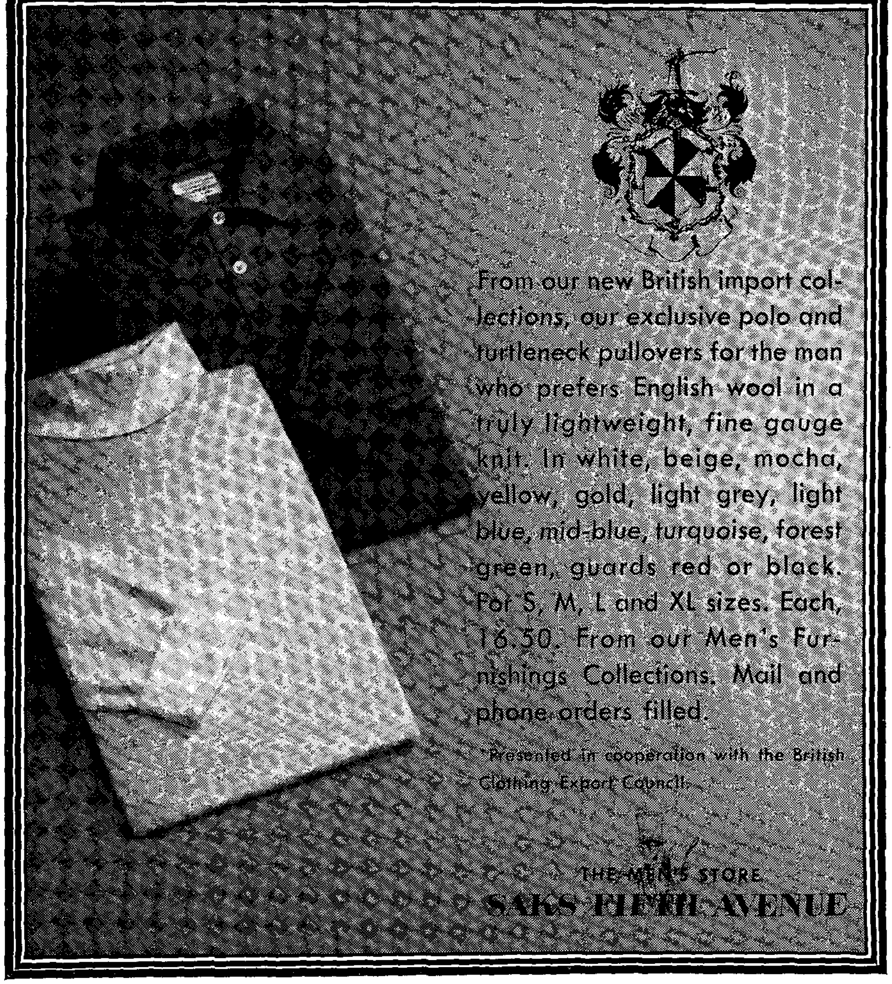
The exclusive, wax-tanned Cordovan leather is hand-burnished to a deep-toned glow that mellows with age. The Chukka Boot with extra thick crepe soles and heels about $27. The classic slip-on about $22.

Taylor-Made

Taylor-Made

At these and other fine stores:

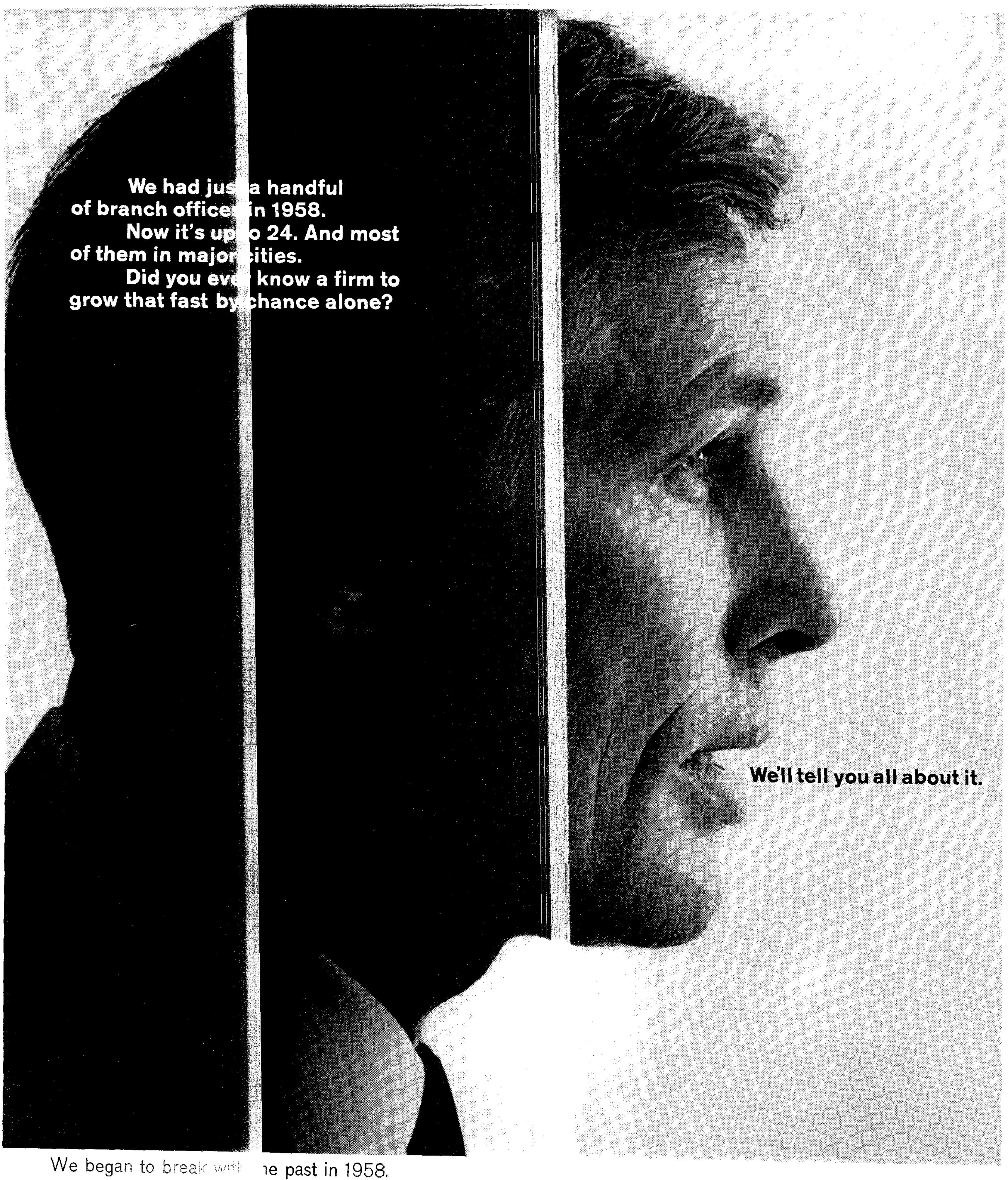
Marks Boot Shop, West Los Angeles, California
Fellman Ltd., New York City and Newark, N.J.
The Stadium Shop, Columbus, Ohio
Sherman Shoes, Birmingham, Michigan
Macy's, California
Reyn's, Honolulu, Hawaii



From our new British import collections, our exclusive polo and turtleneck pullovers for the man who prefers English wool in a truly lightweight, fine gauge knit. In white, beige, mocha, yellow, gold, light grey, light blue, mid-blue, turquoise, forest green, guards red or black. For S, M, L and XL sizes. Each, 16.50. From our Men's Furnishings Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

*Presented in cooperation with the British Clothing Export Council.

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

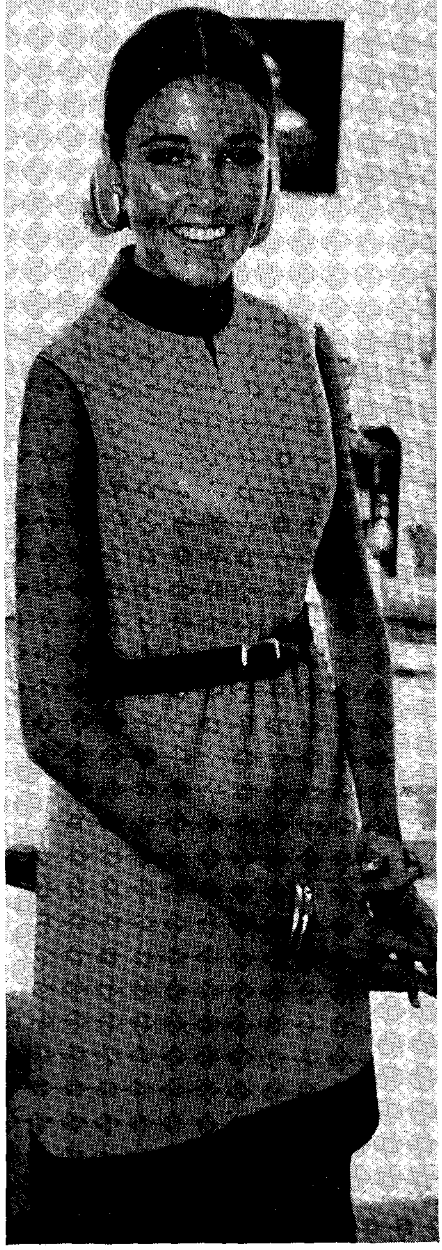

We had jus a handful
of branch office in 1958.
Now it's up o 24. And most
of them in major ities.
Did you eve know a firm to
grow that fast by hance alone?
We'll tell you all about it.

We began to break wit e past in 1958.
Brought in a brilliant yo g management team.
Put the stress on enterprising vestments. Modernized our facilities.
Since then, we've added 0 branch offices,
650 employees and thousands f new customers.
Get in touch with the men at Donnell & Co.
This kind of growth coul e catching.

McDonnell & Co
ESTABLISHED 1905 INCORPORATED

Members New York Stock Exchange and othe rincipal exchanges · 120 Broadway, New York
New York · Alexandria · Asbury Park · Beverly H ls · Boston · Century City · Chicago · Denver · Detroit · Los Angeles · Newark · Oakland · San Francisco · San Jose
Toms River · Washington, D.C. · Honolulu · P is · F.P. Ristine Division Offices: Doylestown · Elizabeth · Philadelphia · Red Bank · Ridgewood · Westfield

There is a certain kind of woman who speaks perfect franglais. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

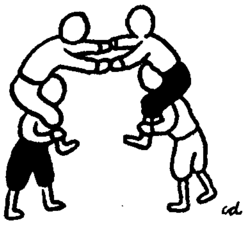


Red and navy—that great all-American look. Here the red dress is banded and belted in navy. And there's a less patriotic combination of pale blue with smoke. Basket-weave wool, fully lined. 5 to 13, 38.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/Boston/St. Louis
Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland/Rochester/Baltimore
Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis/Southampton

degree in Chinese as in medicine, that the two Chinese schools are not coördinated, that they want to join up "geographically," as they put it, and then decide if they wish to join (they say with straight faces) "*organiquement*." The blithe talk of moving faculties, changing the system of obtaining degrees, moving whole libraries around the city makes me giddy. I write "Who's paying for it?" on a slip of paper and pass it to J. P. No answer. They are short of space, like all the schools and faculties. J. P. takes the microphone. He wears the brown corduroy suit that is the only thing I've ever seen on him. Has probably been wearing it day and night now. One of his students, behind me, says irreverently, "*Allez, Pimpim!*" "We are short of space," he says, "and we need a building. I suggest that we choose some large building that serves no purpose whatever, and that we storm it with a team of commandos. I suggest for this the Musée de la Chasse et de la Pêche à la Ligne." Applause and laughter, but next to me someone says, "Does he mean it, or is it a joke?" No one knows.

Power strike. It is the one strike I find depressing. It is as if the circulation of the blood had stopped. The traffic lights stop working, and since there are no traffic police about at all (as if they had said, "You don't like us? Do without us"), and since no motorist will give way, it is impossible for pedestrians to get across any large avenue except by forming a squad. It seems to me that a tree is missing in front of the Deux Magots. My *femme de ménage* says to me, "Now we know who has been responsible for all the troubles here. *Des commandos d'étrangers et d'apatrides.* They have been sent in by car." "Who says so?" "Everyone," she says. Well, now we know. Foreigners and stateless ones.



L'Express appeared today in its old form, like a tabloid newspaper. This is the way it looked during the Algerian war, when it was meat and drink. Even the sight of it on the newsstand adds to this feeling I have that we have somehow come full circle back to 1958. Cover: "LA RÉVOLUTION DE MAI." Reading it, one concludes that Father will leave, but only if he can leave a tidy house, and that a revolution really *has* taken place. That everything is new, changed, different. I also discover that, thanks to their common sense and their instinct for happiness, the French have collectively rejected the consumer society. That this could have happened only in France. (Delighted to have something to laugh over this rainy, cold, gray day.) Is it so astonishing that this movement—which is a movement in favor of happiness—has begun here? In the French character, "Eros triumphs over Thanatos." And so on. Strong desire to hurl paper on café floor and walk all over it, but instead take it home to add to the pile.

"*Aux français, on pardonne tout,*" a journalist friend once said to me. As usual, they are going to have it both ways: the foreigners did it; only the French could have done it.

Discover that the American Diaper Service has never stopped delivering and collecting. Sometimes the delivery was late, but it never failed. So mother of infant tells me. The plant is out in Saint-Cloud. Not on strike? Had private reserve of gas for cars? Sail through traffic jams? Mystery. God bless the American Diaper Service.

In the midst of chaos, Con and M. L. decided to have their bedroom painted and move to hotel. No trouble finding paint, apparently, though shops are said to have run out. (Men at home and bored take to painting the kitchen.) In the midst of bedroom painting, two strangers turn up and say they have come to sweep the chimneys. Fireplace flue in bedroom. Who are these sweeps, and why aren't *they* on strike?

Noticed this morning that Jacques, who goes out "on the streets" with the Anarchists, is addressed as "*Monsieur*" by his students, and not "*Camarade.*" Decorum stronger than chaos, apparently.

The unions haven't accepted the agreements. That is, the unions would have accepted but the strikers refused. Z., who had been listening to the radio out in the country over the weekend, returned with food for her starving friends: eggs, fresh butter, milk. She can't give any of it away—there is plenty of everything here. On our street, the garbage was collected this afternoon by two Algerians in an open truck. Nearly everyone had used those enormous paper bags the *mairies* have been distributing; the truck might have been piled with sacks of shavings or meal. A minute after it vanished, three concierges were out in the road with push brooms. Again this unreality: The radio speaks of shortages, of garbage and the dangers of an epidemic. We are

Blessed they were, with a supremacy of love
That could not dwell with others
in mortal courtyards;
And so Shah Jahan built for his Mumtaz Mahal,
His obsession, his Heavenly bride,
the most perfect of all places.
The Gardens of Shalimar.

There he dwelt with her, united in devotion,
Each merging in the heart of the other, until,
though she parted with life itself,
She left him not; thus he built again for her,
This time the last most perfect place;
to shelter the source of his well-being
Her monument, The Taj Mahal.

Shalimar by Guerlain.
A tribute to the
beginning of love.

Introducing the 1969
When you build a whole new car

Fury III 4-Door Hardtop

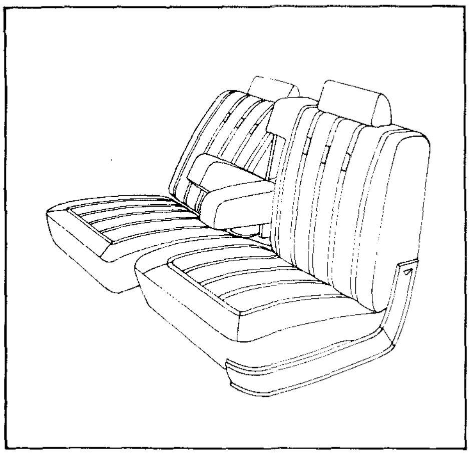
Plymouth CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

Plymouth Fury.
you might as well go all out.

The 1969 Fury isn't just a new car. It's a whole new car. And there's a difference.

All '69 cars are new. But the Fury is completely redesigned from the ground up.

It's longer. Wider. Three and one-half inches roomier in the front seat, about three inches more in the back.



The body is completely restyled as a long sweeping unit. The body is unitized. Single-unit strength, quietness. Protected from corrosion by a dip-and-spray treatment that goes on in seven steps.

Fury offers a split-bench front seat. Each seat adjusts individually, and has its own center armrest. The passenger seat reclines. Fury is the only car in its class with this option.

The instruments are clustered neatly in front of the driver. We illuminated them with miniaturized floodlights like the control panel of a jet plane. So you can see and reach everything with ease.

Power hasn't suffered, either. Fury is given a big V-8 to start with. A 318 cu. in. engine is standard. After that you can choose from two optional 383s or our 440—the biggest engine Chrysler Corporation makes.

We've improved the torsion-bar advantages on the curves, too. And you'll find Fury a little smoother in traffic, as well.

The brakes adjust themselves. Nothing new. But Fury's brakes are self-limiting. They won't over-adjust. Front disc brakes with power are also available, for even surer, quicker stops in any driving condition.

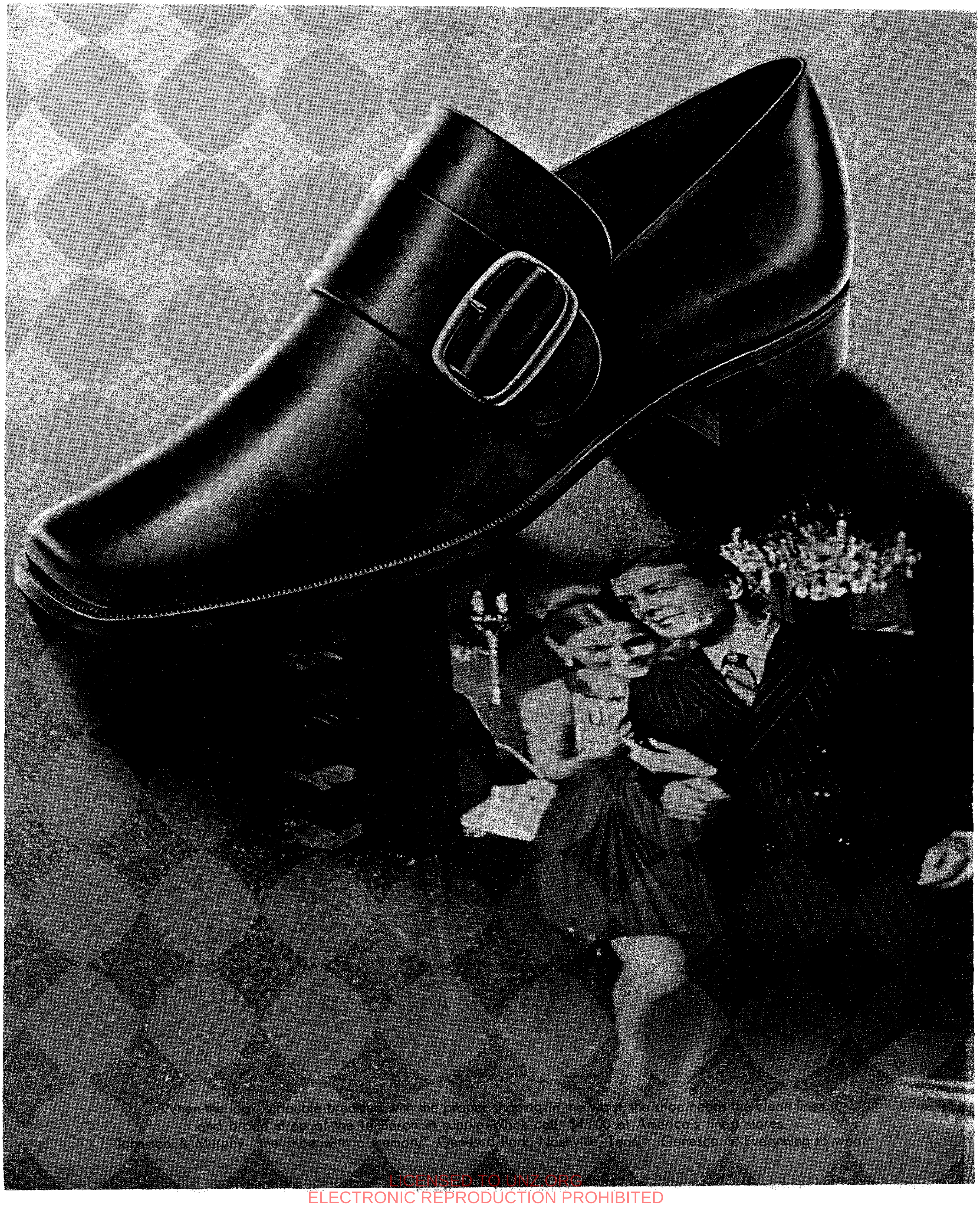
The list goes on! There's a whole pageful of interior plusses available. Options like power equipment in every area. AM/FM stereo radio and AM radio with stereo tape player.

We spent millions of dollars to build a whole new Fury when we really didn't have to. We already had a good Fury. Good enough to help win three-quarters of a million owners of competitive cars over to Plymouth in the past two years.

We figured if the public liked a good thing that well, they would like a better thing even better.

Look what Plymouth's up to now.

When the champagne is chilled and the friendship is warm, the shoe that fits the occasion is the new squared-off dress slip-on by **Johnston & Murphy**



When the look is double breasted with the proper shaping in the waist, the shoe needs the clean lines and broad strap of the Le Baron in supple black calf. $45.00 at America's finest stores.
Johnston & Murphy "the shoe with a memory" Genesco Park, Nashville, Tenn. Genesco ® Everything to wear

told to pour *Javel water in garbage* pails to stun the microbes.

This morning, at the meeting at the Société de Géographie, J. P. gets up and explains to the students of Chinese "what the system is at the university in Peking." It consists of a major and a minor subject—Chinese and Russian, Chinese and ethnology, or what have you. Students enthusiastic, applaud. When he sits down, I say, "But that is the *American* university system." He replies, "I know, but I couldn't possibly say that. They would never have accepted it. It had to be from Peking." Similarly, seventeen-year-old Anna's friends don't like her to sing English or American songs. They don't mind the tunes, but the words must be in French. Z.'s dentist friend "has read the first and the last page of Marcuse" and explained to Z. what Marcuse is about: "If we don't eat as well as we used to in France, and if we don't make love as often as we used to, it is because of the Americans." Simple as that. At the meeting this morning, I said, "What if I asked for two minutes of microphone time and used them to say that Americans helped defeat Fascism between 1941 and 1945?" I was told, "You would be lynched," and it was a serious answer, not a *boutade*. Cohn-Bendit, asking for political freedom in the universities—freedom to recruit, and to state a political position, that is—said (and was never challenged), "But we would never allow free speech to any defender of the Americans. It would be like allowing a Nazi to praise the killing of millions of Jews." My young med-student neighbor D. C. says, "Cohn-Bendit is frightening to our parents because he is *l'allemand*. Not to us. My best foreign *camarades* are Germans. But the *English!*" He makes a face.

Echoes of the hospital strikes: G. unable to have patients picked up by ambulance now. J. de T. tells me that the pickets outside his hospital (who are not doctors or nurses) have the power to decide what is an emergency case and what isn't, and which of his patients he is allowed to see. His patients all nervous cases—attempted suicides and that sort of thing. How can the pickets judge? Pickets in the X-ray rooms also decide who needs an X-ray—whether or not it is an emergency. Young externes all voting in committees over hospital reform; meanwhile, the *grand patron* of the hospital goes around taking blood pressures. J. de T. furious not so much over the strikes as over this interference. He tells me there have been

Travelord,* the one and only coat for travel.

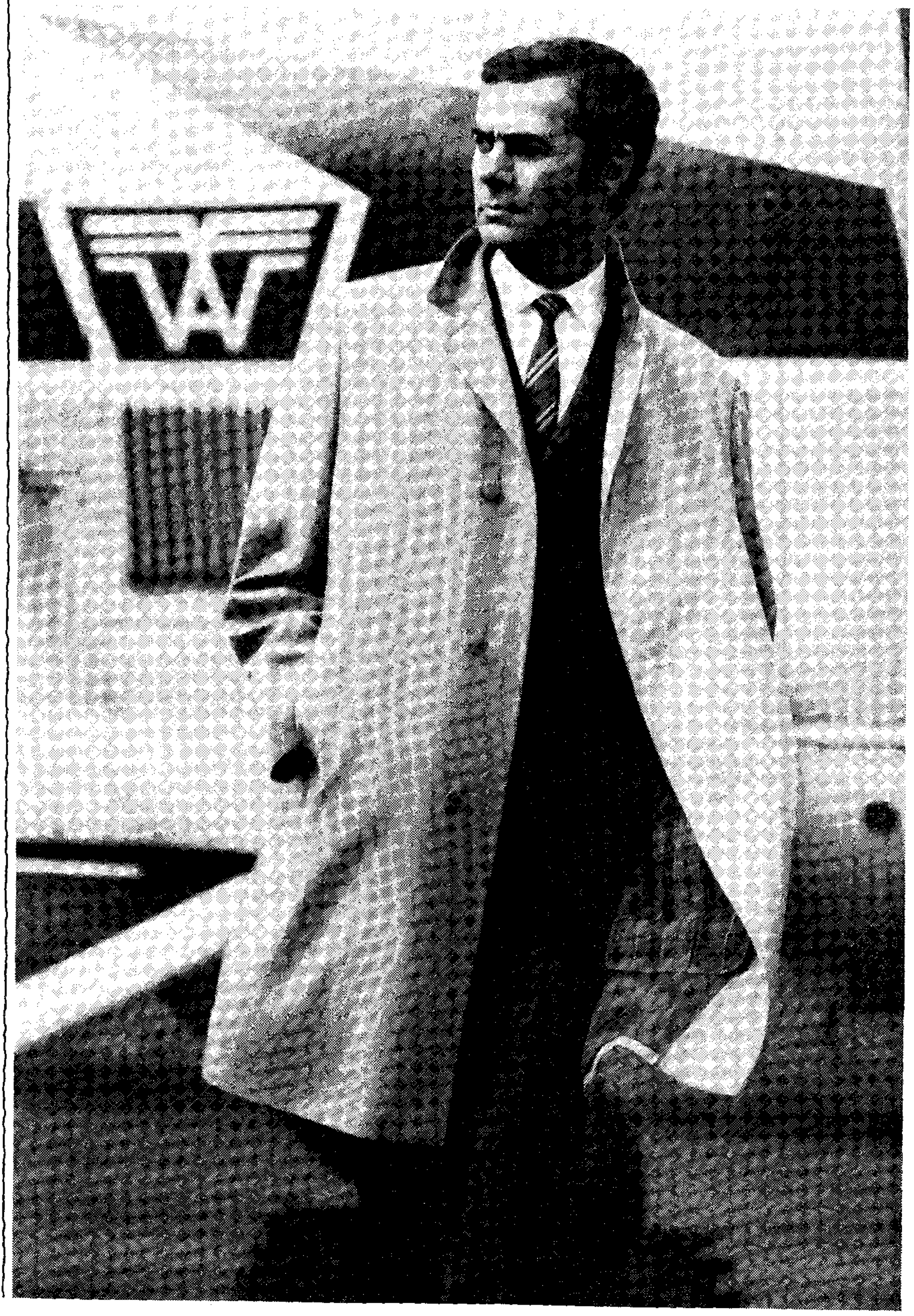
This go anywhere coat, designed by Aquascutum of London, is the traveler's friend. (You'll find it in more than 50 countries). It's made from quality cotton gaberdine and permanently proofed with our exclusive Aqua 5 process. And in case it gets chilly it has a warm, zip-in-lining. It's called the Travelord* and costs around $79.50. You can find it at 100 Regent Street, London and fine stores throughout the world. For name of nearest, write or phone, Aquascutum, 2 East 37 Street, New York 16, MU 5-9570,

**Travelord: A registered trade mark of Aquascutum Ltd. of London*

Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY



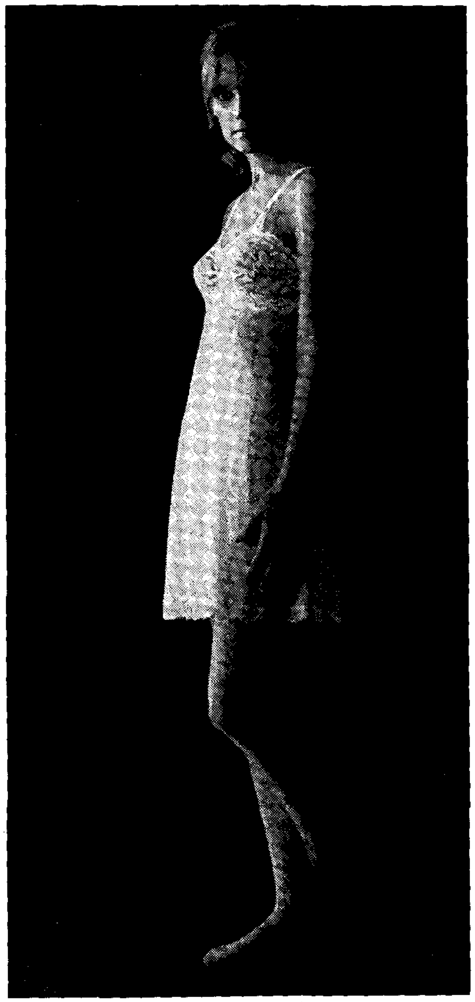
A capital bag. Gator-patent leather. Roomy. Sleek. Toney colors. Black, brown, beige, grey. $65. The other, a love of a bag. A shining example of petite grande. $50. Both also in black saffian. Pick your type and carry off elegance at Bloomingdale Bros., N.Y., The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, Ohio, Rich's, Atlanta, Ga. and their branches.

Upper and lower case

Altogether, now...the bra and slip combined into one lacy nylon figure-shaper. Olga gives it fit with hidden shell cups, adds light security with **Lycra*** spandex to hug the back. In white and un-pale pastels, Sizes 32 to 36, A-B...13.00. At stores with fashion spirit.

*DuPont's Reg. T.M.

behind every
OLGA®
there really is an Olga



fewer suicides since the beginning of the events.

H. T. gets up during meeting where everyone is discussing committees and subcommittees and how each laboratory will shift for itself (with what funds?). He says, "*Et pendant ce temps-là, qui fera de la physique?*"—and walks out. Outside, meets professor who has been keeping out of the way, not taking sides. Professor says, "*Très rigolo*, all this. Reminds me of the Popular Front. Doesn't it remind you of Hitler addressing little groups in little auditoriums?" H. T. says, "When I was old enough to know about Hitler, he was already out of the little auditoriums." H. T. doesn't say much. Wants to get back to work. Is suspicious of movements that begin "on the streets," and he loathes destruction. On the other hand, was utterly and absolutely opposed to the police having gone inside the Sorbonne. *Alors?*

New version of How the Americans Are Responsible: "If they had not created the Vietnam situation, de G. would not have been obliged to oppose it. If he had not been obliged to oppose it, the students would never have begun thinking in terms of opposition. It's all the Americans' fault." Not eating much these days, so couldn't even throw up.

Listened to accounts of the student-worker meeting at Charléty Stadium. Kept turning from one station to another, sick with worry. Nothing happened. It sounded more like a political meeting than anything else. I can't help wondering: If a simple *mot d'ordre* from the student leadership was enough to keep things quiet, why wasn't the *mot* given on Thursday and Friday nights?

Last Friday, when it seemed pretty certain there would be a new explosion in the evening, the concierge of a house on the Boulevard Saint-Michel went to each of the tenants and said, "This time, no one is to help the students. I don't want anyone throwing water out of the windows, or letting any of the wounded inside their flats. I am going to lock the outside door, and that is that." Only *one person*, the man who told the story, disobeyed the concierge. Why were they so frightened of her? Dirty old woman in felt shoes, just literate enough to hold one's mail up to the light. Because of the connection of the concierges with the police, he says. From the time of Napoleon.

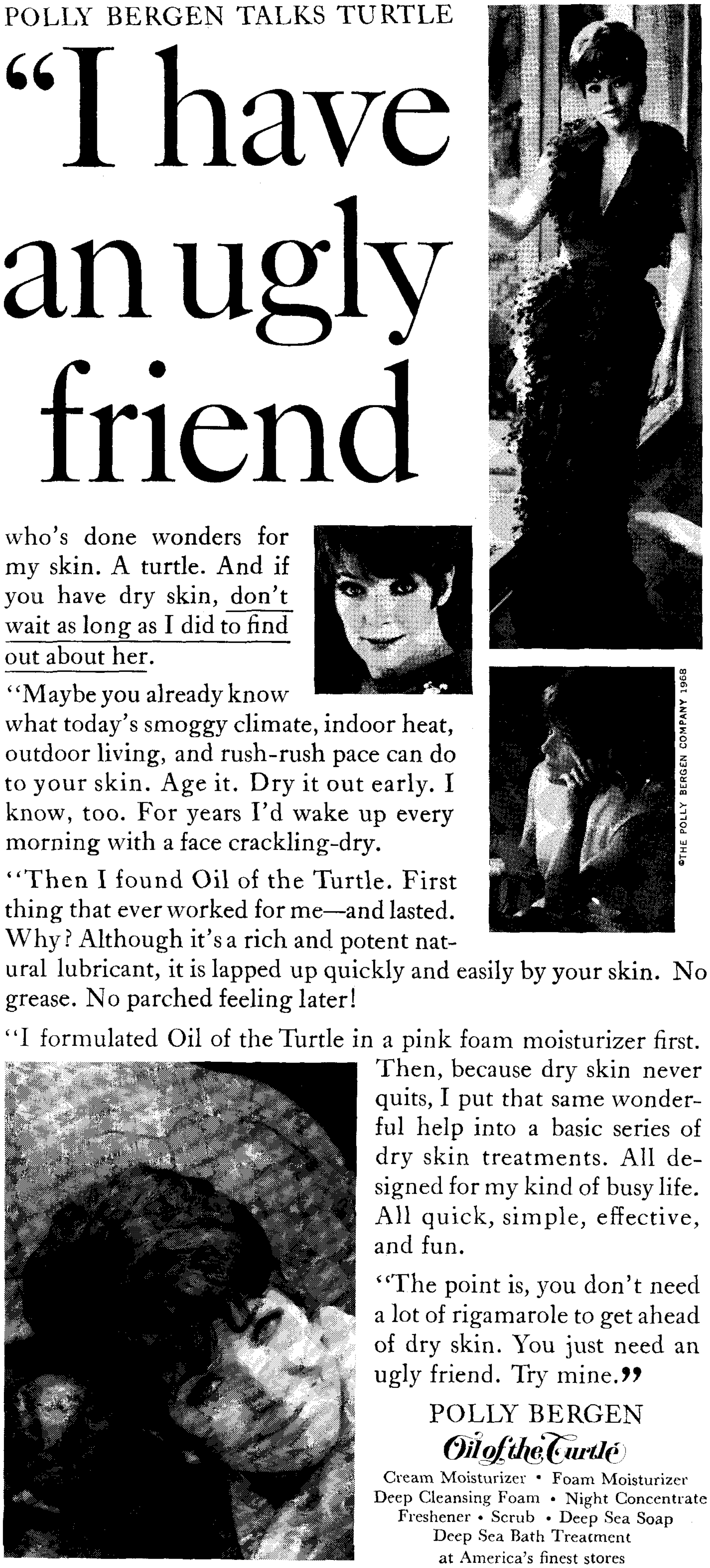
Suzanne B. reads me over the telephone some predictions she found in *Horoscope*, a thing that comes out every month. Everything predicted, including the barricades. As soon as the printing strike is over, I am going to buy it every month and stop having to guess.

MAY 28

NORMAL Paris sounds: Concierge sweeping pavement. Sparrows. Man says, "*Tu as bien dormi?*" Broom stops. "*Oui—enfin!*" The Tuesday market on the Boulevard Raspail overflows. Fruit, meat, vegetables, fish, even the potatoes, the *pâtes* (macaroni, etc.) that are supposed to have been wiped off the map. My Tunisian greengrocer has a sign on the same white calico that people bring to demonstrations: prices *down* on fresh vegetables and fruit. Nobody wants them. Still stocking things like dried kidney beans and refusing cheap, delicious asparagus, lettuces, all the spring vegetables, strawberries. The first wild strawberries are on display. Only three customers in the place. Next door, woman ahead of me in the queue, corduroy trouser suit, ponytail, asks for sugar. Two salesgirls. To divert me, one says, "*Vous, par ici, s'il vous plaît*," and moves me up to the other end of the counter. The sugar lives under the counter in a brown paper bag. I see it slipped into ponytail's shopping basket. "Where is it?" She panics. "There, in the basket." The girl grimaces and points. They are like children. I find it funny, but the little blond florist from the Rue Saint-Placide is outraged. "*Elles jouent à la guerre*," she says. Yes, they are playing. Z. calls. The first thing she says is "*Il y a de tout*." In her *quartier*, there is so much food, and so much food garbage all over the streets (she lives in the Marais), that she is nauseated and never wants to eat again. The obsession with food revolts her. She spent four years in a concentration camp. "*La France est prise d'un grand vomissement*," she says. "Stuffing food and vomiting rubbish."

New problem: Clothes accepted at the cleaner's, but when will they come back? No one knows. Get out "Household Encyclopedia;" don't understand a word about "Stains and Spots," cling to Maurice Thorez's famous remark "*Il faut savoir terminer une grève*" and deposit it all at cleaner's anyway. Folies-Bergère on strike. I wish I understood about the football affair. "*Le football aux footballeurs*," it seems, is their slogan now. But who had taken over *le football* in the past? The Old Soldiers?

Florists, Rue du Cherche-Midi. Two



POLLY BERGEN TALKS TURTLE

"I have an ugly friend

who's done wonders for my skin. A turtle. And if you have dry skin, don't wait as long as I did to find out about her.

"Maybe you already know what today's smoggy climate, indoor heat, outdoor living, and rush-rush pace can do to your skin. Age it. Dry it out early. I know, too. For years I'd wake up every morning with a face crackling-dry.

"Then I found Oil of the Turtle. First thing that ever worked for me—and lasted. Why? Although it's a rich and potent natural lubricant, it is lapped up quickly and easily by your skin. No grease. No parched feeling later!

"I formulated Oil of the Turtle in a pink foam moisturizer first. Then, because dry skin never quits, I put that same wonderful help into a basic series of dry skin treatments. All designed for my kind of busy life. All quick, simple, effective, and fun.

"The point is, you don't need a lot of rigamarole to get ahead of dry skin. You just need an ugly friend. Try mine."

POLLY BERGEN

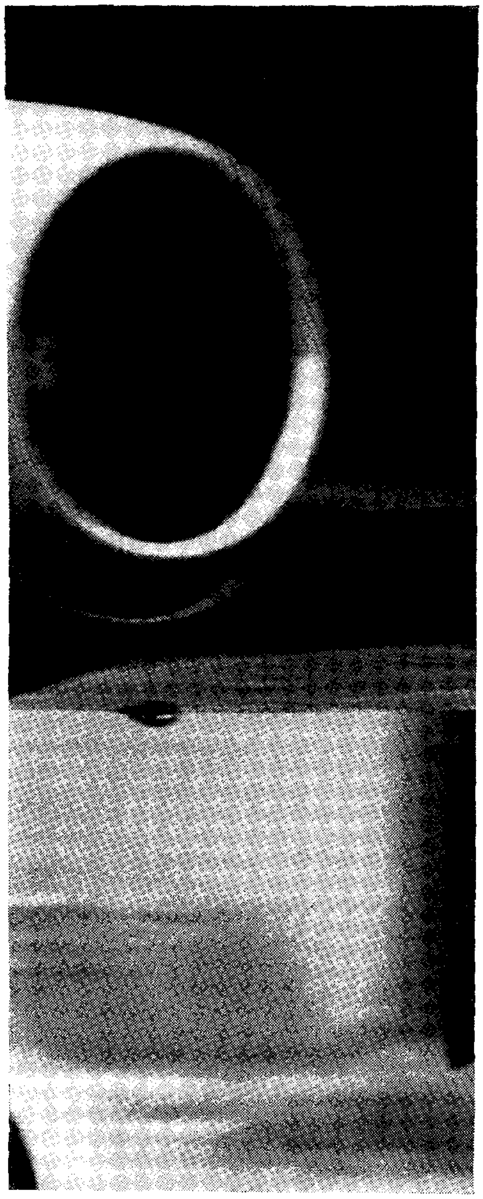
Oil of the Turtle

Cream Moisturizer • Foam Moisturizer
Deep Cleansing Foam • Night Concentrate
Freshener • Scrub • Deep Sea Soap
Deep Sea Bath Treatment
at America's finest stores

©THE POLLY BERGEN COMPANY 1968

The heat's on

metals.



In flight, the inside of a jet engine is an inferno. Fiery gases, heated in the burner to 2000°F. roar at near-supersonic speed through the turbine assembly. In this environment, even alloy steel disintegrates. Only superalloys can survive. These exotic new alloys have contributed enormously to the exciting modern development of jet aviation. Martin Metals, a division of Martin Marietta, researches, develops and fabricates superalloys used in the hottest new jet engines.

With the advent of the high-performance gas turbine engine in the 1950's, conventional alloys faltered. Completely new alloys had to be found if the engine were to reach its full potential.

Martin Metals was one of the companies that began a research and development program aimed at producing superalloys. These are alloys which are specifically formulated to withstand high temperatures, stress and corrosion.

Martin Metals now produces many of the superalloys used in vanes and blades of the turbine itself. These parts take the toughest punishment in the engine: 2000°F. heat, highly corrosive gases, rpm's ranging up to 50,000.

The formulation, production and fabrication of superalloys is one of the marvels of modern technology.

Arriving at the correct formula takes a vast amount of knowledge and experience, and a bit of luck. At Martin Metals, only about one in five hundred formulas survives the rigors of the research and test laboratories.

Patented alloys at Martin Metals contain as many as ten to fifteen elements, including such exotics as zirconium, boron, molybdenum, tantalum, titanium and tungsten.

The tiniest amount of an element can be critical. Several formulas call for about 3 ounces of a single element to a *ton* of alloy.

Searching for new superalloys is continuous at Martin Metals, to meet the needs of gas turbines in jet aircraft, ships, trains, trucks, helicopters and stationary power generators. The advanced jet engines contemplated for the future remain the biggest challenge, because the higher the temperature at which they can operate, the greater their efficiency.

In addition to its superalloy programs, Martin Metals is studying vacuum melting and casting phenomena to provide the technology required for the production of high temperature turbine engine components. A modern fully equipped investment casting foundry at Martin Metals is producing vacuum cast turbine blades and vanes for many of the turbines in service today.

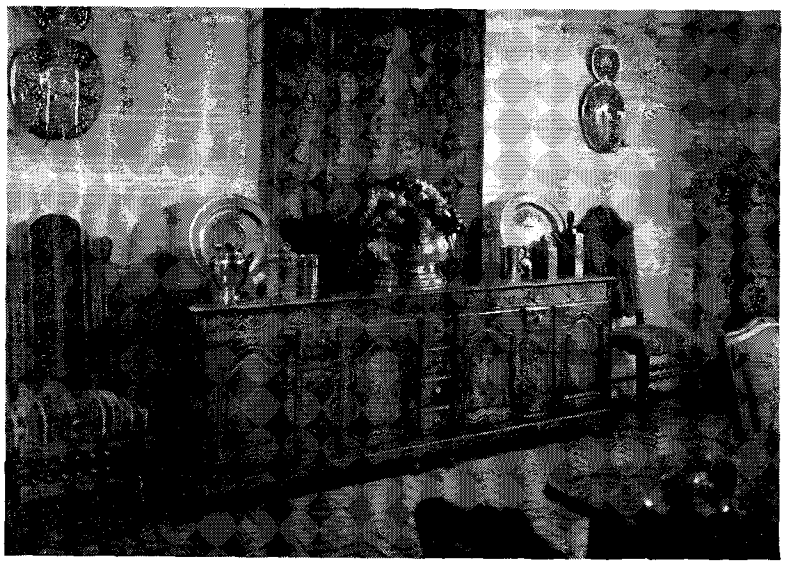
The several divisions of Martin Marietta produce a broadly diversified range of products, including missile systems, space launchers, nuclear power systems, spacecraft, electronic systems, chemicals and construction materials. Martin Marietta Corporation, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

MARTIN MARIETTA

sisters. One was five when her father died in the 1914 war, the other was born four months later. The elder, little, round, gray, gives herself a strange mouth with pale-orange lipstick. The younger wears her hair in an Alice B. Toklas bob and is nearly deaf. Both standing in doorway as I go by. They have been to the Sorbonne, are horribly upset. Probably first time they ever set foot there. "No matter how one feels about de Gaulle—and God knows he did nothing for shopkeepers, he never cared about us— But no matter how one felt one would never have written those insults on a wall." They are upset about Cohn-Bendit. I am surprised they speak so openly. Two sturdy sisters from the Haute-Savoie. Say what they feel. What they say is "He is a German Jew. His parents survived the war because they were hidden in France. What right has he to spit on our dead?" Here follow accounts of Jews saved in the Haute-Savoie and conducted to Switzerland. I have never been able to find out exactly what the Anarchist students did to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier on May 7th. I wasn't there, and the newspapers weren't specific. Some people say they spat, G. says they placed a red flag over the tomb, and now the two florists say they urinated. Feel acutely unhappy over all this and wish C.-B. would just vanish forever. Suzanne B. has told me that people are again beginning to say "Boche" because of him. I have heard that he was in the pay of the Cubans, of the Chinese, and of the C.I.A., and now the florists tell me it is the Jews. What Jews? The Israelis. It is a form of revenge because of de G.'s stand last year during the Six-Day War—backing the Arabs. I say, "Do you really believe this?" They say, "No, not really, but it is what everyone else is saying now."

Everyone reports strange dreams and nightmares. H. T. dreamed his rooms were broken into and everything destroyed—books all over the floor, furniture burned, etc. In dream, was astonished—who could possibly have it in for him this way? Suddenly (in dream) thought: Of course, it was the Anarchists. Nothing personal.

The professional footballers have "ceased their occupation" of whatever they were occupying. Never was able to figure that one out. Railway strikers firm, so there will probably be no trains on Friday, when I was supposed to be leaving for the south. Made my reservation in April, before Easter, to be absolutely certain. The *auto-cou-*



The new edition of the Baker Album of Collectors' Choices presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
329 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

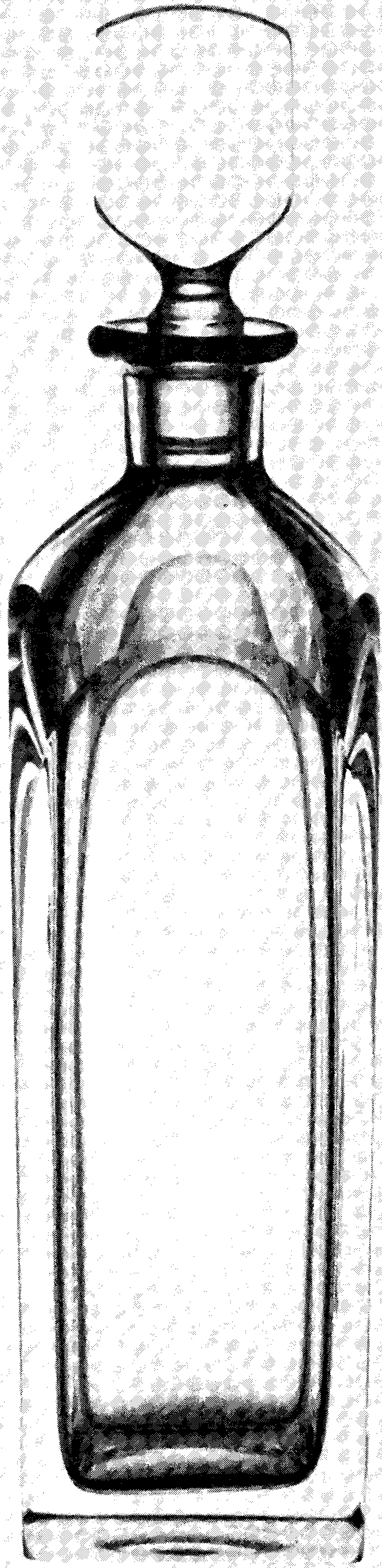
MAGNIFICENT FASHION FROM FAIRYTALE KINGDOM

Hobson
OF COPENHAGEN

Among connoisseurs all over the world known as the best in ladies' and men's coats. Unique styling, impeccable workmanship and luxury fabrics.

LADIES' COATS: Conn.: The English Shop, W. Hartford / **Ill.:** Marshall Field & Co., Chicago / **Mich.:** The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit / **Md.:** Hutzler Bros., Baltimore / Wm. H. Lohmeyer Inc., Baltimore / **N. Y.:** Abraham & Straus Inc. / B. Altman & Co. / Bonwit Teller / **Ohio:** The Halle Bros., Cleveland / The Rike-Kumler Company, Dayton / **Ore.:** Meier & Frank Inc., Portland / **Pa.:** *Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh* / **D. C.:** *Farnsworth-Reed Ltd.* / **Wash.:** *Frederick & Nelson* / **MEN'S COATS: Cal.:** *Bullocks La Habra, La Habra* / I. Magnin & Co., Los Angeles / I. Magnin & Co., San Francisco / **Colo.:** May D. & F., Denver / **Conn.:** G. Fox & Co., Hartford / Henry Miller Inc., Hartford / The English Shop, W. Hartford / White Inc., New Haven / **Ill.:** Marshall Field & Company, Chicago / **Ind.:** L. Strauss & Co., Indianapolis / **N. Y.:** Abraham & Straus Inc. / B. Altman & Co. / Barney's Clothes Inc. / Bloomingdales Inc. / British American House / Lord & Taylor / Saks Fifth Avenue / Paul Stuart / F. R. Tripler & Co. / **Penn.:** Miller White Inc., Philadelphia / **Texas:** William Richard Inc., Houston / **D.C.:** Farnsworth-Reed Ltd

ORREFORS
CRYSTAL



WRITE FOR BOOKLET FISHER, BRUCE & CO., 221 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19106 • 527 W. 7TH ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90014

This autumn—the suit!

A superb Scottish tweed—representative of Tailorbrooke's avant-garde classics priced from $65 to $140 at fine stores including:

Best & Co., New York
Higbee's, Cleveland
Himelhoch's, Detroit
Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago
Robinson's, Southern California

Impeccably
Tailorbrooke

Tailorbrooke Clothes, Inc.
533 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

chette trains (which you put your car on—the car travels in one *wagon* and you in another) are booked months in advance. Now even the train has vanished. People keep asking me what I mean to do, as if I knew, and as if it even mattered. No importance. If there is a train, I'll be on it. Mystery: Saw every kind of food in the market this morning, but housewives in my neighborhood keep saying, "No coffee, no flour, no salt." True about the salt. One woman in my building bought five kilos of salt. It would last me a lifetime. Now there is only what they call "*sel de luxe*," and the shopkeeper says, "We stood in line over an hour for it." So *they* are queueing, too!

Young girl calmly describes to her mother and me how she and a friend accidentally became caught between police and students last Friday night. Several times, police made her show her hands—dirty hands meant one had been building a barricade. The awful feeling as he stands there, nonchalantly swinging his club, saying, "Show your hands." This told so calmly that it seems true. Girl's mother is speechless. Parents aren't saying much these days. But then the girl begins the rumors. Isn't the truth ever bad enough? Says that a girl was raped four times in a police van on way to station, that van was full of students watching. Not only unlikely—ludicrous. Think of design of van, complication of entire proceeding. There just isn't room. Ask if she saw this. No. Why always rape in these stories, and why always four times? Isn't it bad enough to be beaten up and called "*putain*"? Also tells us that in police van one of the C.R.S. (Compagnie Républicaine de Sécurité) dropped a tear-gas bomb inside someone's trousers "and so he was castrated." Just like that, neat. She says, "When I am forty, I shall always remember this contact I had with the workers," on which I explode. Tell her that police have been beating people up for years, without the romanticism of barricades, and that if the Night of the Barricades had taken place in a working-class suburb like Saint-Denis we would have known no more about it.

Mija, who is the wife of a Paris lawyer, says that the bourgeoisie haven't said much but are fed up—that they will also go out to the street and fight if they have to, and that they will vote for de Gaulle in the referendum, or for "his successor."

One fear I haven't mentioned to anyone: What if any of us is taken ill—say, in the night? Hospitals on strike, phones working badly. No time for a bad appendix. Z. said casually that she was to have an operation but that her doctor won't put her in hospital now. Power strikes, uncertainty about staffs, medicines. He prescribes some sort of sedative to keep her going (she has never once mentioned that she was in any sort of pain), but all the pharmacies have run out. D. C. tells me there is even a shortage of penicillin now. So quickly? He also describes to me how an unfortunate woman unlucky enough to be on the point of giving birth in the Latin Quarter, where she lives, was got out and to a hospital in one of the cars they were using to evacuate the gassed-and-fractured wounded.

Now they say the referendum is illegal—at least, in the terms suggested by de G. Don't know if it is illegal, but certainly dishonest: Are you still beating your wife, yes or no? Radio keeps repeating bits of Mitterrand's press conference. Shy white violet, offers himself to the nation. A new de G. but not so imposing. It is as if de G. were dead. Mendès France like an actor pretending to be overwhelmed as he comes out for one more curtain. Begin to feel sorry for de G. What do they mean by "interim government"? Is this all that May 13th was about? Are elections what everyone wanted, then?

Kids parade around the streets close to the Odéon wearing costumes stolen from the wardrobes. Girl dressed as a gypsy dances (badly) in a café for stony-faced audience. Everyone silent as she and friends show off, eat sandwiches, sweep out without paying. *Patron* doesn't say a word. Gypsy says endearingly, "I shall pay next time—it is a promise." Someone says to the *patron*, "Why don't you call the police?" Which sounds terribly funny now. Call the *police*? Everyone either revolutionary or frightened. Bright, sunny day.

MAY 29

COOL, gray morning. London sky. Up very early to beat possible early-morning power strike. Can't see to run a bath without light. Out early, no sign of concierge, cat looking rejected on the stairs. Walk all over Saint-Germain-des-Prés, leave letter with a Belgian journalist who is getting out of Paris and is taking along letters to be posted. Have to leave French money for postage, which they are not accepting now in Belgium. Mountains of gar-

KiKU enrobes you in soothing, shimmering scent.

Exotic love potions, born of the bath,
now emerge as spirit-sparkling fragrance for
afterbath as well. KiKU—like love—smooths the body,
soothes the soul, silkens, softens, satins.
Elegantly gifted in yellow and golden treasure cases.
Shamelessly feminine. Fabulously Fabergé.

Perfume, Cologne Spray, After Bath Cologne, Bodysoft, Bath Oil, Bubbling Bath, Soaps and Bath Powders, Bath Brush.

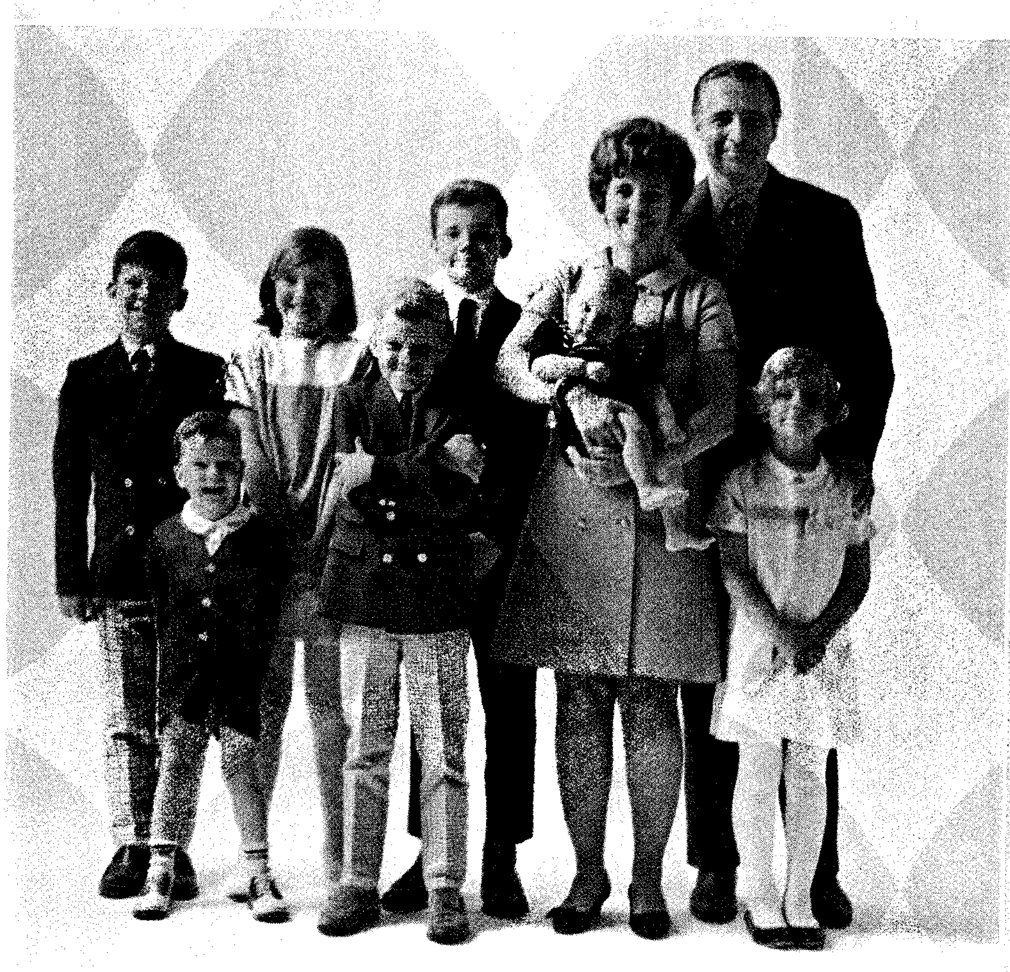
KiKU
KiKU
BATH OIL
KiKU
AFTER BATH
KiKU
KiKU
Fabergé

The Protectors.
Every family needs one.

Maybe you have a small family. Or a large family. A new family or an old established one. Families are different–but they all have one thing in common: the need to be protected against the hazards of serious financial setbacks.

That's where The Protectors come in. They have what it takes—insurance that's right for today and ready for tomorrow. Living Insurance from Equitable.

To help you get the right plan, The Protectors have a wealth of resources: their own fine training and know-how, the help of sophisticated

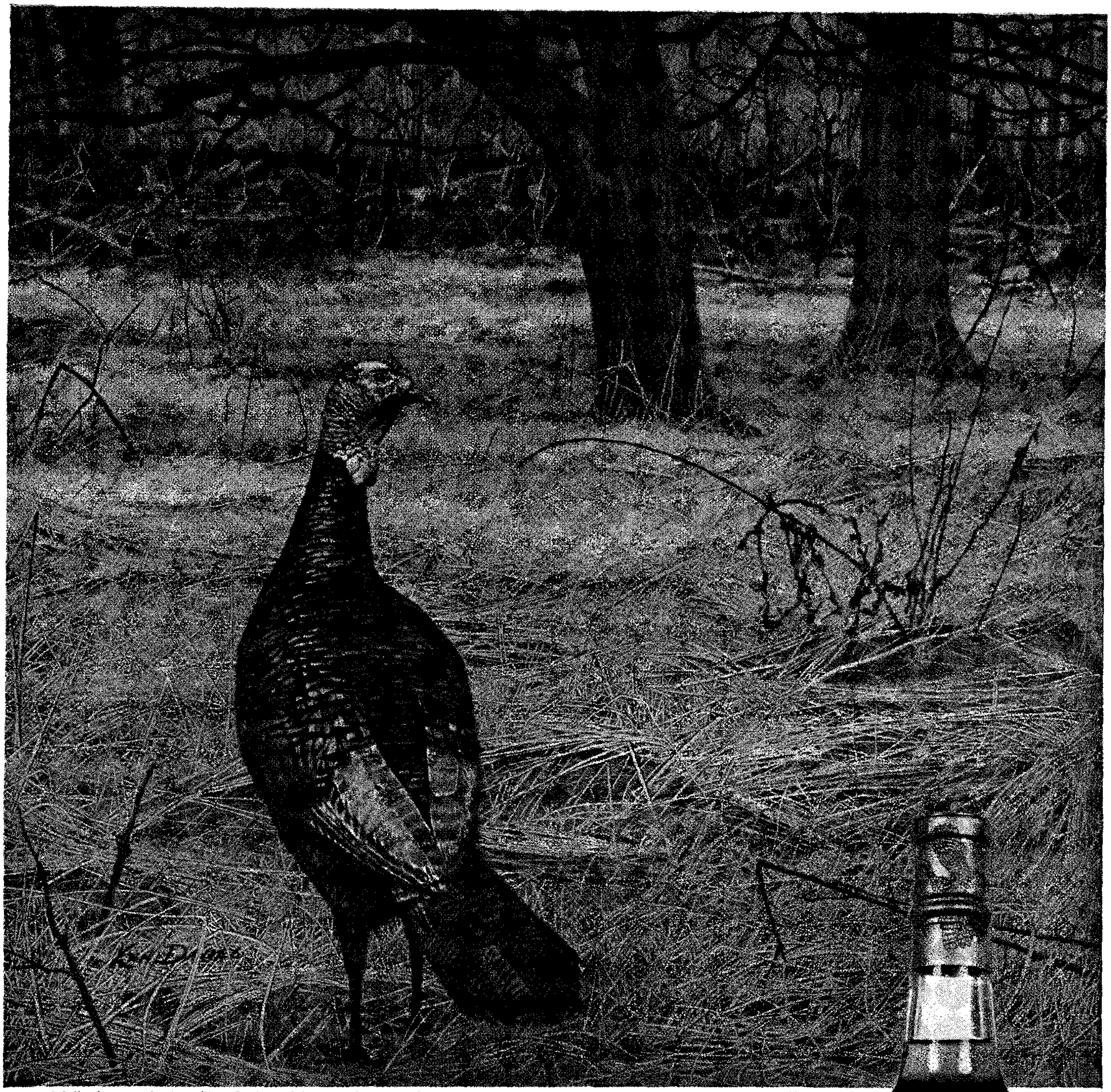


computers and skilled consultants. Plus the experience of a company that protects over 13,000,000 Americans.

No matter where you live, there's always a Protector nearby. Equitable agents are in all 50 states. Always ready to serve you.

THE ® EQUITABLE

© The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, New York, N.Y. 1968



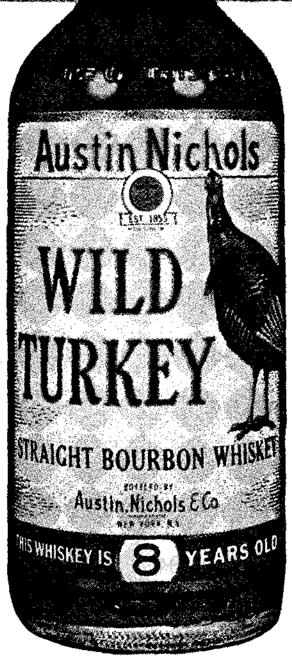
A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department Y, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.


Austin Nichols
EST. 1855
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED BY
Austin, Nichols & Co.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
THIS WHISKEY IS 8 YEARS OLD

101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

bage all over the streets—sometimes have to step off the curb. On the Rue Saint-Benoît, stickers all over the walls: "MAMAN J'AI PEUR." Left over from ancient time, before May 3rd, when slogans were still supposed to be funny. Wall newspaper outside elementary school. Everyone has an opinion about education, has added a comment. Shops still shut, people walking to work. Go to the Café Flore. Staff still dusting and polishing. World's most delicious *croissant*. Am glad I'm not at home and answering telephone.

Power strike. Impulse to walk all over Paris, as if the city were about to disappear. The occupied Beaux-Arts (has another name now) solid wall of posters; one shows Cohn-Bendit as he was in the picture in *Paris-Match*, excited little fox taunting a policeman, with the legend "*Nous Sommes Tous Indésirables*." Hope they will remember they once said this. Tuileries filthy; Concorde looks covered with oil. Pickets outside the Printemps. Opéra shut, great streamer asking for "OUR RIGHTS." Right Bank looks unwanted. Cafés deserted. Place Vendôme, cars all over the pavements now. Drift into E. Arden. Place in darkness—power strike. About three customers in the place, someone says. Staff looks anxious, glum. Lights come on. I say I want my hair cut short for the Revolution. This makes them glummer than ever. Some of them walk as much as two hours each way, morning and night. Describe garbage at the *portes de Paris*. Am told about revolutionary coiffeur who all at once said "*Mais j'ai tout à perdre, moi!*" and at once changed his mind. Conversation zero—people who live on tips pick up the attitudes of the tippers. Am told about poor Mme. So-and-So who doesn't dare take her Rolls out of the garage because it might make her seem bourgeois. Stories of people leaving the country with suitcases full of money. Only attitude I sense is that they would have done the same if they'd had the money to put in the suitcase. Sun comes out. *France-Soir* has scare headline about de G. going to Colombey, presumably to draft his resignation. Sun well out, so lunch at a kiosk in the Tuileries. Lawns and flower beds covered with papers, tracts, beer bottles. In *France-Soir*, picture of the now suspect (to me) Cohn-Bendit at the Sorbonne, with his hair dyed black. Doesn't suit him. Appeal to help the aged, but no one says *how*. Salvation Army will feed them if they can prove they are pensioners. Nine-line item says six hundred persons "disappeared" last Thurs-

Alan Paine

COLOUR•MATES

IN BRILLIANT NEW COLOURINGS FROM ENGLAND

Add spice to your life with a dash of colour — Alan Paine Colour•Mates in sweaters and shirts, *beautifully coordinated to combine as you please.*

Choose from incomparable Alan Paine sweaters — in Shetland, fine lambswool, camelhair, luxurious pure cashmere . . . in v-necks, crew-necks, turtlenecks, cardigans. To mix or match with Alan Paine Colour•Mate Shirts, faultlessly made in England of 50% wool/50% cotton. *All in a spirited new group of exclusive, original colours created by Alan Paine.*

Shirts, about $16. Sweaters, from about $16 to $45.

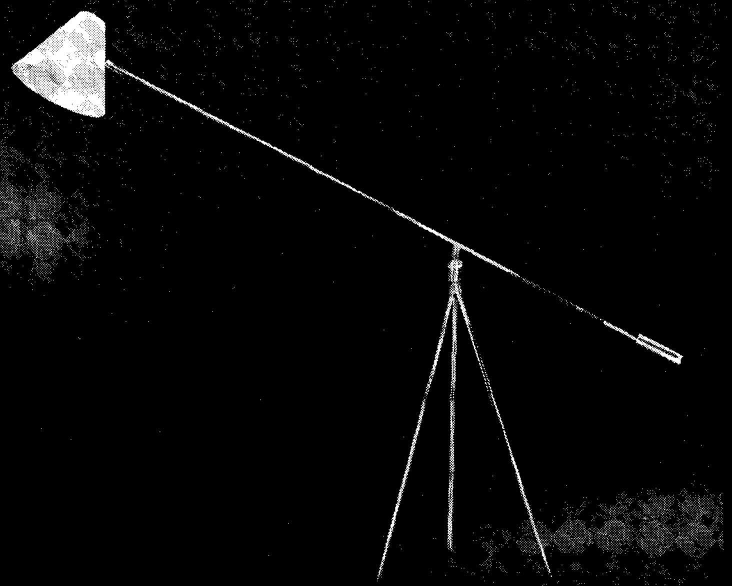
At fine stores throughout the United States, Alaska, Hawaii, Canada, Bermuda and The West Indies.

For name of nearest store, write

FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

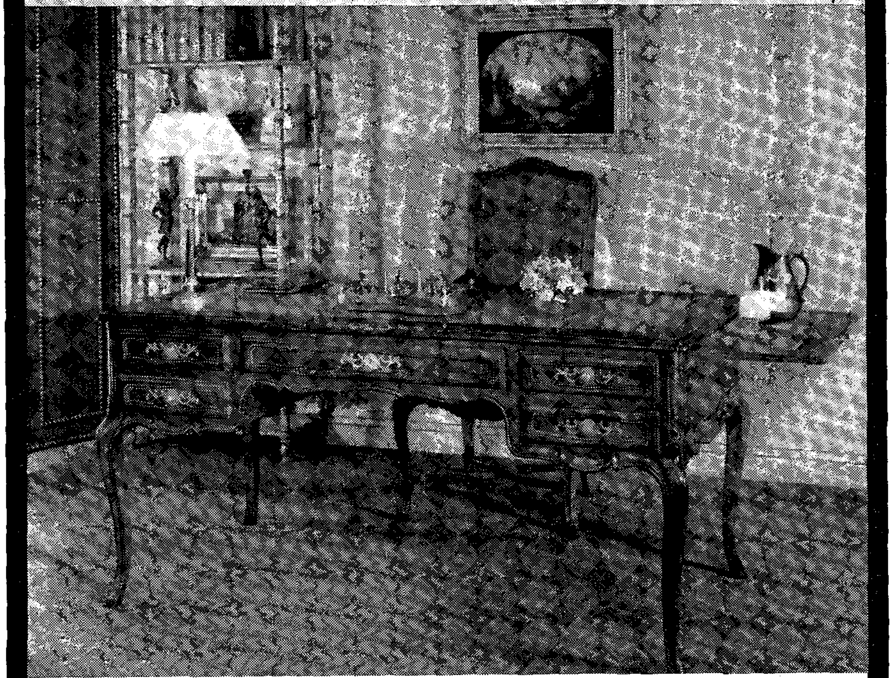
THE GIRAFFE

And it's guaranteed not to eat the leaves off the trees in your living room. Our species stands on 3 chrome legs. And has a 48″ chrome neck (with counter weight). And an 8″ diameter metal head, available in black or white. Naturally, the head and neck swivel in all directions. It takes a 75 watt reflector bulb. You can capture it for $59.



SEND 25c FOR OUR NEW CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.
GEORGE KOVACS
Dept. N-93, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N.Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, open Thurs. till 8.

John Widdicomb
Makers of fine furniture for more than a century



A John Widdicomb reproduction of an authentic Louis XV desk carved and finished to look 200 years old. Parchment leather top with hand-tooled borders, framed in fruitwood and a pull-out slide at each end.
Get to know John Widdicomb furniture
See it at any John Widdicomb showroom through your dealer or decorator.
NEW YORK, 205 East 58th St. • **PHILADELPHIA,** 2301 Chestnut St. • **BOSTON,** 90 Berkeley St. • **GRAND RAPIDS** Exhibitors Bldg.
Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Houston • Indianapolis • Miami • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco

day and Friday nights. Must be a mistake. If true, why is the item buried at the bottom of an inside page? Power strike, evidently on again, makes it virtually impossible to cross streets. No more police to cope with traffic. Gone.

Book sales are up forty per cent. No TV—on strike.

I am reading "Le Siège de Paris," by Francisque Sarcey. Book I picked up ages ago on the quais. All spotted, as if pages were freckled. Read, "*Il faut connaître Paris pour comprendre à quels excès peut se porter une idée fixe, chez cette population bouillante, où tous les sentiments sont en quelque sorte surchauffés. . . .*" Z. is reading a book about the Commune. Ask H. T. what he is reading: "Marx's notes on the Commune." H. T. says, out of context of a conversation, "Marx, Hegel, Feuerbach, *toute la racaille.*" He is being driven mad by pop music. Isn't used to it. All we can get on radio now. Has a particular hatred for song called "Qu'est-ce Que Tu As Fait Avec l'Enfant Que Je T'Ai Fait?" I can't get "Alouette, Alouette" out of my head. Theme of these days. "*L'amour et l'été,/Comme les cigarettes,/S'en vont en fumée,/Alouette, Alouette.*" Couldn't be trashier, or more haunting.

Garbage piled on curb of Rue de Sèvres. Cluster of pedestrians staring at something. Five plastic bags, each holding a kilo of peeled new potatoes rotting in the sun. Hoarder evidently didn't know that peeled potatoes in plastic bags rot quickly, have to be used almost the day you buy them. Five kilos!

Papers have been talking about old people. The aged, often feeble and ill, can't stand in line to stock food. Often they virtually live on *nouilles* and macaroni, all they can afford, which are hard to find now (though I've seen packets in the Boulevard Raspail market). Post office on strike means their old-age pensions are held up, and even if they weren't held up the old people wouldn't be able to cash them. Salvation Army will feed old-age pensioners who can prove they *are* pensioners. But how do they get to these Salvation Army centers? Who takes them there? No transport, no gas. Harrowing articles do not tell what one can *do*. Begin by ringing up paper where I read original article. Hopeless runaround, and line goes dead. Try ringing *mairie* of my *arrondissement*. No one seems to understand what I want. Furious. Hate all French. Stamp around to Jacqueline, who says she will take it up at the

Until now, to get great stereo sound in a small apartment you had to turn up the volume.

But now there's a stereo that will give you great stereo sound without turning your neighbors into a committee of vigilantes. It's the Sony HP 180-W Compact Stereo System and it has all the things you need.

It has a built-in solid-state FM stereo/FM/AM tuner. A 20-watt music power amplifier with all-silicon transistors. A Pickering Dustamatic Cartridge. A 4-speed BSR automatic turntable. Two sealed speakers with 5" woofers and 2" tweeters. And it all comes in finished walnut. (The HP 180-W also comes without a tuner, but that's called the HP 150-A.)

All in all, we've made it pretty easy for you to get great stereo without taking your life in your hands. **Apartment Stereo by Sony**

©1968 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Revolutionary Committee meeting tonight in the Beaux-Arts. Fat chance of anyone's doing anything. Not spectacular enough. Someone says Boy Scouts are swinging into action to help the old. Remember things G. has told me about cancer patients alone in slum bedrooms. Must be even worse now. What can you do? Stand out in the street and shout?

At twenty to six in the afternoon, concert of motor horns. Turn on radio, discover that de G. is "*introuvable.*" Everyone thinks he will resign. Instant feeling is pity. Tragedy, the flaw of pride. When he dies, they will line up for hours to look at his grave.

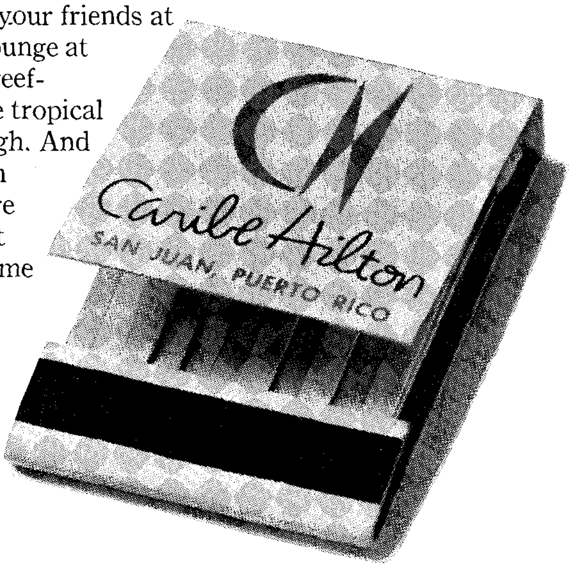
C.G.T. (Confédération Générale du Travail) demonstration today, a sort of answer to the worker-student thing at Charléty. As if to show that the Communist Party has the workers firmly in hand. Z. saw it. "Like a picnic. They came with the children." H. T. saw it, too. Same feeling of "picnic"—says they waved extremely dirty handkerchiefs and sang, "*Adieu, Charlot, adieu.*" Says there were students, too, but not representing the students—on their own. Carried signs saying this: "I Am on My Own." Says the students were enormously applauded by working-class population on sidewalks. All *populo*, good-natured, broke up without fuss. Communist Party obviously making every effort to prevent Cuba-youthful enthusiasm and Cultural Revolution. They seem really quite stodgy—nothing is so conservative as the working classes, as British liberals were dismayed to find out. What does the C.P. care about the university? C.P.'s battles have always been in the factories. Hard for students to understand. Kid in my building almost weeping with rage.

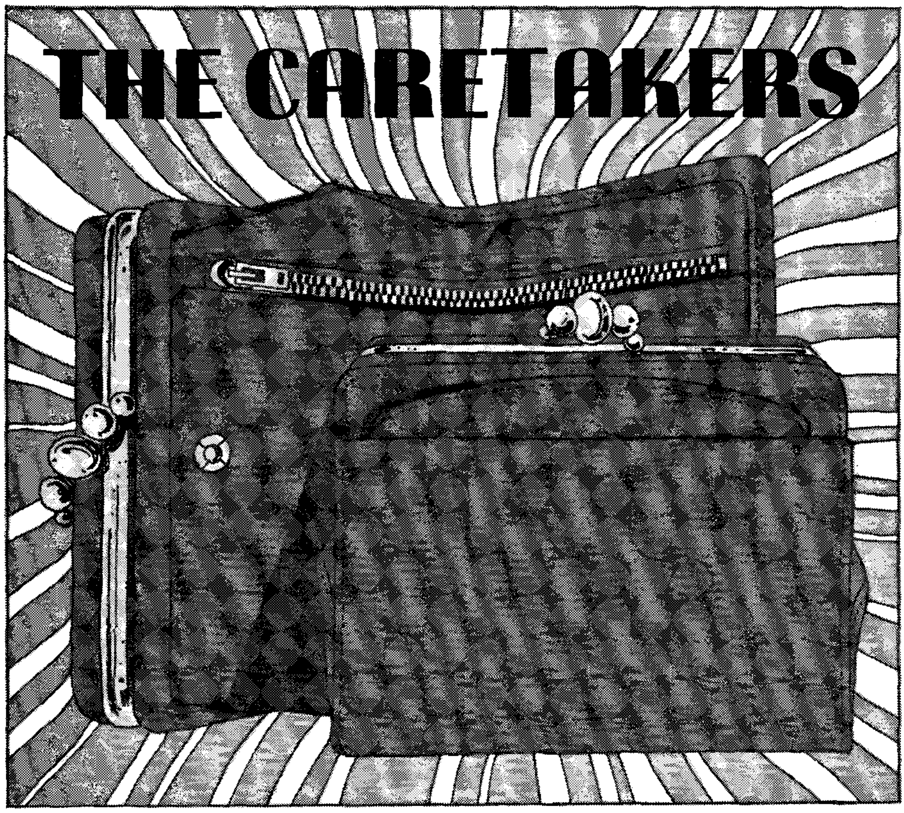
H. T. turns up, takes me to see "La Mariée Était en Noir"—"*pour se changer les idées.*" Doesn't change any of mine; silliest film imaginable. Lovely night, shadows on pavement of the Rue Littré. H. T. tells me episode in life of Schiller that illustrates present situation. I keep thinking of Pompidou, though would much rather not. Stupefied to see harmless little pastry shop on the Rue de Rennes now unveiled all red with large white polka dots, balloon size, and the name "LE CRÊPE SHOW" spelled out in light bulbs. Don't they know there's a revolution on? Wondered if the kids are still occupying School of Photography and Cinematography. They seem to have been forgotten. Red flag still over the door. My feeling for de G. nothing but pity now.

What is it about the Caribe Hilton that causes people to drop our name?

There's magnificent dining at the Rotisserie Castillo, entertainment at the Club Caribe, and the friendly Caribar for a late-night tête-à-tête. You can meet your friends at the Pool Terrace Café or lounge at Manager Roberto Lugo's reef-protected beach. There are tropical gardens to meander through. And air-conditioned rooms with private balconies. There are also the kind of people that give the Caribe Hilton a name you'll want to drop.

For reservations call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.





Gracious, how spacious. The St. Thomas Duo: 3-part leather-covered French purse boasts a roomy coin purse and special pull-out pocket for bill withdrawal. Double cash compartment, one zippered; and pull-out card case takes care of the rest of your assets. Supple saddle-cowhide in fashion colors, from $6.

ST. THOMAS
St. Thomas Inc., St. Thomas Place, Gloversville, N. Y.

At Bamberger's, New Jersey; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; B. Altman & Co., New York City and all branches.

Proud, ruthless—I suppose one diluted the other, and that was the flaw. We talk of him as if he were dead. H. T. says the C.G.T. demonstration had a definitely political turn, which he didn't feel was spontaneous. They were all good-natured union members who had been told to say "Off with his head!" and said it and then dispersed to cafés for a glass of beer. Says he saw what seemed to be whole hospital staffs with reassuring signs reading, "LE SERVICE EST ASSURÉ," though from what J. de T. tells me it is just barely.

Students so puzzled when strikers asked for higher wages. Seemed to think everyone fighting for less. C.P. seems gross, new-rich.

MAY 30

GRAY, cold. Horrible day. Waiting for de G. to speak. Phone call early in the morning: "*Mais où est Malraux?*" As if it would make any difference. The voice was desperate. Really snatching at straws. Claustrophobic. Go out, stand dumbly at greengrocer's (could have been anywhere). Piles of everything—luxury. Why do we keep imagining we are pinched? I am the only customer, and I don't want anything in particular. Wake up and say I am sick of eating strawberries without sugar, just for something to say. Greengrocer says "*Mais qu'à cela ne tienne!*" and sends a *commis* to the shop across the street, after telling him "Say you want two kilos of sugar for *me*." Kilo of sugar one franc sixty, nothing in it for him—just a favor. Greengrocer keeps a kilo for himself, after asking if I'm sure I don't want it. If I were to tell him a kilo lasts me about six months, I know he wouldn't believe me. Nice man—says he will cash a check if I want *du liquide*. But how funny about the sugar.

The flight of the *beau monde*. The *gens du monde* have fled to Switzerland, to the Midi, to Germany, to Italy. With what gasoline? The J. D.s went without even waiting for de G. to speak.

Walked to Petit Palais in downpour. Hadn't realized *all* museums on strike. Wanted to see the Dead Sea Scrolls. Wonder if they are still there or if they have been taken back to Israel.

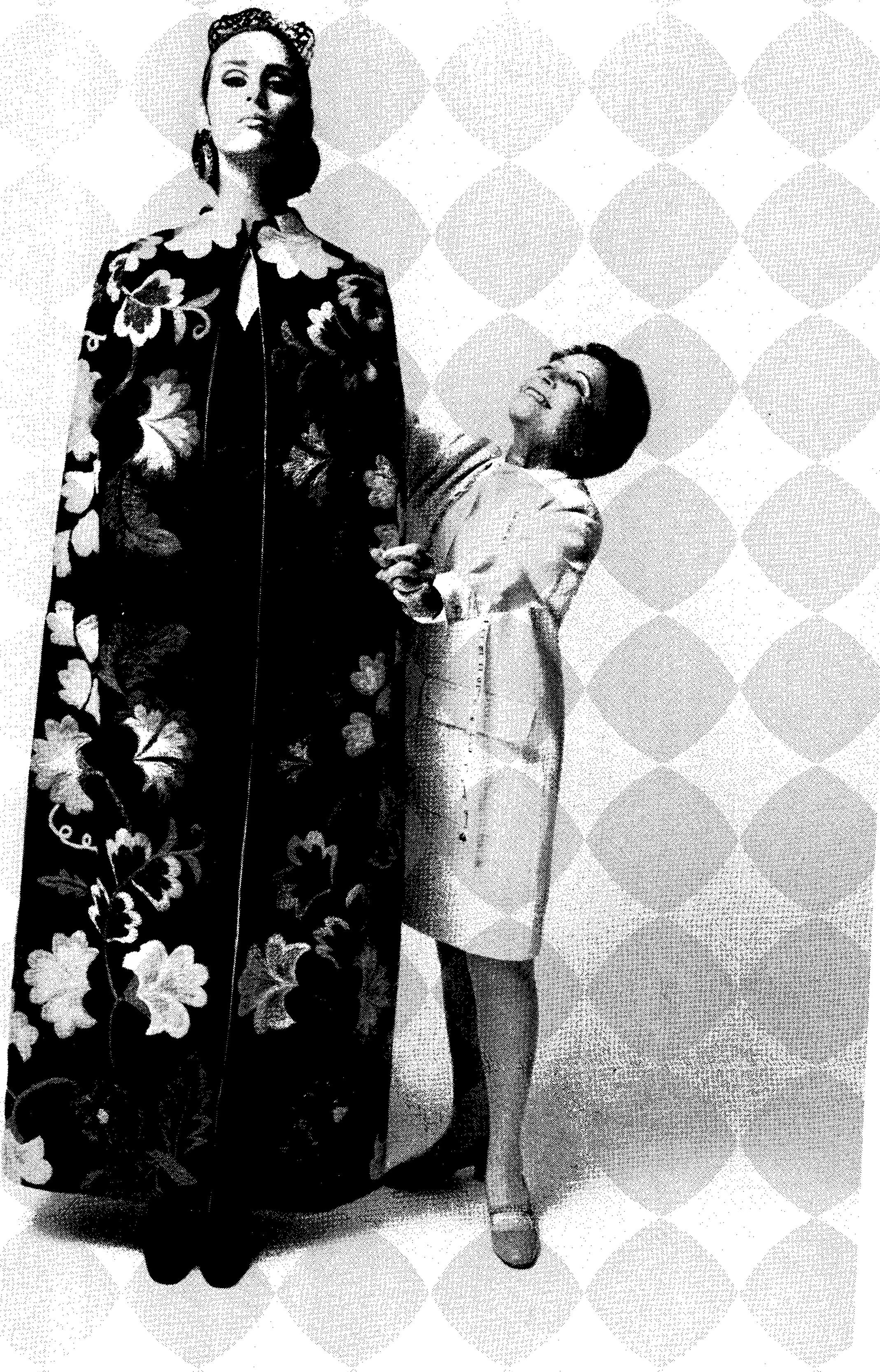
Telephones never work well in Paris—it is often easier to get London. Today they seem particularly dead. Occasionally, one has to dial a number four times. Either it doesn't ring or a recording comes on saying the number doesn't exist or one hears hundreds of

SAGA MINK
. . . natural elegance from Denmark Finland Norway Sweden

DESIGNED BY
Ben Kahn

AT CREEDS TORONTO

Little lady with big ideas.



Adele Simpson

ghost voices in a tunnel. Pity for de G. is what we seem to feel. I have always felt sorry for lions whose teeth had been pulled. Friend calls and says a Maoist we know has packed up his family and left Paris *"au petit matin."* Where did he get the gas? Someone else explains why everyone is hoarding: It isn't a question of having food to eat so much as of having goods to exchange when the banks run out of money. Polish student here on a scholarship laughs and says this is small beer—we haven't seen anything. *Bon.*

Conversation with Mme. C. She tells me of the change in her sons. Only one of the three (the medical student) had been concerned in the student movement. Now the two others "are becoming Socialist." Even the future accountant? Especially the future accountant. Their father says, *"C'est facile avec l'argent de Papa."* D. C. (the active one of the three, the med student) is "revolted" at the way the movement has become "political." Mme. C. looks about twenty.

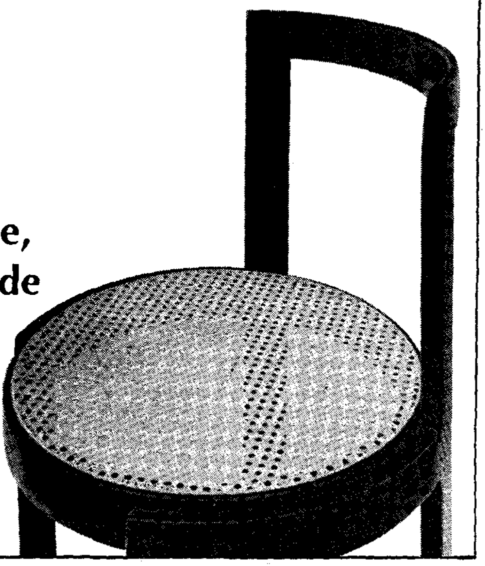
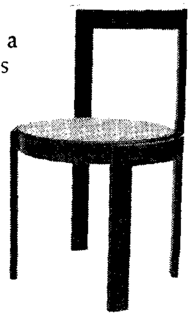
Z. says to me, "The students are losing on all fronts." I agree.

We are quite literally waiting to see if there will be a civil war. De G. has vanished. There could not have been an accident with the helicopter—someone would know. Rumor that he has been to see his son-in-law with the Army in Mulhouse. Checking on what would happen if he quit? If he stayed? Rumor of troop movements and of tanks around Paris. Talk of a *gouvernement de transition.* Again, I think of 1958. This is a true *déjà vu.* I have the feeling that everything will be settled before the Whitsun weekend, one way or another. I want to know where everyone is. Where is G.? Where is H. T.?

Headache down the back of the neck. Can't read, can't work, can't swallow, can't listen to music. Phone rings. I hear, "Can't read, can't concentrate, can't eat," etc., and, "How cruel to make us wait!"

Noon. This hideous wait. The gray, the cold are all of a piece with the waiting. Have the French really used him up? Look up "The Golden Bough," can't make sense of anything. No matter how horrible tomorrow may be, I wish the waiting were over and it were tomorrow.

Mme. L., *femme de ménage,* arrives carrying her portable radio. I say, "You can't possibly feel like working, so forget it." She says no, she feels better doing something; working seems normal. She and her husband admire de G., but they think for the sake of



Imagine a natural hand-caned seat framed in flat white, or in a brilliant shade of blue, green, red, or purple.

Then you've imagined this striking Italian import. The frames of these chairs have been treated with a transparent stain so that the grain of the wood shows through, and then covered with a protective coat of brilliant natural lacquer. The effect is wonderful. The colors are wonderful, too. Use them anywhere in your home, but for real drama, team a group with one of our white pedestal tables. Chairs: $35 each. Mail orders accepted. No COD's. Shipped R E A Express Collect. Add taxes where applicable. Send $1.00 for 84-page catalog.

the workbench

Manhattan: In the Village, 46 Greenwich Ave.; Midtown, 241 East 51st St.
Brooklyn Heights: 60 Clinton St. • Manhasset: 1457 Northern Blvd., Miracle Mile
Philadelphia, Pa.: 1709 Walnut St. • Cambridge, Mass.: 36 Brattle St.
Our Newest Store: Princeton, N. J.: 55 State Road (Rte. 206), Tel. (609) 924-9686

Can fashion be considered an investment?
A prize addition to your print collection this Winter is this red plaid Rona ensemble, a classic design that will pay long-term fashion dividends. Pleated dress and shaped jacket in all wool, sizes 6 to 16, about $95 at Lord & Taylor, New York; Wm. Filene's, Boston; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; or write Rona, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York. 10018. RONA

TV or not TV

That's not the question.

TV can be a great medium. Nobody would argue about that.

So, it's usually not a question of whether a big national advertiser should use it or not. The question is how *much* he should use it.

Today, many advertisers who've been putting the lion's share of their budgets into TV are developing furrowed brows over how many people—and what *kind* of people—they're missing. *Consider:*

Over 20 million men and 21 million women are light viewers—or, alas, nonviewers—of nighttime network TV. This is almost one third of the potential adult audience in the U.S.

And when it comes to daytime network TV, over 33.5 million women are light viewers or nonviewers. This is more than half of the potential female audience.

What's the best way to reach people who take TV ever so lightly or ignore it altogether? Certainly it's *not* by adding more TV. After a point, you can spend a prince's ransom and get precious little in return.

By all odds the best way to reach these people is with magazines. And not so incidentally, far more of them read The Digest than any other magazine.

40 million adults read every issue of The Digest. On the whole they are much better educated than TV fans. They have more money to spend. And are heavier users of just about anything you have to sell.

No other magazine delivers such a vast and affluent audience.

Nor, for that matter, does any TV show.

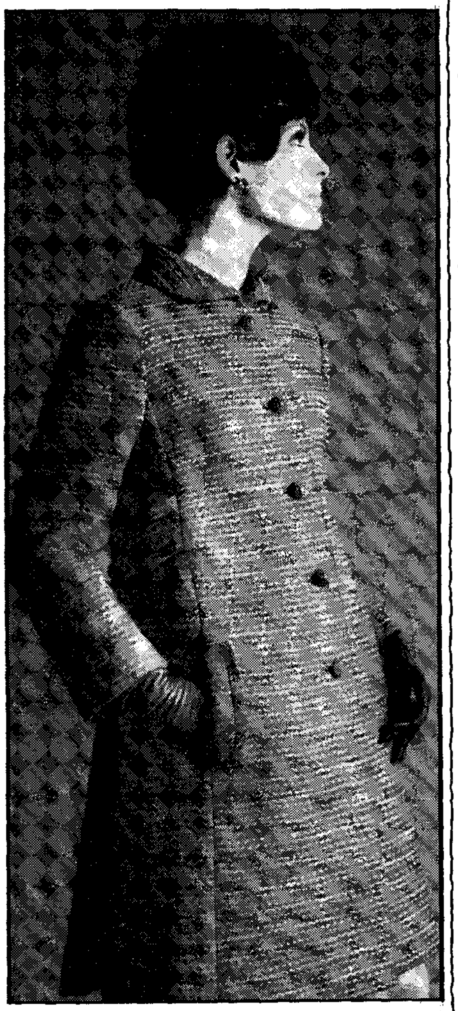
Copies bought:

Reader's Digest	17,000,000
Life	8,000,000
Look	7,750,000
McCall's	8,500,000

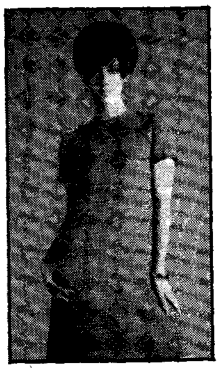
Reader's Digest

WORLD'S BEST SELLER

CUSTOM CASUALS



THE NEW CLASSICS



OF TOM MALLO

*Rope-textured cottage tweed, exclusively Custom Casuals', for a panel-back coat and for its dress in a twin tweed, lighter version. Combos of pow pink and plum blue or lapis blue and jade green. Sizes 6 to 16. 130.00.**

Bergdorf Goodman, New York
I. Magnin, all stores
Lou Lattimore, Dallas
Or for store nearest you, write
Custom Casuals Inc., 205 West 39th St.
New York 10018 *higher on the West Coast.

the country he should go. And then what? They don't know. That is what is frightening them. "Anyone but Mitterrand," she says. She calls him "*l'affreux Jo-Jo*," as if he were an ill-behaved little boy. Says that they don't want the Communists but that Waldeck Rochet "at least is honest" and "we know where we are." Anything, anything but a civil war. I tell her the word I have been hearing all day is "anguished." "What else can one feel?" she says. "The only word is '*angoissé*.' " I say, "But you all seem so calm. No one weeping in the streets." "*Á quoi bon?*"

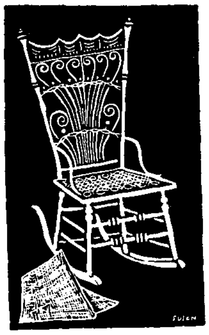
Phone rings. B. D. says rather calmly they are all going away for the weekend. In her *arrondissement* (the 16th), people are rallying around de G. The D.s, righter than right, have never forgiven him for Algeria, and have gone full circle and joined the revolution. Joined it? They are going to the country without waiting to see. Are they driving? How? Oh, easily: "My mother-in-law's private nurse lent us her professional card, and we were able to fill up at a tank reserved for the medical profession." One of those gas stations with a big red cross over it. Think of poor G. trying to get enough petrol to visit patients. This is said to me very calmly, as if it were normal.

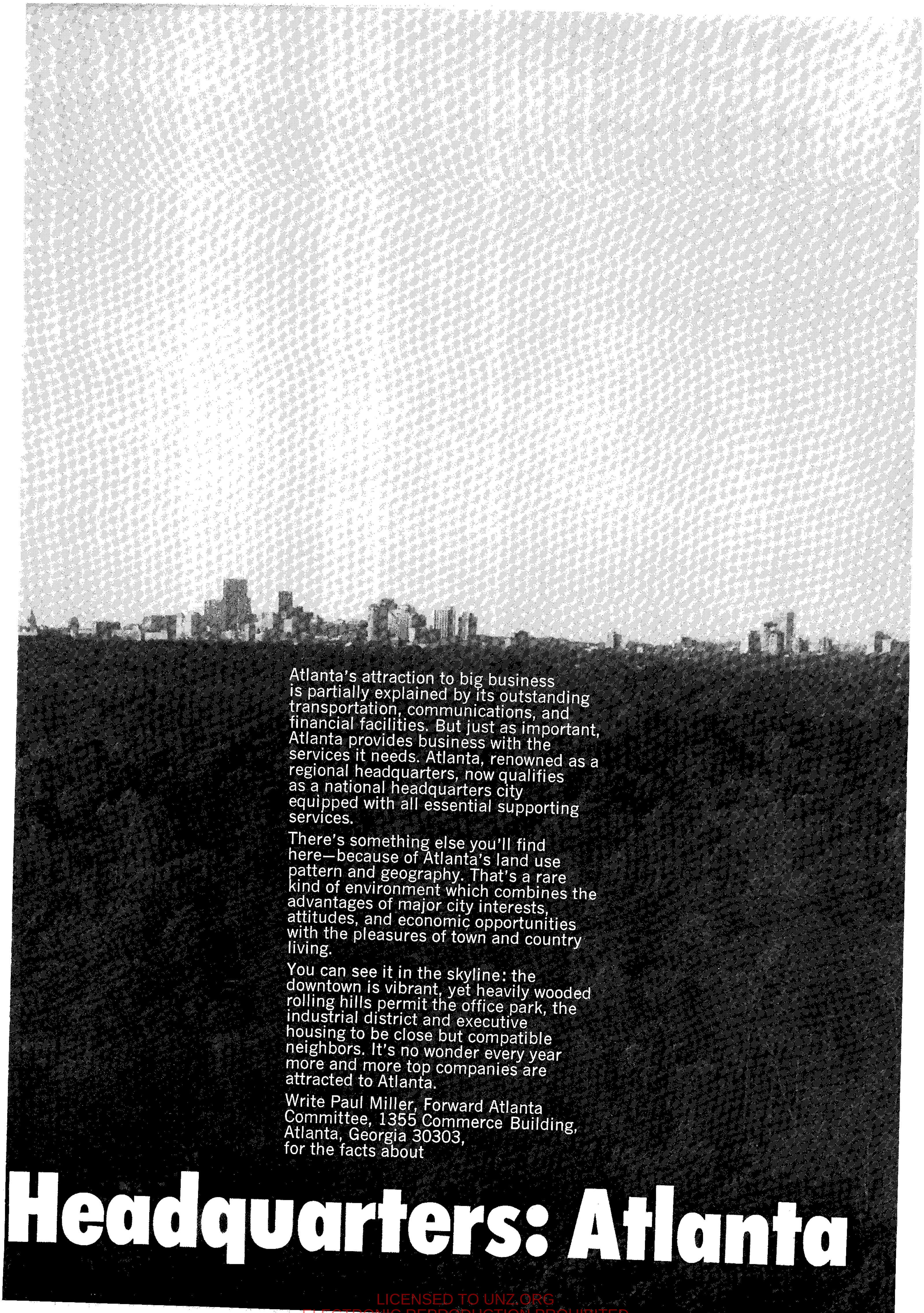
Mme. L. and I sit at the kitchen table. We make strong coffee and turn *both* our radios on at once to Radio Luxembourg. At five minutes to four, we hear on two radios someone singing "I Like the Likes of You." Mme. L., who is always self-contained, little and round and very sweet-tempered, makes a gesture as if grasping someone by the shoulders and cries, "Oh, why don't they tell us something *now*?" We learn that banks in Italy and in Belgium are not buying francs. "My Blue Heaven." The ministers are out; we are given an interpretation of the way they look, what their expressions mean. Edgar Faure is supposed to have said, "I am optimistic by nature." We know now that de G. saw the Army, that there *are* tanks *around* Paris. It begins to seem like a carefully planned scenario: letting the country get out of hand, then leaving Paris, then disappearing, now the Resurrection. The press seems solidly in favor of his going; we can't imagine an alternative now. But what will happen then? I remind Mme. L. that tanks were actually *in* Paris in 1958 and in 1961, but she had forgotten. "I can't wait this way," she says, and begins to fiddle with a carpet sweeper. I think she should go home. "What I am afraid of," she says, "is *la dictature en plein*." We seem to feel we shall never see each other again; we embrace. She is carrying her radio. I say, "Well, all we need now is the Comte de Paris." She says seriously, "If he became king, my husband would be a baronet. *Mais moi, je préfère la tranquillité à tous ces trucs-là*." Radio gives "Restes-Là, Ne T'En Vas Pas." Disc jockey with a sense of history? Between four and half past four, I trim all the primulas of their dead leaves, then take them off the windowsill, wash the windowsill, start to dust the bookshelves.

Ça y est. Firm, clear, angry, the old soldier, perhaps a little mad. Walk up and down. Sun on the carpet. The "Marseillaise."

From *Le Monde*: "RATS IN THE STREETS OF PARIS." The Ville de Paris and the Army are trying to get the garbage off the streets, but "rats have made their appearance."

Walked off to see the demonstration for de Gaulle on the Champs-Élysées. Lovely afternoon. Stopped in at Jacqueline's bookshop. Shop is in darkness. She and a group of friends—I recognize her mother—sit around a radio listening to the first commentaries on the declaration. They say nothing, stare at the radio. The streets seem normal. I begin to wonder if I dreamed the day. Rue de Sèvres filthy, the sort of scruffy, messy pavement you see in New York. Everything looks trashy, unloved. Power strike. Traffic lights dead. Walk miles out of my way, just to walk. Down the Boulevard des Invalides, Rue de Grenelle, Boulevard de La Tour-Maubourg, along the Quai d'Orsay a short distance, the Pont Alexandre III. People, not a crowd, hurrying over the bridge. About every third person is listening to a radio. Tracts all over the pavements, in the gutters. The first thing I see is a fleet of tricolor flags moving toward the Arc de Triomphe. Slogans. The first I can understand, as I draw nearer, is "*La France aux français*." I have walked into an incident: I am between two students and a civilian with a tricolor card half out of his vest pocket who is with a paratrooper in combat uniform. I don't know what took place—what was taking place before I became





Atlanta's attraction to big business is partially explained by its outstanding transportation, communications, and financial facilities. But just as important, Atlanta provides business with the services it needs. Atlanta, renowned as a regional headquarters, now qualifies as a national headquarters city equipped with all essential supporting services.

There's something else you'll find here—because of Atlanta's land use pattern and geography. That's a rare kind of environment which combines the advantages of major city interests, attitudes, and economic opportunities with the pleasures of town and country living.

You can see it in the skyline: the downtown is vibrant, yet heavily wooded rolling hills permit the office park, the industrial district and executive housing to be close but compatible neighbors. It's no wonder every year more and more top companies are attracted to Atlanta.

Write Paul Miller, Forward Atlanta Committee, 1355 Commerce Building,
Atlanta, Georgia 30303,
for the facts about

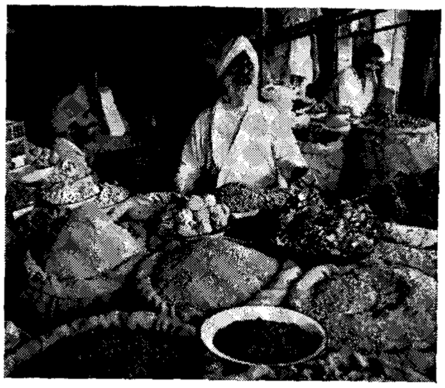
Headquarters: Atlanta

aware. The para stands in the middle of the Champs-Élysées, knees bent, hands tense, and cries, "Let me at them! Give me four, five of them, so I can smash their faces!" He says this to the contingent of marchers just in front of me, who say "No, no," and calm him down, rather as one calms a child. They move on slowly—the whole incident is only a few seconds long. The civilian, a man of about thirty, curly fair hair, remains there, cries, "*Vous faites la loi à la Sorbonne, mais pas ici!*" I am exactly between them. I turn to the boys and say, "Don't answer—*ne vous laissez pas provoquer*." I needn't have said anything; they are perfectly calm. The taller boy says placidly, "*Je n'ai rien dit.*" I would guess from the look of them, from their clothes and manner, that they might be law students. I then see that behind me there are two or three more, but they don't speak to one another, they don't exchange looks; they are evidently not sympathetic to what we are seeing, and are being extremely careful. Groups pour up the Champs-Élysées. These are people who aren't used to marching or to parading around in the streets. Their *service d'ordre* is improvised, and I have the feeling that until an hour beforehand they didn't know if they would be here at all. We are pushed back; I accidentally step on the feet of an elderly man, who punches me in the back, so that I am flung forward, against the line of *service d'ordre*. (He really hit out; it still hurts.) I have a feeling of panic, for the first time since the beginning of this month, in any crowd. No one has shoved or hit at *this kind* of demonstration. I am acutely unhappy at the slogans I am hearing: "*La France aux français*," "*La police avec nous*." I find this ugly. When I heard the students last week shouting "*Nous sommes tous des juifs allemands!*" I thought they were speaking to their parents. Today the parents answer: "*La France aux français*." This is a much older crowd, better dressed. Yes, these are the parents. They sing the "Marseillaise," which would move a stone, but for the first time I feel a foreigner; I don't join in. I didn't sing the "Internationale" with the students. It is a song that is none of my business. But I liked those kids. They were generous, and they were very brave. And when they shouted a slogan they were always asking for some sort of justice, usually for someone else. What is generous about "*La police avec nous*"? When an *agent de police* crosses to the opposite pavement, he is almost hys-

Waterford

Turn to page 30 and see the newest pieces of Waterford Crystal in all their reflected glory.

Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Boca Raton, Fla.	Irish Gifts Galore Ltd.
Baltimore, Md.	Stewart & Co.
Boston, Mass.	Shreve, Crump & Low
Boston, Mass.	Thomas Long Co.
Chicago, Ill.	Marshall Field & Co.
Chicago, Ill.	C. D. Peacock, Inc.
Cincinnati, O.	The H & S Pogue Co.
Cleveland, O.	Halle's
Coral Gables, Fla.	Carroll's
Dearborn, Mich.	Jacobson Stores
Denver, Colo.	Denver Dry Goods
Denver, Colo.	International Villa
Detroit, Mich.	J. L. Hudson Co.
Hartford, Conn.	Lux Bond Green & Stevens
Houston, Tex.	Joske's
Kansas City, Mo.	Jones Store
Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's
Los Angeles, Calif.	J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Miami Beach, Fla.	Nessa Gaulois
Milwaukee, Wis.	George Watts & Son
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dublin Walk
Newark, N. J.	The Hahne Co.
New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd.
New York, N. Y.	B. Altman & Co.
Pasadena, Calif.	J. Herbert Hall Jewelry
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Co.
Portland, Ore.	Zell Bros.
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley-Lindsay-Curr
San Francisco, Calif.	Gump's
Seattle, Wash.	Frederick & Nelson
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinckel & Co.
Washington, D. C.	Woodward-Lothrop



We'll take you to the shops of India. And give you the biggest bargain of all.

28 days in India, Iran and Nepal. $1,570.*

You could search the world and never find more exotic countryside.

India for 17 days (including three in Kashmir), Iran for four and Nepal for three, fully escorted all the while. With a day in London coming back, to make the bargain that much bigger.

Including round-trip Air-India fare from New York. Twin-bedded rooms with private bath at superior hotels. All meals except in Iran and London, where Continental breakfasts are provided. Sightseeing and excursion tours by private motorcoach. And most taxes and tips.

Departing Oct. 1, 1968; and Jan. 14, Apr. 1, July 15 and Oct. 7, 1969.

Truly, the biggest bargain of all.

AIR-INDIA NY
666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019
Dear Sirs:
Please send me more information on your String of Sapphires® tour. Then I'll see my travel agent.

Name__________

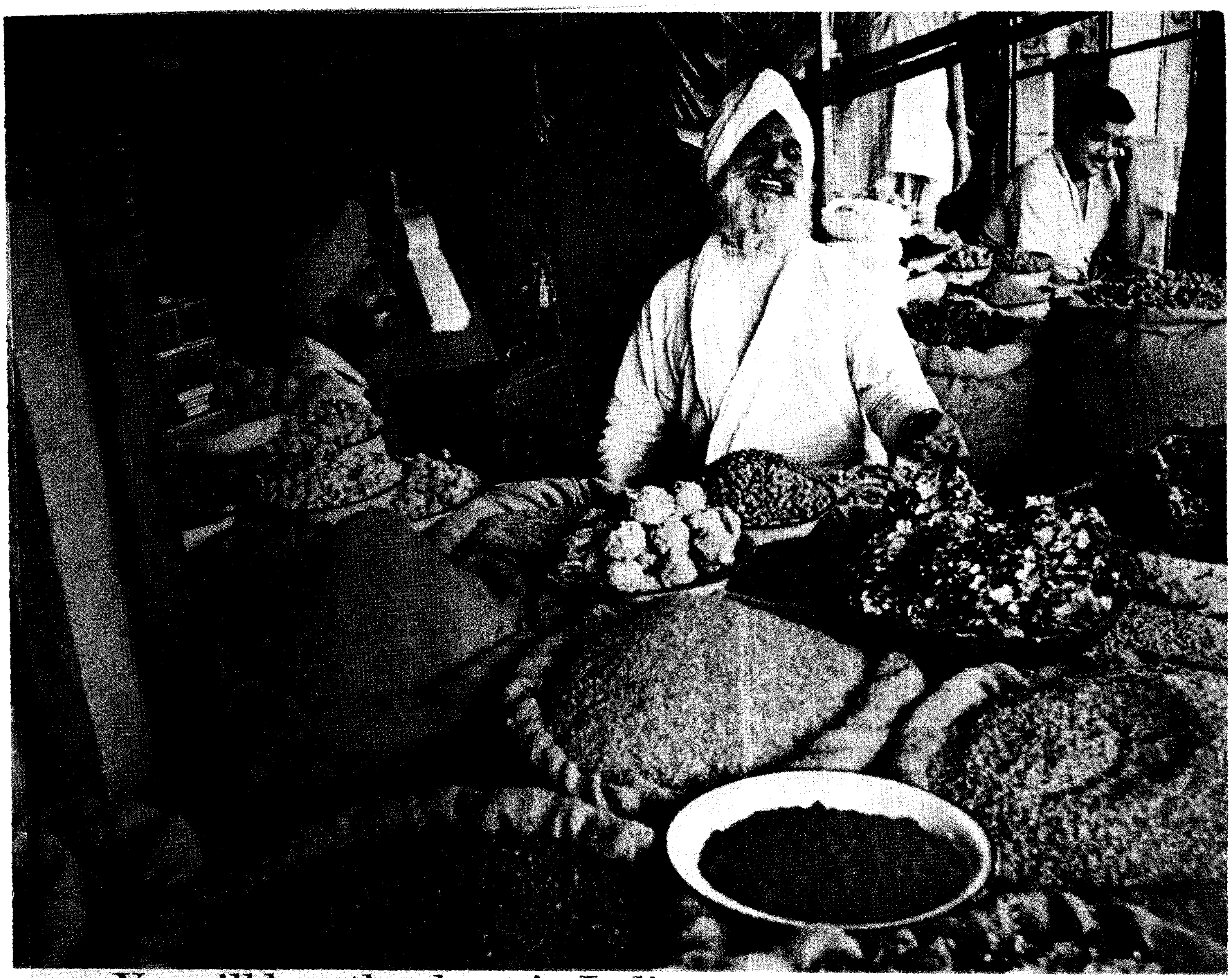
Address__________

City__________

State__________Zip______

Travel Agent__________

*Based on the 28-day economy group inclusive tour air fare—minimum 10 in a group—valid all year except June 9-July 3 and August 4-21, 1969, when rates are increased $50 per person.



You will love the shops in India. But not as much as the shopkeepers.

If, after a day of sightseeing in New Delhi, you find yourself in possession of a bag of yellow cooking spice, do not be surprised.

A merchant in Delhi can make a bag of cooking spice seem like a terribly necessary commodity.

"It will clear your sinuses, my friend. And awaken your senses. And open the dusty corridors of your mind. It will make you witty and wise. It will even put hair on your head."

How can you resist such a fellow?

Wherever you travel in India you will be impressed with the quality and low cost of our handcrafted goods—our silks, sandals, carvings, paintings, brocades, brassware, ivory, precious stones.

But it is our guess that what will often move you to buy these treasures will be the charm and good humor of the people who sell them.

Come and discover this for yourself. Talk to the silk merchant in Madras. The rug dealer in Kashmir. The goldsmith in Jaipur. Swap stories with the weaver in Benares. The ivory carver in Kerala.

Come and meet the shopkeepers of India. You will not need an interpreter. And you will not need much money.

For more information on our shops, our shopkeepers, our hotels, our restaurants, our scenic wonders, see your travel agent or complete the lines below and mail them to us. We will send you a free colorful booklet filled with useful travel information.

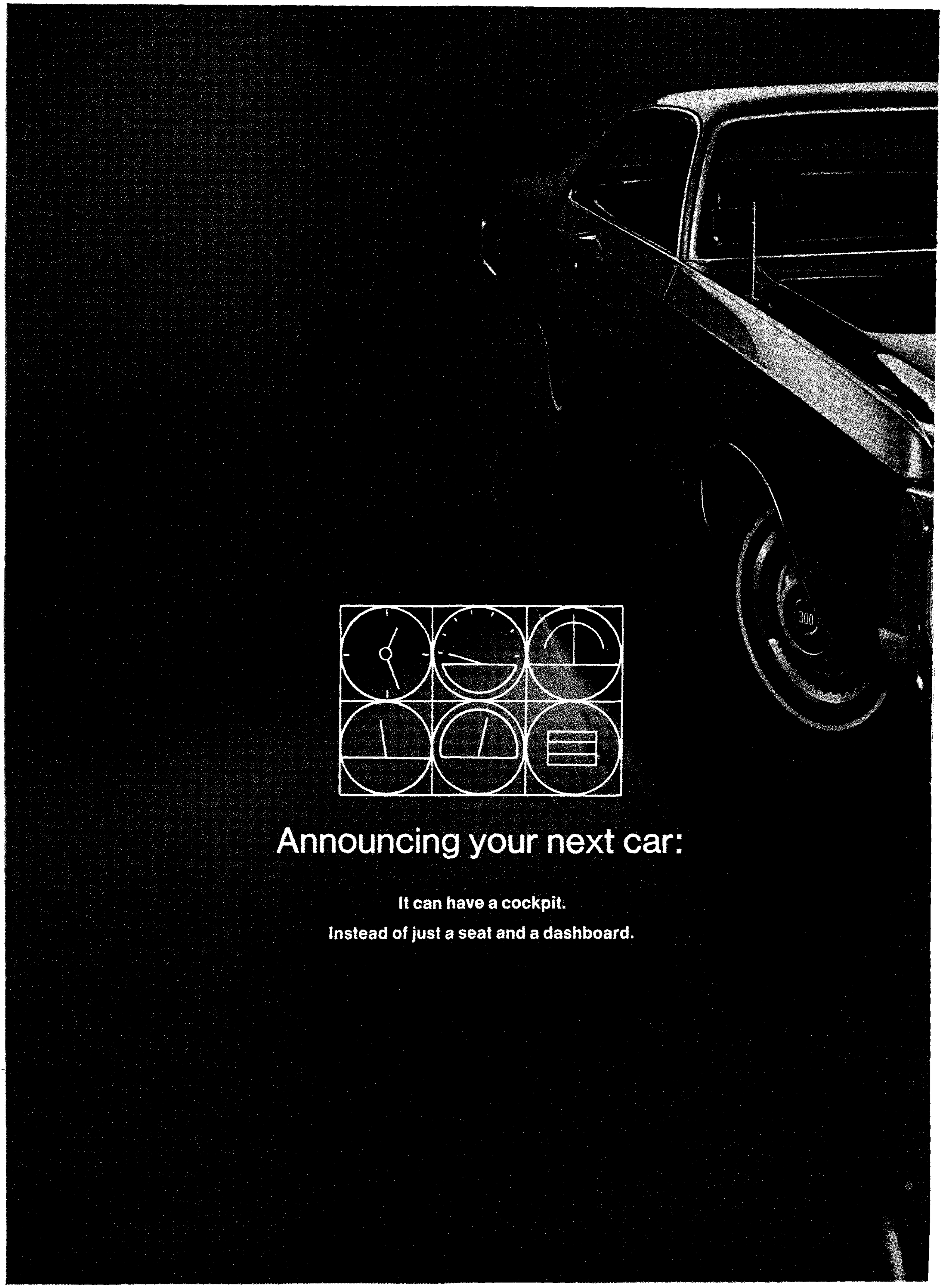
Government of India Tourist Office: New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________

State________Zip Code______


300
Announcing your next car:
It can have a cockpit.
Instead of just a seat and a dashboard.

Three Hundred 2-Door Hardtop

The great new Chrysler.

Your next car can have a fresh new styling concept. A fluid curved line that shapes a cylinder instead of a box. Every cubic inch of space is functional, designed to complement its occupants.

Your next car can enclose you in this cockpit of curved glass windows, soft vinyl seats, and a sound-absorbing ceiling. A quiet array of lighted instrument gauges is within your reach.

Your next car can give you sweeping visibility, more comfort, complete performance, and a joyous heart.

And your next car is a car you can move up to. Easily.

Your next car is here today.

The great new Chrysler for 1969.

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

Rainfair
RAIN TOPCOATS
Rainwear of Distinctive Styling and Quality

It's a rain topcoat.
No. It's a top raincoat.
No. It's both.

It's a great looking topcoat of 100% wool. Split shoulders. Flap pockets. Bal collar. But it's also water repellent. That makes it a great raincoat. Two for the price of one. About $55. At extraordinary stores everywhere.

RAINFAIR, INC., RACINE, WISCONSIN

terically cheered. I hear "*De Gaulle, nous sommes là*," which I expect—that is what they have turned out to say. But by now I am feeling ungenerous, too, and I wonder why they didn't turn out and say this a week ago. Why did they wait until the tanks were around Paris, and Father had given them the all-clear? I see working-class people, students—not many, and the students near me nudge each other as they go by. At the cry "Liberate the Sorbonne!" one of the boys next to me says, under his breath, "I thought we had."

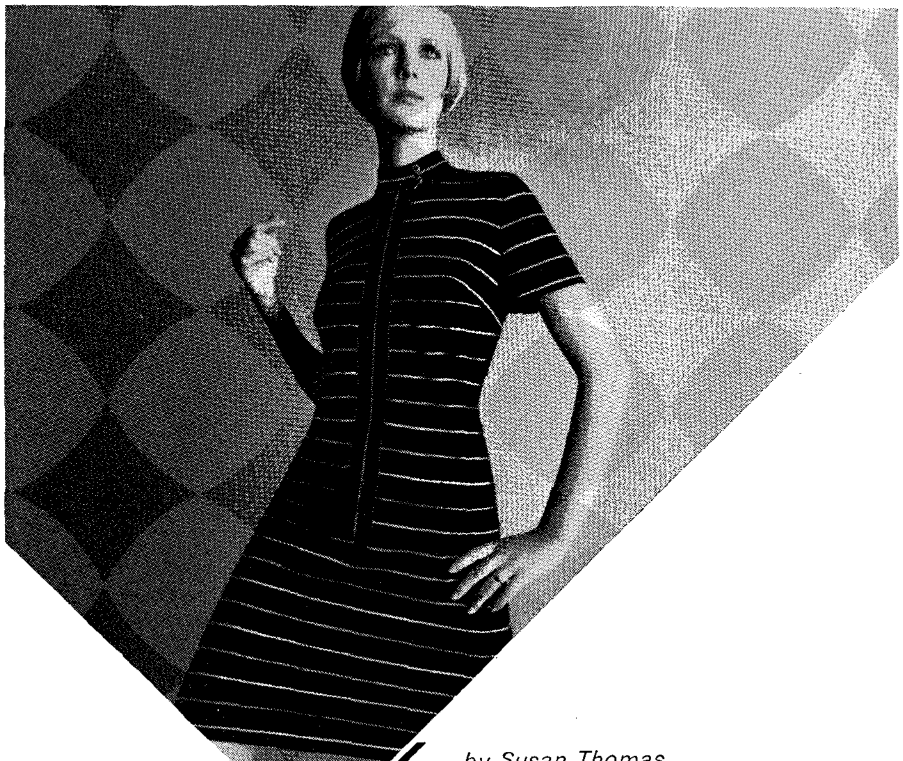
There is a much uglier cry, "*Vidangez la Sorbonne!*" (*vidanger* is to clean out a cesspool), but Suzanne B. heard the demonstrators on Red Friday crying "*Vidangez l'Élysée!*" so they are all one down for vulgarity. I am astonished at how often I hear Cohn-Bendit's name—at least as often as de Gaulle's. They send him to Peking, back to Germany. The mass of this demonstration is made up of *le petit peuple*. Not the girl who works in a factory but the waitress from the *bistro*, the girl who washes your hair. They are fed up with losing time, being tired, losing their pay, and they want to get back to work. "*Nous voulons travailler!*" "You see, they want to work," someone says. I can't help repeating "*They*," which gets a quick, amused look from the students. There is one sign I particularly like: "LES SILENCIEUX EN ONT MARRE"—"The Silent Ones Are Fed Up." I laugh, and when I look again the students have gone. Probably a coincidence?

Turning to leave, I bump into a man I know. I can't remember his name—I used to see him at his wife's aunt's parties. This aunt held soirées that I liked because there was something provincial about them. She would collect the people I can imagine at an evening in, say, Aix-en-Provence before the 1914 war; there would be the journalist, the distinguished Army officer, the painter, the man who owns all the vineyards, and so forth. All I can remember about this man is that he once showed me a poem of his and told me something about his personal life. I say, "*C'est du Mauriac*," and he is pleased, and says how true. We walk back over the bridge together. He isn't entirely delighted about the *défilé*—I'm not sure why, and I ask nothing whatever—but he is glad they turned out anyway. It was time. He says that he predicted this all along. That in 1962 he said, "*Si on ne fait pas du social*, there will be trouble." I love "*faire du social*"—it takes in hous-

Nothing surpasses a black-and-white
Bachrach portrait except a portrait in
Bachrach Direct Color.

The cherished
portrait
is by Bachrach

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233
Baltimore • Boston • Hartford • Philadelphia • Providence • Short Hills, N. J., • Washington



by Susan Thomas

VIVO®

Zip-front quick-knit: individualistic shift in Wulesco knit of Celanese acetate, vari-striped on grey, brown, black. 6-16, about $30. Bloomingdale's, New York and branches; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's of Michigan; Dayton Co., Minneapolis; or write Vivo, div. of Susan Thomas, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018. *Slightly higher in the west.*

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION

Parke-Bernet Galleries

OCTOBER 3 AT 10:30 and 1:45

Important Jewelry

Diamond earclips
by David Webb
weighing approximately
23 carats

From Various Owners
Including the Estate of the Late
Mrs. Carl J. Schmidlapp, New York

Other fine jewelry set with diamonds and fine colored stones including an important diamond necklace by Harry Winston and a magnificent unmounted heart-shaped diamond.

ON VIEW FROM SEPTEMBER 27 • ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE $2. BY MAIL $2.50
Address Orders, Jewelry Dept. 16
Parke-Bernet Galleries, Inc.
980 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

ing, hospitals, schools, feeding people, child welfare, the lot. "*Du social.*" He admires the scenario: the uncertainty, the disappearance of the helicopter, the reappearance of the saviour. "I have never liked him," he says. No name is given for "him." "*Mais ça force l'admiration.*" He knows (how?) that the helicopter was in Germany. I say I had heard Mulhouse. His wife is such a passionate Gaullist that not only has she not hoarded food but she has refused to buy anything at all. "*Ce n'est pas prudent.* We have four children." Suddenly remember his wife—she is an authentic and highly decorated *Résistante.* The real thing. Nice woman. He says, "You were once kind enough to read one of my poems." I say I remember "*Le petit renard du matin*"—some such thing. "No, it was '*Je vois le renard qui s'enfuit à l'aube.*' " This is a conversation in a dream. We are walking up the Boulevard de La Tour-Maubourg. I say, "Do you think there will be a civil war?" "It is possible," he says politely. I then tell him what I have been telling others (and myself) for three days now: There is no such thing as a *coup d'état* without an army—your own or someone else's. Element of farce: I see three large Army vehicles and say, "Troop movements *in* Paris?" He says, always polite, "*C'est ça que vous appelez des mouvements de troupes?*" Look again, and see they are the improvised buses the Army is using to get people to work and back. In front of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, where we are to separate, he produces a sheaf of manuscript poems from a pocket and reads me one. It is called "Tu M'As Nommée." (From the Bible, he says, explaining the title.) Cars are going by, and bicycles, and any number of people walking. He reads with expression. He reads, "*Un mur troué d'oiseaux . . .*" "*Ça, c'est joli,*" I say, shaking with tiredness; at least, I feel that I am trembling, and that everyone can see. He puts the poems away and says his wife will be giving a cocktail party. *Now?* Oh, no. When it is possible.

After the Champs-Élysées demonstration, the revolutionary posters along the Boulevard Montparnasse look used up—finished. Con, M., and I eat an enormous dinner, with floods of wine, in the Coupole. We have spells of *fou-rire* that remind me of the time Con, M. Black, and I were stuck in an elevator and were in such fits of laughter that I later realized we must have been frightened. Coupole lights go off at one-fifteen—earliest ever. From something Con says, I realize it was yesterday

This Christmas spend Chanukah in Israel.

People have died just to live in Israel.

And people have lived just to die in Israel.

Why? Why Israel? Why here, in such a little place?

You can drive over it in a day or fly over it in an hour. In it are a sea where nothing swims and a desert where nothing grows.

As real estate, it's nothing much.

But here, in this little place, every ethic of Western man was born.

The Bible was written here, and every man has a root here, deep in Israel's stubborn soil.

Come to Jerusalem, to Bethlehem, to Nazareth, to the Galilee. Follow the course of a life that changed the course of a billion lives.

Come to the same Jerusalem, to the wall of Solomon's Temple. For 1900 years, men have vowed, "Next year in Jerusalem." Solomon's wall is only one reason why.

Mount Moriah, where Abraham offered Isaac in sacrifice, is in Jerusalem. This is the city of David and David is buried here. Mount Zion is here, and the Dome of the Rock. Gethsemane is here, the Mount of Olives is here, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is here. All here.

Yet if Israel is only a dot on the map of the world, Jerusalem is only a dot on the map of Israel.

And wander where you will, every inch is history. (The Bible is still the best guidebook to Israel.) Hear the names: Acre, the Crusader city. Beersheba. Eilat. Sodom. Massada.

Even as you land at our airport, you are a stone's throw from Modi'in, the birthplace of the Maccabees.

Here, in 200 B.C.E., Judah Maccabee led a victorious Jewish army to dramatic victory against overwhelming Roman force.

Chanukah, the 8-day Festival of Lights, celebrates that victory. And that victory is still celebrated here every year.

You are most welcome to join our celebration this winter.

And you are most welcome to explore all of the modern Israel as well as the ancient one.

In a land of miracles, miracles are to be expected.

And so you will see us harvest chemicals from the Dead Sea where nothing swims and oranges from the desert where nothing grows.

You will find our cities sprawling, our people vital, our night life hectic, our weather mild, our beaches uncrowded, our hotels superb, our mood elated.

You will find that Israel has no beginnings or endings. Time collapses utterly; you can touch the past and present with one hand.

You will find a new sense of history here, perhaps even a new sense of yourself.

And you will never, ever forget.

EL AL

The airline of Israel.

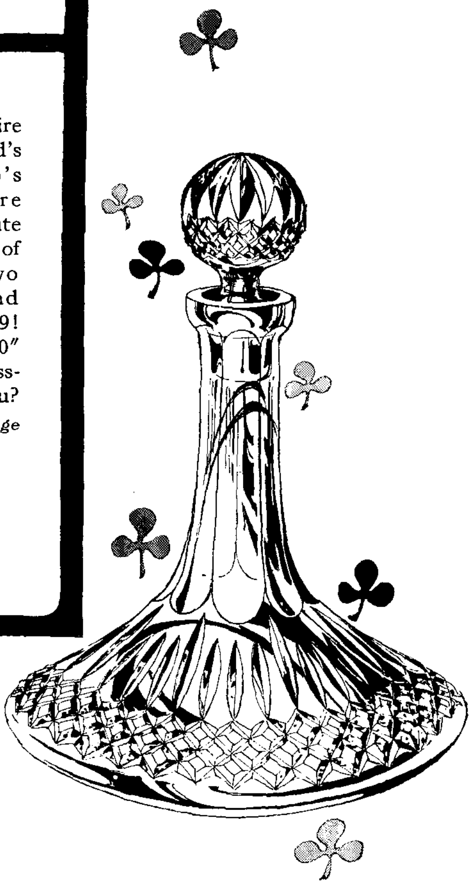
New York, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Houston, Mexico City, Miami Beach, Montreal, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Toronto, Washington, D.C.

SBF has the luxe of the Irish

We're first in the entire U.S.A. with Waterford's beautiful new ship's decanter in Lismore cutting, a premiere salute to SBF's celebration of "The Pride of Two Nations: Ireland and Israel," October 7—19! Hand-cut lead crystal, 10″ tall, $37.50. SBF Glassware. May we send you?

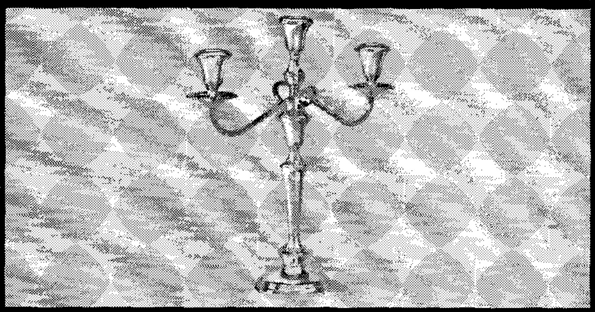
Add $1 shipping charge

Stix, Baer & Fuller
ST. LOUIS



Great excuses for giving yourself a present:

SEPT. 22: TOTAL ECLIPSE OF SUN



For total eclipses, partial eclipses, and romantic little dinners: our convertible sterling candelabra. $150, the pair.

®International Sterling

Made by The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn. Price subject to change.
At fine jewelers and silverware departments.

that de G. vanished (to see the generals), and not today. All run together in my mind. Tell Con I am more afraid of trouble now than before de G.'s speech. He quiet and sensible, as always. Earlier in evening, saw new moon, had vague wish that everything would end well. What a horrible day.

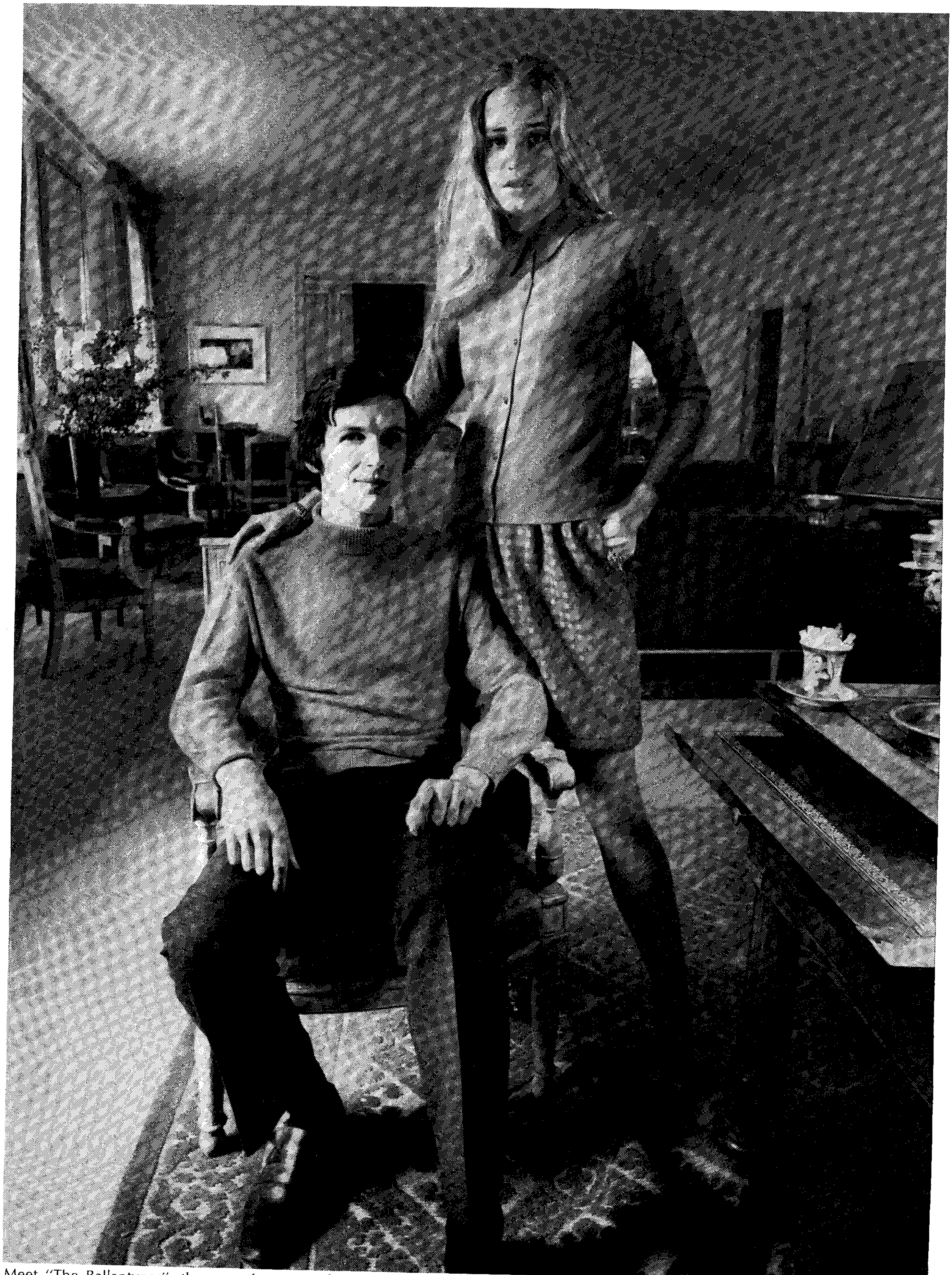
MAY 31

TALK to F. and M. B., tell them I feel rotten, like a minority, and hate it. F. says, "You are not a minority; many of us feel the same way." No *explosion de joie*, as papers suddenly have it—just depressed feeling, as after an illness. Uneasy atmosphere; a lot of horse trading going on. F. was revolted by Champs-Élysées late at night, the expensive cars trailing large flags whipping round and round the Étoile honking "*Al-gé-rie fran-çaise*" while police smiled paternally. He calls them "the *blousons noirs* of the Right Bank." Both B.s shocked at the week-end exodus already beginning.

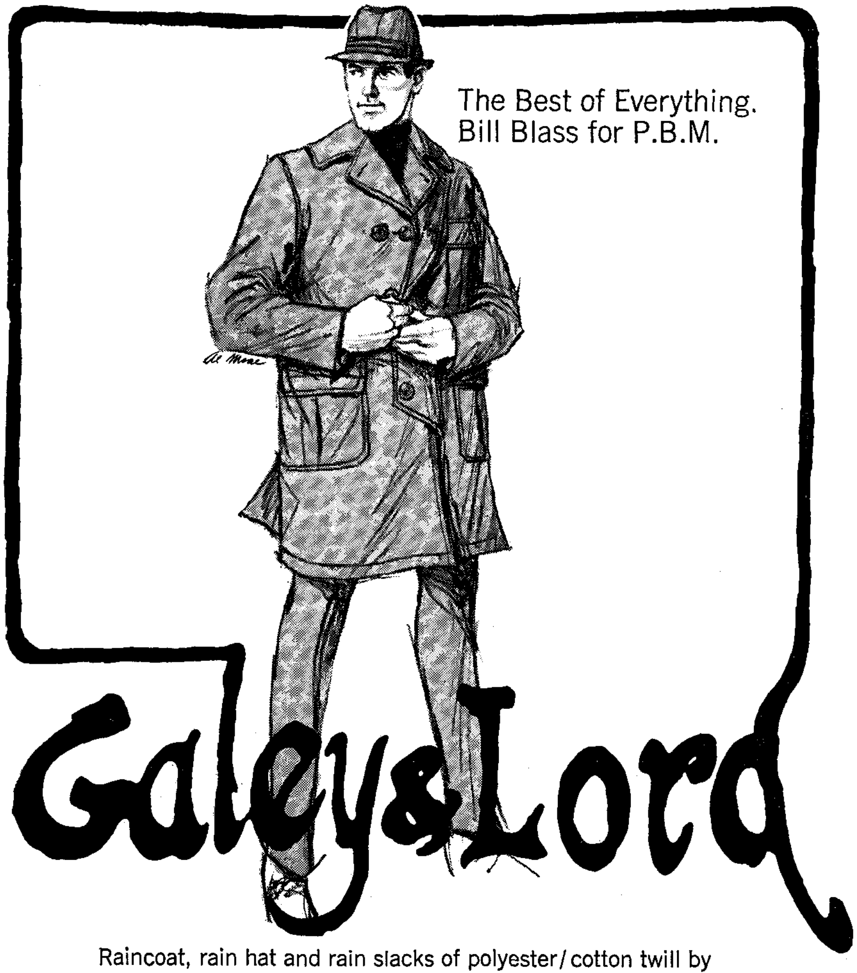
Z. and I, early in the morning, talk about Maupassant story about the old grandmother who wakes up on her deathbed, sees that the inheritors have already moved her favorite clock, comes back to life, and changes her will (something like that). Tell Z. what I saw yesterday. She says sadly, "One can't always choose one's allies."

Agnès: From a long line of generals and aristos. Used to see her wearing her father's combat-leopard-Algerian things, miles too large. Country neighbors of the D.s. Never liked them—all the spontaneity trained out. If they were horses, I wouldn't back them. She turned up at the Société de Géographie the other day with a commando of débutantes; slim, long hair. Gave the impression of slumming on the Left Bank—I made some sharp remark, which she didn't answer. Too thoroughly trained. Nothing to do with manners—they aren't really polite. Remembered her this morning with some remorse, rang up, said that, like everyone, I was slightly on edge these days, that I had no right to take it out on someone else. Like talking to a china teacup. Said something sharp all over again—something like "If you don't know how to accept an apology, you will never be a person." End of china teacup. Had extraordinary conversation. Her voice came alive. Told me she was not as silly as I seemed to think, had been in the movement from the beginning, along with her sister. Told me how "the police watch, single out, certain students, then, when they charge, four or five police will attack

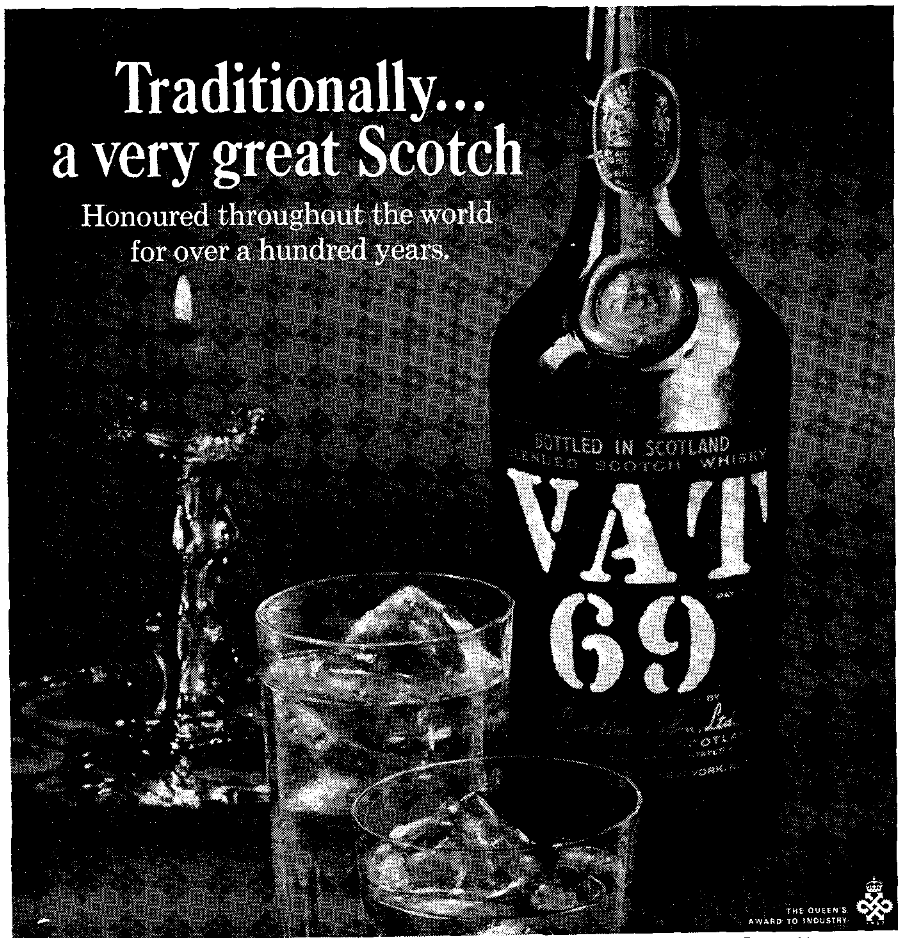
Who's this famous couple?



Meet "The Ballantynes", the most famous cashmere sweaters in the world. Made in Peebles, Scotland and available for ladies and gentlemen at Lord & Taylor, I. Magnin, Neiman-Marcus, Holt Renfrew or write Ballantyne, 40 East 34th Street, New York. **BALLANTYNE**


The Best of Everything.
Bill Blass for P.B.M.
Galey&Lord

Raincoat, rain hat and rain slacks of polyester/cotton twill by
Galey & Lord, 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018, a division of Burlington Industries.


Traditionally...
a very great Scotch
Honoured throughout the world
for over a hundred years.
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT
69
THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y.

that one person." Said that she had never thrown anything—"*J'ai beaucoup trop peur*"—but had seen enough, and that the next time there were barricades she would join them. This romantic, but when she said she had been to Charléty it sounded serious. Did not say "my parents" (whose image danced before my eyes as I listened to her) but "my entourage": "You can imagine the difficulty with my entourage. And my brother is a Fascist with Occident." Yes, I *can imagine*. She talked non-stop several minutes before becoming a china teacup again. That awful training. Such a crime with a bright mind—tight-minded parents, snob schools. Like packing up a parachute. Was astonished at how much she understood about the union negotiations. The daughters of the general. *Où allons-nous?*

In the Faculté de Médecine: pictures of students taken during debates, posted up, which they can buy. Something to show the children. "You see, Papa *was* a revolutionary!"

Suzanne B. hates the students, I think. She says that, after all, they are the sons of the men who behaved so badly in 1940. I think (but don't say) that if the police had fought the Germans as they now fight these children, there might not have been a 1940.

Suzanne's aged father thinks de G. was acting from the beginning—pretending to be the worn-out old man and then pretending he might step down, and now being the firm old soldier. S. says, "*Il en est bien capable.*" But I think the family will vote for him anyway. I remember that in the last election but one they voted Communist, in opposition to de G.! But now it has been too close for games.

All I can think of is the phrase of de Gaulle's, the famous phrase "*Les français sont des veaux.*" I am absolutely certain he is saying it to himself this minute, and knows exactly who his allies are. Change in speakers on radio stupefying. All sniffing the air and wheeling round. Noon news exactly as if yesterday had never happened; as if no one had been worried; as if everyone had known all along it was only a game. The month of May wiped out of time. Enraged to think I ever felt pity for de G. Furious at having been taken in. What an actor! Call up Jacqueline and ask her if the French are serious people, to be taken seriously. She says she supposes they are as serious as anyone else. I say, "*Les français sont des veaux.*" Jacqueline brings a total stranger to the telephone. Stranger says, reasonably, French no worse

Your doorway to clear direction in mutual funds.

Mutual funds are designed to provide the advantage of diversified holdings through a single investment while reducing risk. But no one mutual fund fits every investment situation. So doesn't it make sense to investigate as many as necessary for your needs?

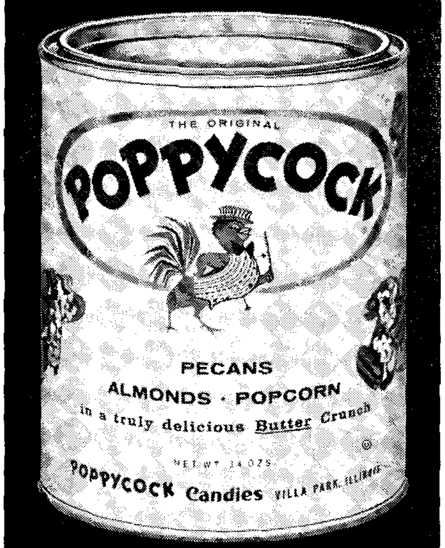
At Bache we're well-equipped to help you single out from the hundreds of mutual funds the fund or funds whose goals match your own. Deeply involved in mutual funds for many years, we've underwritten some of the biggest, researched most of the leading ones, advised large pension and profit-sharing plans in fund selection.

And since we represent no one particular fund, we're in a position to make completely objective recommendations. To learn which mutual fund or funds will best suit your needs visit the nearest Bache office. We now have 126 and the doors of all of them are open to help you.

BACHE & CO.
Incorporated
Members: All Leading Exchanges • Founded 1879
36 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 10005

BACHE & CO.
INCORPORATED

The Millionaire's Popcorn


THE ORIGINAL
POPPYCOCK
PECANS
ALMONDS · POPCORN
in a truly delicious Butter Crunch
NET WT 14 OZS
POPPYCOCK Candies VILLA PARK, ILLINOIS

The extraordinary thing about this "popcorn" is that there's so little popcorn in it. It's mostly nuts. Whole toasted pecans and almonds, exquisitely held together with caramelized sugar and butter. And more butter. And more butter. Actually the popcorn only serves to silence the crunch so you can eat Poppycock in the still of your club, or in your box at the opera. We know one woman so rich she even buys Poppycock for her little millionaire grandchild, though personally we never considered Poppycock a children's confection. Inasmuch as it costs $2.00 a can. It's sold mostly in fancier department and food stores.

POPPYCOCK CANDIES, VILLA PARK, ILL.

than anyone else. Poor Jacqueline—am so awful to her (why her, of all people?) that I go around to see her later in the day. Jacqueline laughs, says only, "*J'aime la spontanéité*"—a lot nicer than anything I'd have said in her place.

Everyone going to the country. Police using tear-gas grenades to rout strike pickets—not a ripple of protest. This in less than twenty-four hours. J. de T. says I was too optimistic all along. E. simply says, "I hate them all," which gets us nowhere—she hated the whole movement from the beginning. Says disturbance disturbs her and makes her feel lonely. Blond *antiquaire* on the Rue du Cherche-Midi says anti-Semitic inscriptions appeared on walls in the Sixteenth Arrondissement (where she lives), as if by magic, during the night. She is both anti-Communist and anti-de G., and sounds fed up and bitter.

At noon, the Sorbonne is empty. Not a soul in the large amphitheatre where the "permanent discussion" has been taking place. A few men talk to students out on the pavement, tell them it is time to get back to work. About two hundred people in the Odéon talking about the coming elections. The grassy square on the Rue des Écoles, opposite the Sorbonne, is a pigsty. They have burned the little kiosk. Students lie all over the grass—why shouldn't they? It is a bright, sunny day. Reminds me of London. But as I draw near I see that the square is full of bread crusts, empty Camembert boxes, greasy papers, bits of cold sausage—that the fountain looks like a cold-water tap in a slum courtyard. Students lying in and on garbage. Mother and little girl enter the square. Mother looks bewildered—no place for a child. By evening, a fire has broken out under the roof of the Sorbonne. Hoses, ladders, trucks, water on the pavements. Kids walk over hoses in the wet. I then walk to the Odéon again, where there are long queues, and outside the Odéon see posters saying that evidence of police brutality is being taken by the students' union. Seems years ago. Waiting lines outside cinemas. Restaurants nearly filled. Red and black flags still up outside the Sorbonne. Seems like an old movie set.

Suddenly plenty of gas for cars. Where did it come from? Man I know who owns garages, and who had put up signs saying "PANNE SÈCHE" on the pumps, meaning they'd run out, has to get rid of the evidence in a hurry. The *camions-citernes* are going to be round any minute, and the gas-oil people might be rather astonished to see that a few thousand litres are still in his reservoirs. By magic, sugar appears in every shop in my neighborhood. No sudden deliveries—it was in the back of the store all along. A sudden buying mania, but not of food. Dress shop on the Rue de Rennes suddenly in business. Normal instinct after having been frightened, but does it mean everyone had *du liquide* all along? I see rather a lot of it.

The papers don't describe the rally I saw. No one speaks of "*La police avec nous*," which I hated. Begin to think I no longer see clearly, until phone call from G., who saw exactly what I saw and whose reaction was like mine. G.'s father used to read "Mein Kampf" in French to his children during the Occupation. G. gives me a rapid roundup of collaborator family connections now chanting "*De Gaulle n'est pas seul.*" Am astonished to hear from the wife of a foreign diplomat that her reaction was like G.'s and like mine. Can't tell anyone in her circle, or even her husband, "because we don't agree on the father image." I discover today that my most anti-Gaullist friends (though not the D.s) also turned out. But also Philippe and his brother, and Mija's elder son. Just people who like law and order. I say to Suzanne B., "But the Communist bogey is nonsense." She says, "It doesn't matter. De G. had to bring it up. There was no other way."

Suzanne B. opposed in every possible way to student movement: the disorder, the violence, the mud stirred up from the very bottom. I tell her that the core of it is *pur*, that they are bewildered at how political parties have taken over, and disgusted that it turned into an interminable wrangle about wages and hours. That they were innocent enough to want a change without realizing what "change" means or the forms it takes. That this sordid *cuisine* is not what they fought for. Suzanne says bitterly, "Do you think that those who died in the Resistance died for the life we have had since 1944?"

Until about two in the morning, kids in open sports cars rush all over the city sounding the old notes of "*Al-gé-rie fran-çaise.*" Paradox that this should be in support of de Gaulle. Tonight, the enormous tricolor is hung from the top of the Arc de Triomphe—flag usually kept for July 14th and important state occasions. Wind picks it up, sweeps it under the arch. Red-

People who drink
Old Fitzgerald
don't know any better.

They know Bourbon, and they know there's no Bourbon any better than Old Fitzgerald.

You see, we gladly accept all the extra expense of hand-made care and all the extra time it takes to follow our family's original sour mash recipe.

We know that the unvarying character and flavor of our Bourbon cannot be achieved by any other method.

As a result, Old Fitzgerald is the most expensively *made* Bourbon in Kentucky, and probably in the world.*

No wonder the people who drink Old Fitzgerald don't know any better.

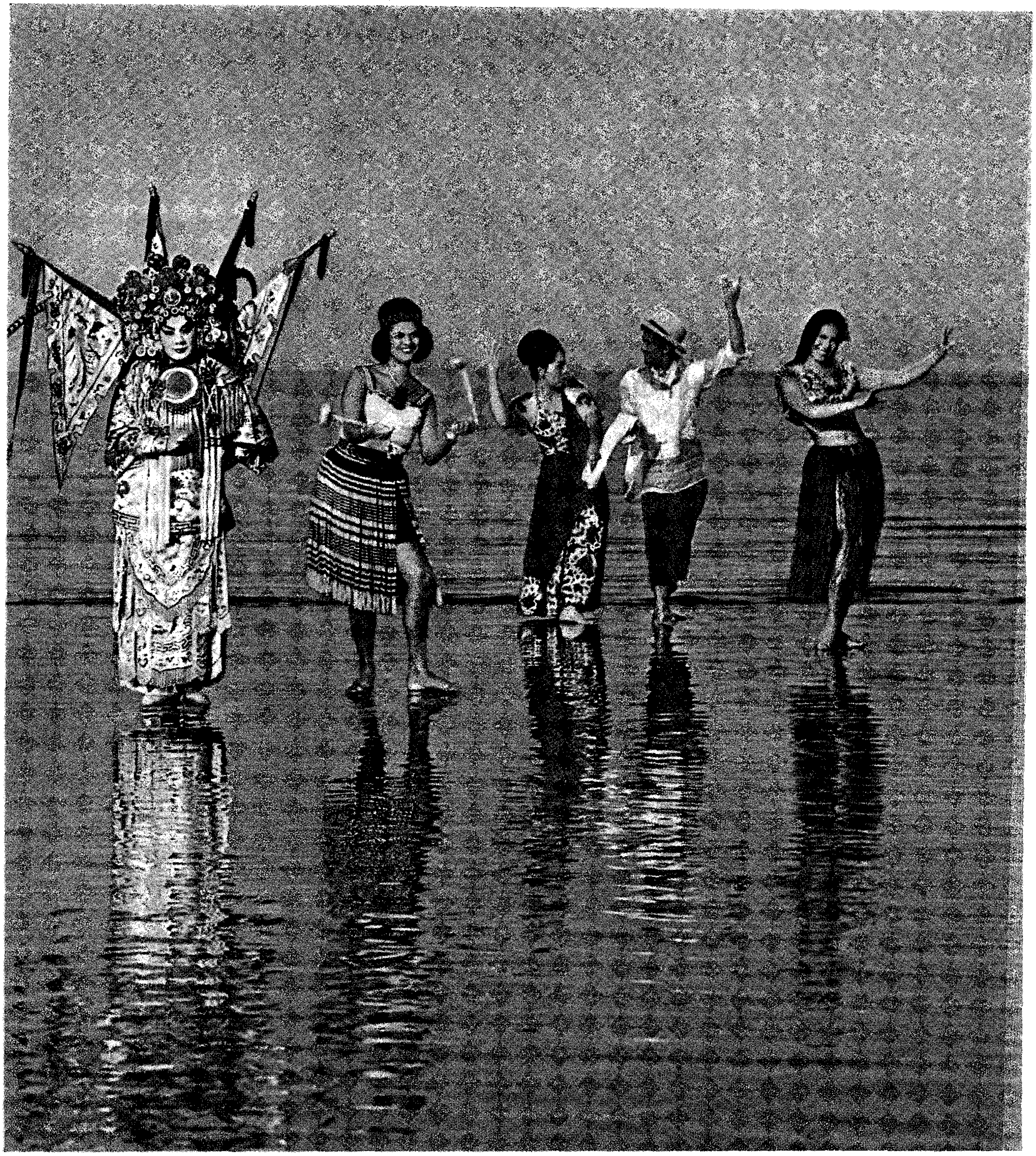
*Source: Kentucky Distilling Records

Old Fitzgerald

Bonded or Prime Straight, the most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky.

OLD FITZGERALD

STITZEL-WELLER • AMERICA'S OLDEST FAMILY DISTILLERY • ESTAB. LOUISVILLE, KY., 1849 • BONDED 100 PROOF AND PRIME 86.8 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON



You meet the most entertaining people

In Hawaii, throbbing drums summon swivel-hipped islanders to mesmerize you. In Thailand, dancers garbed in gold perform rituals centuries old. Japan presents a fascinating choice of theatre—Noh drama, classic Kabuki, Bunraku puppet plays—and then throws in a night life so glittering, Paris seems tame beside it. All over the Pacific people go out of their way to entertain you. The Indian Camel Corps parades for you. And the world's most famous dancers perform for you: New Zealand's expressive Maoris, Ceylon's renowned Kandyan dancers, the Philippines' incredible Bayanihan dancers, Indonesia's Monkey dancers. The Fijians even go so far as to dance across red-hot stones. Then there's Korea's haunting folk music, Singapore's giant amusement parks. Australia's fantastic surf carnivals and unique zoos. The Chinese Opera of Hong Kong and Taiwan. The night clubs and cabarets of Malaysia and Okinawa. The casinos of Macau. Superb entertainment—and all for you. Then after you've spent a day watching an elephant round-up or an evening at a luau, you can return to your hotel where the comforts of soft beds, good

in the Pacific.

food and solicitous service await you. For this is one of the charms of the Pacific: the proximity of the foreign and the familiar. The major problem facing a Pacific traveler is profusion: twenty-five appealing destinations. Your travel agent can help you sort this out and tailor your trip. Meanwhile, read our beautiful 28-page color story, DISCOVER THE PACIFIC. It's free.

To:
Pacific Area Travel Association
P A T A

ALASKA
AUSTRALIA
CAMBODIA
CANADA
CEYLON
CHINA, Rep. of
FIJI
GUAM
HAWAII
HONG KONG
INDIA
INDONESIA
JAPAN
KOREA
MACAU
MALAYSIA
MEXICO
NEPAL
NEW CALEDONIA
NEW ZEALAND
PAPUA - NEW GUINEA
PHILIPPINES
RYUKYU ISLANDS
SAMOA (American)
SAMOA (Western)
SINGAPORE
TAHITI
THAILAND
UNITED STATES

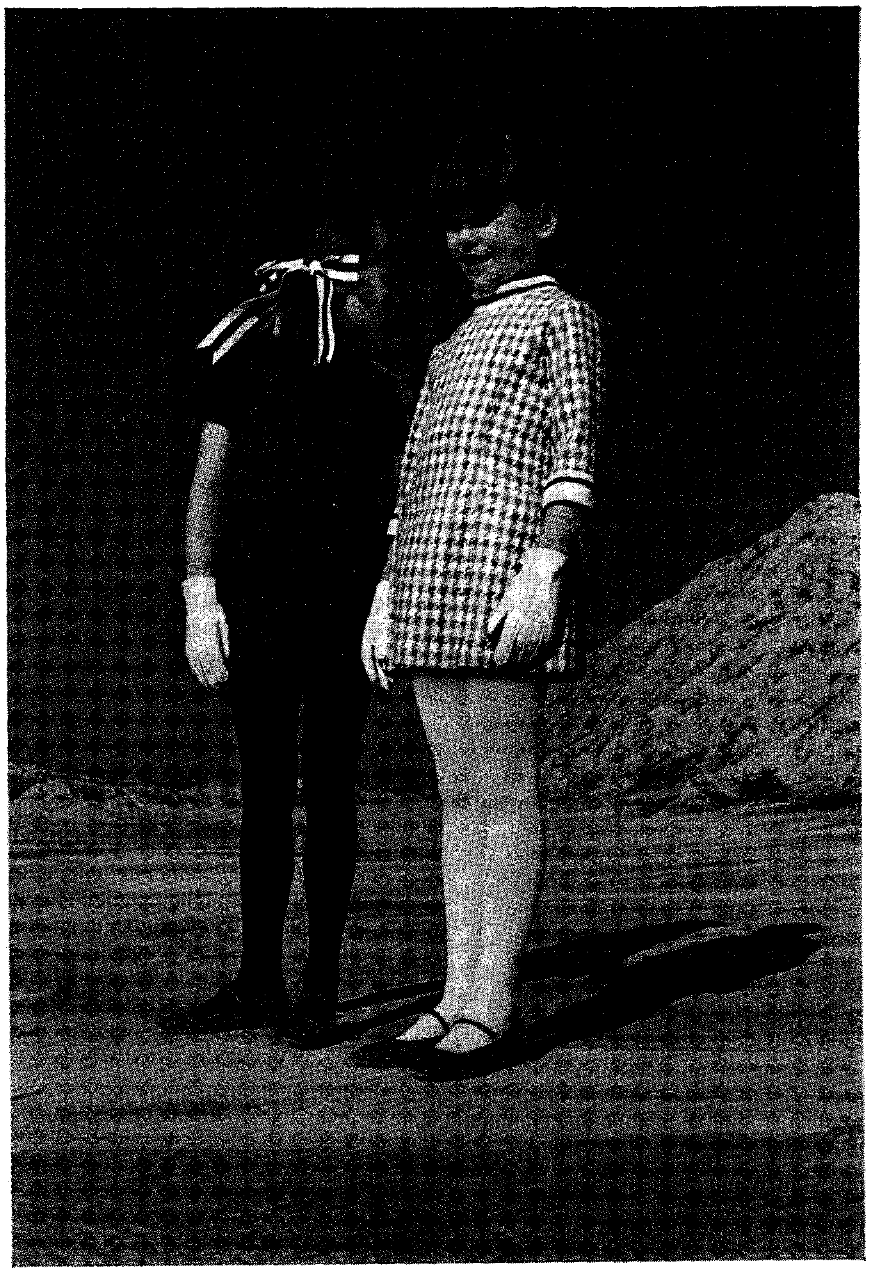
Dept. NY-9-68, 228 Grant Avenue
San Francisco, California 94108.
Please send me a free copy of DISCOVER THE PACIFIC

Name__________ Address__________

City__________ State & Zip__________

Wear-Dated

You get what you pay for, or we pay for it.



Wear-Dated® clothes are guaranteed for one full year's normal wear. If they're not as good as our word, return them to Monsanto with tags and sales slips and we'll refund your money or replace the garment.

Dresses. L: Red & Navy A-line. Sizes 3-6X, about $12. Sizes 7-12, about $14. R: Grey & White Hound's Tooth. Sizes 3-6X, about $14. Sizes 7-12, about $16. Both boldly trimmed. And made of 100% Acrilan® acrylic fiber bonded to acetate.

Just you by Johnston

ONE YEAR GUARANTEE
WEAR DATED
YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR OR WE PAY FOR IT.
Monsanto

Monsanto

white-blue colored searchlights up to the top of the sky. Suzanne B. for de Gaulle but disapproving of this—"Who has ordered this?" Answers herself: "*Le gouvernement.*" City split in two more than ever by the river. Gaullists on Champs-Élysées, students in Latin Quarter.

Telephone conversation late at night: "*Mavis, qu'est-ce que nous avions voulu, exactement?*" What people will be asking themselves for a long time. Something marvellous such as never has taken place? A change that had nothing to do with politics? A revolution with nothing broken and no one hurt? Tone of conversations is relief, bewilderment, disappointment, fatigue. It is like the feeling after a miscarriage—instant thanksgiving that the pain has ceased, plus the feeling of zero because it was all for nothing. Jacques says, "*J'ai l'impression que nous sommes passés à côté de quelque chose.*" But what? When Z. and I talk on the telephone, we sound about sixteen. As we talk, young Anna and her friends have put the whole thing behind them, are in another room talking about the Whitsun weekend. They are leaving for the country. There are still pickets outside the Lycée Saint-Louis, expecting to be attacked. Z. says, "They almost want it."

I discover that I know people who were in the demonstration May 13th *and* in the one yesterday on the Champs-Élysées. Demonstrated *against* the police and then *for* de G. But if they then shouted "*La police avec nous,*" what does it mean? Girl who only a few days ago spent an hour telling me about police atrocities now hostile, cold. Change in the wind, or in her? G. says I am seeing the war, the Resistance, the collaboration all in one and all at once.

June 1

"LE MOUVEMENT DE CONTESTATION SE POURSUIT DANS LE FOOTBALL." So that still isn't over. "LES MONUMENTS HISTORIQUES REJOIGNENT LE MOUVEMENT." They have come out on strike *today*.

Talk to Con, tell him about question I was asked very late at night: "*Qu'est-ce que nous avions voulu?*" Ask him what he thought they did want, ultimately. He says, "People wanted a change, we thought. Now I'm not so sure. We thought they wanted more than a face-lift, which is what they're getting now. This is the opinion of someone fairly antique, you know, but I think people want a little peace. We'd like to imagine young peo-

The noble ancestors of Worcester English silverplate were quite at home in palaces and castles.

Today, the patterns speak their heritage.

QUEEN ANNE...KINGS...LAMERIE SHELL...THREAD AND SHELL. Aristocrats of silverplated tableware, wrought in what is believed to be the heaviest silver deposit of any silverplate today. Worcester silverplate is made in England by silversmiths long skilled in their art, and justly proud of their work.

Made in Sheffield

WORCESTER

The Aristocrat of Silverplate

QUEEN ANNE: 5-pc. setting 19.25, 6-pc. 24.50

KINGS: 5-pc. setting 23.25, 6-pc. 29.50

THREAD and SHELL: 5-pc. setting 23.25, 6-pc. 29.50

Tower of Worcester Cathedral.

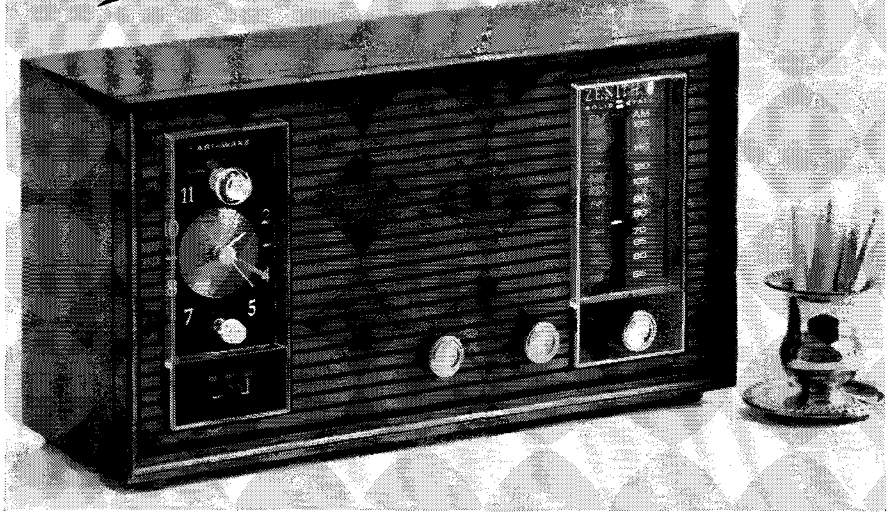
LAMERIE SHELL: 5-pc. setting 23.25, 6-pc. 29.50

At your jewelers, or write
WORCESTER SILVER COMPANY, 11 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.

New! Zenith solid-state FM/AM Clock Radio with fine furniture, all wood cabinet

Zenith's most luxurious clock radio with high-style cabinet in genuine oil-finished Walnut veneers. Deluxe convenience features include "Vari-Wake" control on front of set for fast re-adjustment of wake-up times . . . and sleep switch that turns radio *off* at preselected times. Superb tone from large 6-inch speaker. Advanced solid-state circuitry provides finer performance and longer life. See *The Cameron,* Model Z476W, at your Zenith dealer's.

ZENITH® *The quality goes in before the name goes on*



new shetland turtleneck, color-keyed slacks make a handsome pair. Starting at the top—a smashing new ripple cable stitch shetland wool pullover by Alan Paine of England. Mixtures of honey/camel/willow/laurel or fire/gold. Even sizes 38 to 46. 30.00. The wool sweater slacks in color-coordinated plaids. Even waist sizes 32 to 38. Finished, uncuffed bottoms; in-seams 29, 30, 31. 16.95.

wallachs

15 Fine Men's Stores in New York, New Jersey and Hartford, Conn.
Mail orders: 32-36 47th Ave., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.
Add 65¢ outside Met. N. Y. *motor delivery area.*

ple were happy enough not to kick up a fuss." This depresses me more than ever. Find a partial answer to the question in today's *Combat:* People were offered "a marvellous abstraction," and who can blame them for turning it down?

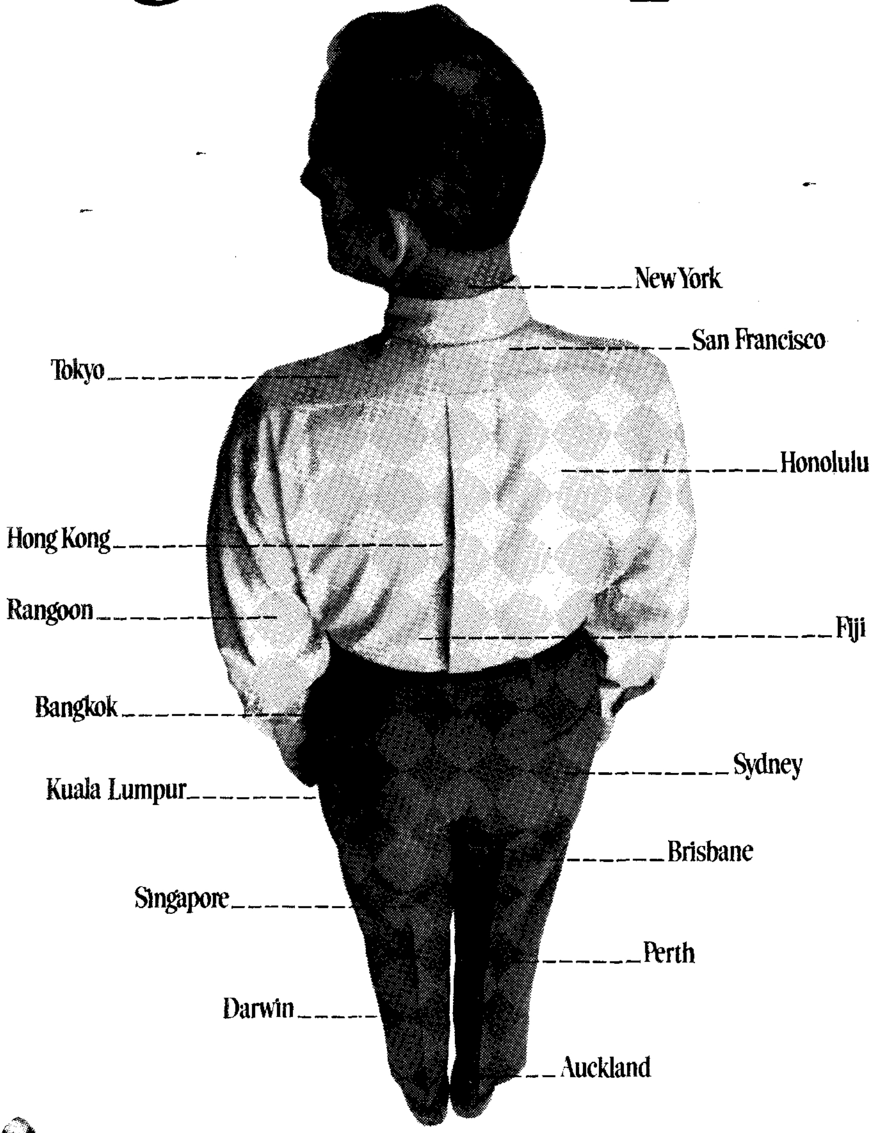
I read, "ESSENCE CONTRE REVOLUTION," meaning they opened the gas pumps and drowned the revolution. Unreality of it: More and more accounts of police going in to break strikes. Strikers dragged out. No one protests. Nothing normal about the city yet, except for Magic Petrol and Magic Sugar. Nothing working. During the troubles, saw fewer blacks and North Africans—were keeping very quiet. Now they emerge, still quiet, sweeping the streets. Nothing changed.

Hot, sunny day. Wonder if de G. has a direct connection with the Almighty after all—we've had good weather ever since he made his deal with the Army. I'd love to know what he promised in exchange. At seven o'clock this morning, a madwoman made a political speech out on the street. Clear voice; she was sober. All the phrases we have been hearing since the beginning of May, all jumbled, in no particular context: "*la situation actuelle . . . le pouvoir . . . l'ordre établi . . . l'ennemi commun . . . certains secteurs de l'économie . . .*" Wrote down about ten before I gave up.

Someone on the radio finally mentioned "*Les français sont des veaux.*" Heard this morning, "In spite of the present difficulties, the Diners Club continues to make life easier. . . ." Government radio still playing nothing but Stockbrokers' Bounce on all three FM stations. Tiddledypom on France-Culture. Tricolors all over the place, red flags still on the Odéon, the Sorbonne, the factories.

Mme. Mercier, a neighbor and friend, returns from the country, where she watched *la révolution* on TV. Someone in a country shop told her, "I am on strike for two hours today," but apart from that there was no sign of trouble. Only two hours from Paris. I expect her to be hostile to the whole business; instead, I find her merely anxious to be informed. I tell her everything I can think of, except what I saw at the de Gaulle rally on Thursday. Virtually everyone she and I know in common was in it—which is to say, her daughter, grandson, son-in-law, and so on. I would never have thought of them as Gaullists. It seems to be hatred of chaos and desire for order. Mme. M., small, blond, fragile, has always reminded me of the way French-

We can make your body feel good in 15 places.



At BOAC, we've taken hold of the problem of restlessness and discomfort on long flights across the Pacific—by the seat of the airplane.

We tossed out the conventional airline Economy Class seats with their bulky metal frames and their lumpy woolen padding and their constricting footrests.

In their place, we've installed our $350,000 medically tested, scientifically cushioned, sinfully luxurious VC 10 armchair.

Made of a light, molded plastic and padded with synthetic foam, it actually contours itself to your shape. Whether you're a size 3 or a 52L.

And we angled the seat in front of it so that even a seven-footer can stretch all the way out and get a decent night's rest.

It leaves necks that want to crane at Tokyo Tower without cricks. Hips that want to swivel to Fijian tom-toms free of aches. Legs that want to lope along the Australian plains nice and limber.

We send these seats flying across the Pacific from New York and San Francisco. On flights to Hong Kong via Tokyo, and on services to Sydney via Fiji. (With stopovers at no extra air fare in Honolulu on both routes, in Fiji on the way to Australia.)

Have your Travel Agent reserve one for you. For the price of an ordinary jet seat, you can arrive at your destination feeling like a million. What more could any body want?

BOAC
TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

Services in association with Air New Zealand and Qantas. British Overseas Airways has offices in principal cities.

Seagram's Extra Dry
THE PERFECT MARTINI GIN
Seagram's Extra Dry Gin
90 PROOF
90 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons
LAWRENCEBURG, IND. - RELAY, MD.
DISTILLED DRY GIN
IN THE ANCIENT BOTTLE
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

Mushrooms. This week's perfect martini secret.

Marinate button mushrooms in vermouth and use the perfect martini gin, of course.

Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.

women looked in films twenty years ago. She astonishes me by saying it would be a good thing for the country if de G. were to die now. She lowers her voice, although we are alone in her living room. It is exactly like someone's saying, "Poor grandfather, we love him dearly, but, really, everyone would remember him so fondly if only he were to go now."

Early this morning, as I was talking with the laundress on the Rue Littré—she standing in her doorway—a frail, lame woman came up to us, seemed confused, rushed, said she had been called out to vote at the Monoprix. "Those of us who want to go back to work must vote," she said. "They called me this morning and said I had to come." Laundress says woman had been on sick leave. Later, I had a glimpse of the police pulling the pickets out. The pickets were addressing a totally indifferent crowd of people. I don't know what the result of the vote was—I suppose a majority wanted to get back to work, because their money was running out and there is no strike pay in France. What I can't forget is their incredibly low wage—it was posted on the glass doors during the strike. I didn't stay to watch. I couldn't understand the crowd of bystanders. Why watch people being pulled about? Wish that, like Z., I could curse in four languages.

More about-face: Ask the revolutionary news vender if he has *Combat*. Looks me straight in the face and says, "No, but I have *Minute*." Like saying, "No, but I have the *John Birch Bugle*." Suzanne B. says the atmosphere very like that of the Liberation: the daily rumors, the trucks taking one to work, the strikes, the sudden political switches, and now the flags on the Champs-Élysées. (Says that even at the Liberation there weren't as many flags and people as there were on Thursday.) *France-Soir* has a page-two streamer: "PARIS REMOVES ITS MASK OF FEAR." I don't think they used the word "fear" until today. Anyway, we weren't told anything about a mask of fear. Anxiety, yes. The author of the piece that follows was so pro-movement until today that I asked someone once if he really *was* a reporter—I thought he might have been a student.

G. to lunch. Hot day—blinds half closed. I translate out of "The Golden Bough" bits about the Priest-King-Magician. G. keeps saying, "But what is left, out of all this? We've been given elections to amuse ourselves with, like a piece of sugar." "What was it

Some stores that carry clothing with this label

Tailored by
H. FREEMAN & SON
PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK, N.Y. & Branches	B. ALTMAN & CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y. & Branches	LORD & TAYLOR
NEW YORK CITY	GENTREE, INC.
NEW YORK CITY	KOLMER-MARCUS
NEW YORK CITY	CHAS. YOUNG INC.
Amarillo, Texas	Colberts Harry Holland
Appleton, Wis.	Ferrons
Ashville, N.C.	Steven Vance
Aurora, Ill.	Anderson & Duy
Batavia, N.Y.	Charles Mens Shop
Binghamton, N.Y.	Compton-Dunn
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson
Buffalo, N.Y.	Wm. Hengerer Co.
Burlington, N.J.	Polskys
Chappaqua, N.Y.	Georges Mens Shop
Charlotte, N.C.	Tate Brown Co.
Chicago, Ill.	Jerrems
Claremont, Cal.	The Rack
Clarksburg, W. Va.	Melets
Cleveland, Ohio	May Co.
Collingswood, N.J.	Lee Newman
Columbus, Ga.	Kirvens
Concord, N.H.	David Heller Co.
Corning, N.Y.	Bacalles
Danbury, Conn.	Hartwell & Brady Co.
Dearborn, Mich.	Putzig-DeMara
Deerfield, Ill.	*Country Squire Mens Shop*
Detroit, Mich.	Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
Downey, Cal.	Hubbard & Brumley
East Orange, N.J.	Leslie-Whitman
Easton, Pa.	Judson-Bricker
Elizabeth, N.J.	Al Norman
Englewood, Colo.	Orbachs
Fargo, N. Dak.	Strauss Co.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.	Robert Drake
Georgetown, D.C.	Georgetown Haberdasher
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Cleeds, Ltd.
Greenburg, Pa.	Gongaware & Long
Hamden, Conn.	D'Camms
Hatboro, Pa.	Santerians Dep't Store
Herkimer, N.Y.	Myers Clothing Inc.
Houston, Texas	Norton Ditto
Hudson, N.Y.	Kritzman-Maskin
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jersey City, N.J.	Barretts
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Kennett Square, Pa.	Tingle Mens Shop
Long Beach, Cal. & Branches	Buffums
Los Angeles, Cal. & Branches	J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky.	Rodes Rapier Co.
Lowell, Mass.	McQuades
Madison, Wis.	The Clothes Post
Marion, Ind.	Murrells
Miami, Fla. & Branches	Jordan Marsh Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.	T. A. Chapman
Morristown, N.J.	H. Epstein Inc.
Muncie, Ind.	Stecks Villager
Newark, N.J. & Branches	L. Bamberger & Co.
Newark, N.J. & Branches	Hahne & Co.
New Bedford, Mass.	Gollis of New Bedford
Newburgh, N.Y.	The Stroock Shop
New Haven, Conn.	Gentree Ltd.
New Orleans, La.	Perlis
New York City, N.Y.	John Wanamaker
Niagara Falls, N.Y.	Wakes
Norwood, Mass.	Shafic S. David
Oakland, Cal.	Jim Coop
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Ellis of Edinburgh
Olean, N.Y.	Segalls
Orange, Cal.	Josephs of Orange
Paducah, Ky.	Trad-Shop Ltd.
Pennington, N.J.	D'Iorios Mens Store
Phila., Pa. & Branches	Jacob Reed's Sons
Phila., Pa. & Branches	*John Wanamaker*
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Plainfield, N.J.	Teppers
Port Angeles, Wash.	Widsteens
Portland, Me.	A. H. Benoit Co.
Pottstown, Pa.	Melvin D. Miller
Reading, Pa.	Croll & Keck
Redding, Cal.	Thompsons
Richmond, Va.	Berry Burk
Rochester, N.Y.	Arkins-Doggett
Rockland, Me.	J. F. Gregory Sons Co.
San Diego, Cal.	Don Heller
San Francisco, Cal.	Store for Men
San Marino, Cal.	Jack Becronis
Seattle, Wash. & Branches	Frederick & Nelson
Snyder, N.Y.	Squire Shop
Somerville, N.J.	*Wendell, Inc.*
Southampton, Pa.	Ayres for Men
South Miami, Fla.	Lanes
Spring Lake, N.J.	Pauls Mens Wear
Stamford, Conn.	Frank Martin & Sons
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix Baer & Fuller
Strafford, Pa.	Albert Lussier
Syracuse, N.Y.	Wells & Coverly
Tallahassee, Fla.	Coventry, Ltd.
Tampa, Fla. & Branches	Maas Bros.
Tulsa, Okla.	Orbachs
Utica, N.Y.	Webbs
Wash., D.C. & Branches	Woodward & Lothrop
Washington, D.C.	Lewis & Thomas Saltz
Westchester, Pa.	Bob Norris
White Plains, N.Y.	Court Tailors Inc.
Wilkes Barre, Pa.	*Fowler Dick & Walker*
Wilmington, Del.	Wright & Simon
Winnetka, Ill.	The Fell Co.
Woodbury, Conn.	Deschinos
Worcester, Mass.	Ware Pratt Co.

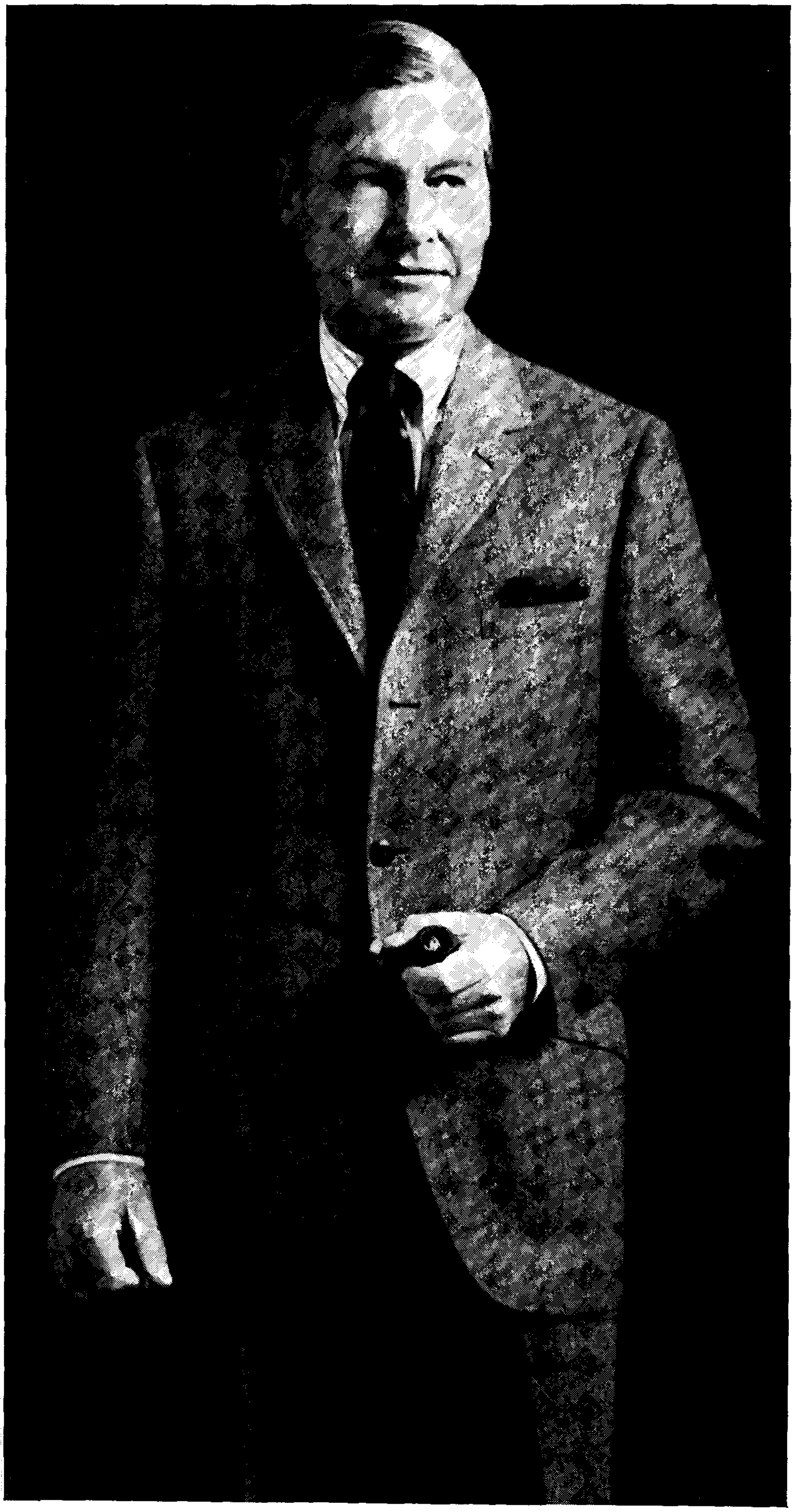
Naturally, in one ad we cannot list all the fine stores that carry our clothing. Subsequent ads will carry other names. Meanwhile, if a store in your city is not listed, please write us.

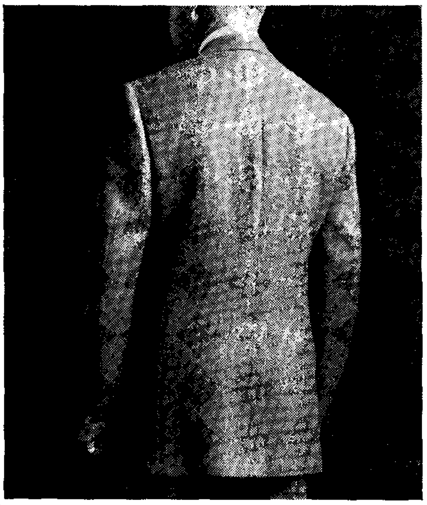
H. FREEMAN & SON, Inc.

33rd & Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

H. Freeman & Son suits aren't made for you alone.

But they feel that way!*





*An abundance of hand-tailoring, supremely careful styling, and great attention to every detail make H. Freeman Suits feel as though they were designed specifically for you. And because we use so many exclusive fabrics and patterns, the suits look individual, too. From $125, at stores listed on the opposite page.

Ideas and Ideals in Men's Clothing since 1885

Tailored by
H.FREEMAN & SON
PHILADELPHIA

33rd & Arch Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

Kimberly®
The shirtwaist with a flare in pure wool.
About $80.
Bergdorf Goodman and other fine stores.

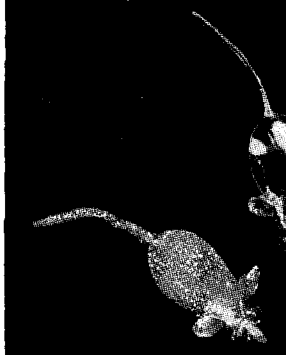
you wanted?" "The same as the students. Something different, something clean. Think of the *treize mai.*" "They were already quarrelling by the time the cortege broke up." "It doesn't matter," says G. "The extraordinary thing was that it happened at all." We feel deflated, flat.

To the general assembly at the Sorbonne with G. Restructuring of university teaching—specifically, the *sciences de l'homme:* sociology, psychology, psychiatry, psychosociology (what's that?), psychoanalysis, linguistics, ethnology, economy, psychotherapy, pedagogy, etc. Attempt to regroup in a Université Critique des Sciences de l'Homme. Are given two tracts at entrance to the grand amphitheatre. Read, "*Motifs politiques: dénoncer la participation des sciences humaines à l'oppression adaptatrice—orthopédique—exercée par le capitalisme monopoliste. Motifs épistémologiques: mettre en cause les sciences humaines en tant que sciences 'sous-développées' voire pseudo-sciences dissimulées derrière leur appareil mathématique.*" Am beginning to know the language by heart. Read in second tract, "*. . . refuse . . . conteste . . . dénonce . . . constate . . . affirme.*" Read on: "*Tout étudiant doit être aussi praticien; tout praticien doit être aussi étudiant; tout enseignant et tout chercheur doivent être aussi praticiens.*" Imagine that, reduced to simple language, what they want is fewer barriers between the faculties, groundwork of general knowledge for all, and a sort of interdependence among teachers, students, and professional people. About three thousand present, someone says. Is it possible? No good at judging crowds, and don't know what the amphitheatre holds. Anyway, it is packed. Though I hadn't said so to G., I'd expected to find no one. Pentecost Saturday, cars rushing out of Paris—I thought the students would have given up, too. Blazing heat under the skylight. My hair is soaking wet. Member of each study group (sociology, psychology, linguistics, etc.) reporting back to general assembly. Suggestions for reform. G. whispers each name to me. Some students, some top men in field (*dixit* G.). Psychiatrist from Sainte-Anne's says we all need a stone in one hand and a pen in the other. *Bon.* Mikes not working; I hear about one word in three. Heat all but intolerable. Girl next to me writes, "*Sorbonne: pensée capitalisée,*" sees me looking and turns page over. Pale kid, a bit severe. I hear ". . . opinion, not method . . ." Second speaker: "Is philosophy autonomous?

Lee Stemer wants to know.

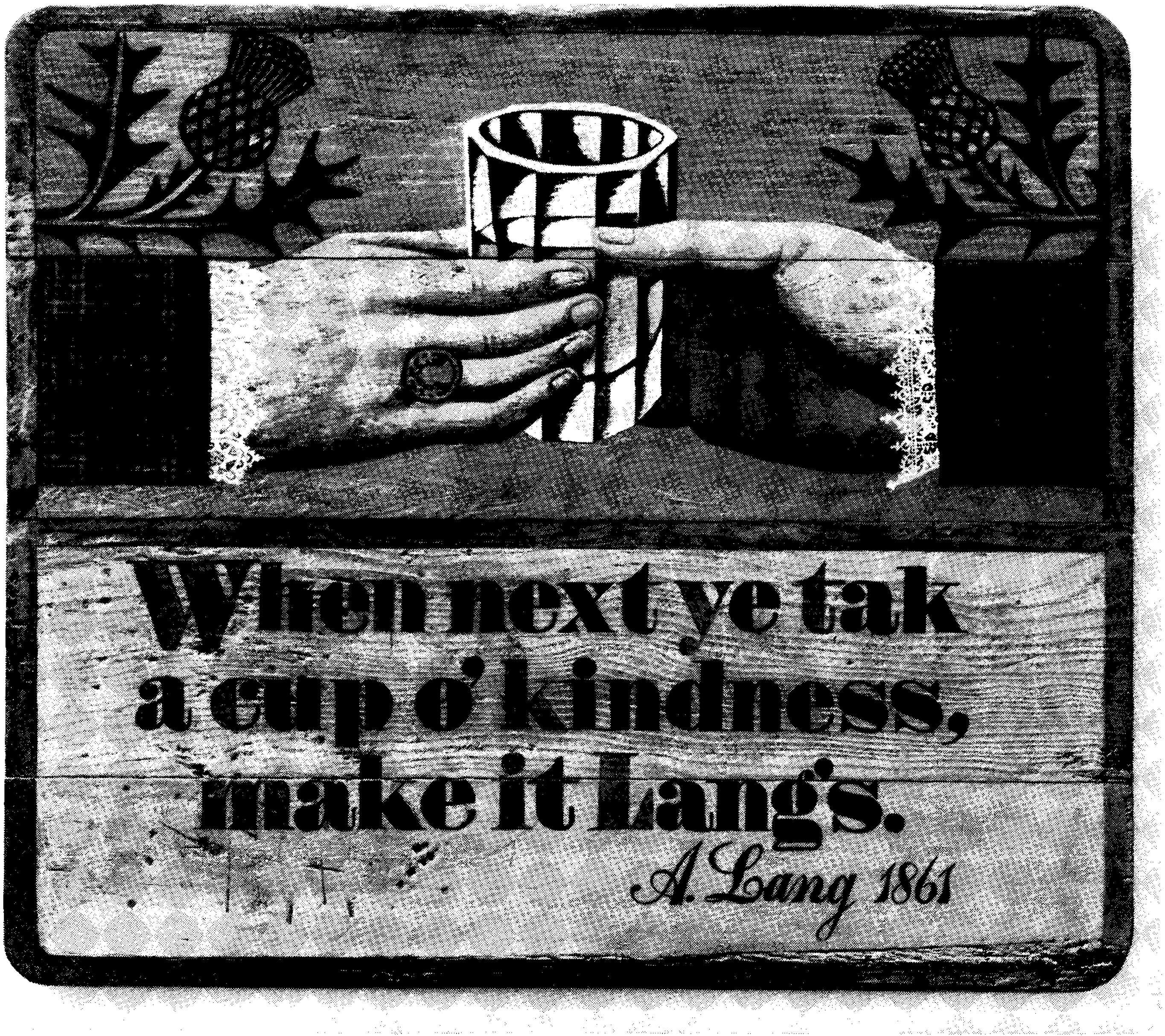
How many totes do you own? Never enough, we'll wager. Lee Stemer packs your problems away with this tote classic in rugged boot leather. The kind that can take it. The kind that takes on an even more mellow glow as it ages. Real brass appointments, with protective inside flap to keep your secrets secret. 14" long, 10" deep, 6" wide. $32 at stores that are with it, or for store nearest you write Lee Stemer Studios, 14 East 33 St., New York
Lee Stemer
©Lee Stemer 1968

C'EST LES BERNARD



THE MITEY MICE: An affluent-looking duo of 14-carat gold-plated sterling—one in diamond-point texture, the other smooth. Set with real rubies, emeralds, or sapphires. $30.00 the pair, $15.00 each. At the right places like Bullock's Wilshire; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Flah & Co., Syracuse. Or write Les Bernard, Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.
C'EST LES BERNARD

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies, 86 proof. Imported by Golan Import Company, Beverly Hills, Calif. Sole U. S. Importer


When next ye tak
a cup o' kindness,
make it Lang's.
A. Lang 1861

Auld Lang's sign

EXTRA
8
LIGHT
LANG'S
8
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
LANG BROTHERS LTD.

In *auld lang syne*, old acquaintances cherished a cup o' kindness. A drink of good Scotch whisky. In Scotland, men of good will and good taste have been drinking Lang's since 1861. Lang's, blended with choice Scotch barley malts and grains. With pure clear water from the Scottish hills. Every drop of whisky mellowed for 8 years in oak casks to make Lang's bonnie as the thistledown on the braes. When next ye tak a cup o' kindness, make it Lang's, the Scotch in the pentadexagonal bottle. 8 years old. Bottled in Scotland.

Lang's 8 Scotch

Susan Thomas.

A wonderful way to look in pure virgin wool

Susan Thomas goes on a city-safari in a two-part pure wool doubleknit by Lebanon. White-black, pewter-charcoal or blue-brown. Sizes 8 to 18. $55. At B. Altman & Co., New York and branches; L.S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Himelhoch's, Detroit or write Susan Thomas, Inc., 498 Seventh Ave., New York 10018.

Slightly higher in the west.

The sewn-in woolmark label is your assurance of quality-tested products made of the world's best . . . PURE VIRGIN WOOL

Take it away from literature, put it in with *sciences humaines*." Much applauded. Session interrupted: A student representing the *service d'ordre* wants the balconies cleared. It is a safety measure; the balconies have been overworked, people on them night and day, they aren't safe. Ask G. what balconies are for. Am told the *grand amphi* not used all that much. Students in balconies refuse to leave. *Salle* begins to shout, "*Dégagez! Dégagez!*" Third speaker, *sciences économiques*. Someone roars, "*Louder!*" A minute later, same voice roars, "*We're bored!*" Speaker squeaks, ". . . remove competition . . ." All I can hear. Fourth is an ethnologist. Can't hear him at all. Wears an orange shirt. *Service d'ordre* interrupts again: "I'm sorry, but this assembly cannot continue unless the balconies are cleared." Hard core of students refuses to leave, on pretext that there is nowhere to sit. We promise to make room, and slide along on the benches. Fifth speaker says he doesn't understand the debate. Says, "Marx and Freud—personality cult . . ." Students still on balconies. Boy from *service d'ordre* says debate can't go on until they leave: "Last night we had a fire; we don't want anything else to happen." Only three students still on balconies. One holds a tall red rose. Stands up and waves his arms. Finally, all three leave. Sixth man says that no one knows who wrote one of the tracts we were given and that "the Liaison Committee wishes to disengage itself from its text." Next comes elderly party—distinguished professor, G. says. Is booed. G. says professors haven't a chance, can't open their mouths. Students climbing back over balcony railings. Professor tries to make himself heard. Meeting again stopped until balconies cleared. Ask G., "Are balconies dangerous?" G. says yes. Impossible to understand what professor is saying, or attitude of kids. Exhibitionist? No, says G. Selfish. During eighth speech (can't hear), a note is passed urging our attendance at a demonstration at the Gare Montparnasse at four o'clock. Ninth speaker is famous psychologist. Sound so bad that I can't tell if he is saying Freud would have formulated theory of hysteria if he *had* or *hadn't* known about serial progression in mathematics. Anyway, he gets a hand, so someone heard. All men so far. One girl gets up. Slight stir around me—girls don't like other girls to speak. Professor again—is booed before he opens his mouth. Tell G. I didn't know students so exhibitionist. G. makes sound something like "*Oo-là*," which means "You don't know the half of it." Three students climb up. Four. Creep into top balconies. Time presses. I think that they are the sons and daughters of the women who bought all the sugar and of the men who have been coming to blows over gasoline. G. revolted by students in balconies. *Service d'ordre* gives up the battle. Meeting boring, fussing over points. Same student keeps roaring either "*Can't hear!*" or "*We're bored!*" G. asks if I need *du liquide*. Wonder if it's last time I'll hear the word. Speaker suggests system of "*tronc commun*"—literally, common tree trunk, meaning same basic studies for a few years, followed by specialization (tree branches). Tell G. this is the American system—B.A. or B.S., followed by specialization. G. surprised. Wonder what they think American universities are like. Whisper to G., "What if I got up and explained American system?" Such a preposterous idea that G. laughs. Balconies fill more and more. Remember discussion over teaching of Chinese, and how system of major and minor subjects was described to students as the system in use at the university in Peking. Professor with lisp gets up and wishes to define "*la personne humaine*," as distinguished from animals. Booed. This is exactly what they want to get away from—this fiddling. Cries of "Sit down!" and "*À la Sorbonne!*" Poor man. Goes on talking. Now they applaud. He still goes on talking. Chairman says something impertinent, and the man sits down. Chairman gets a laugh. Frightening cruelty of the young. The young? There are professors in the audience, too, and some gray heads up on the balconies. When is a safety measure not a safety measure? Don't admire this. It seems merely stupid. Professor gets up to defend his humiliated friend. Uses word "epistemology" and is booed. Professor impatient, says it's a term they ought to know. Cries of "There aren't only students here"—meaning there are working-class boys, too. Don't see any, and neither does G. Professor replies, "*Tant pis.*" Gives dictionary definition of "epistemology." He then makes the mistake of saying "politico-philosophical," on which booing and catcalling start all over. Whistles. Doctor gets up, suggests medical studies should include some groundwork in psychology and sociology. G. applauds this. I say,

TRANSITO
F.J.COOPER
F.J.COOPER

If you think that's Douglas Cooper the Philadelphia jeweler waving smugly from 251 Cristo Street in Old San Juan, you're right.

Mr. Cooper has done it again. Our latest international shop will open officially September 28th. Stop by if you're in town.

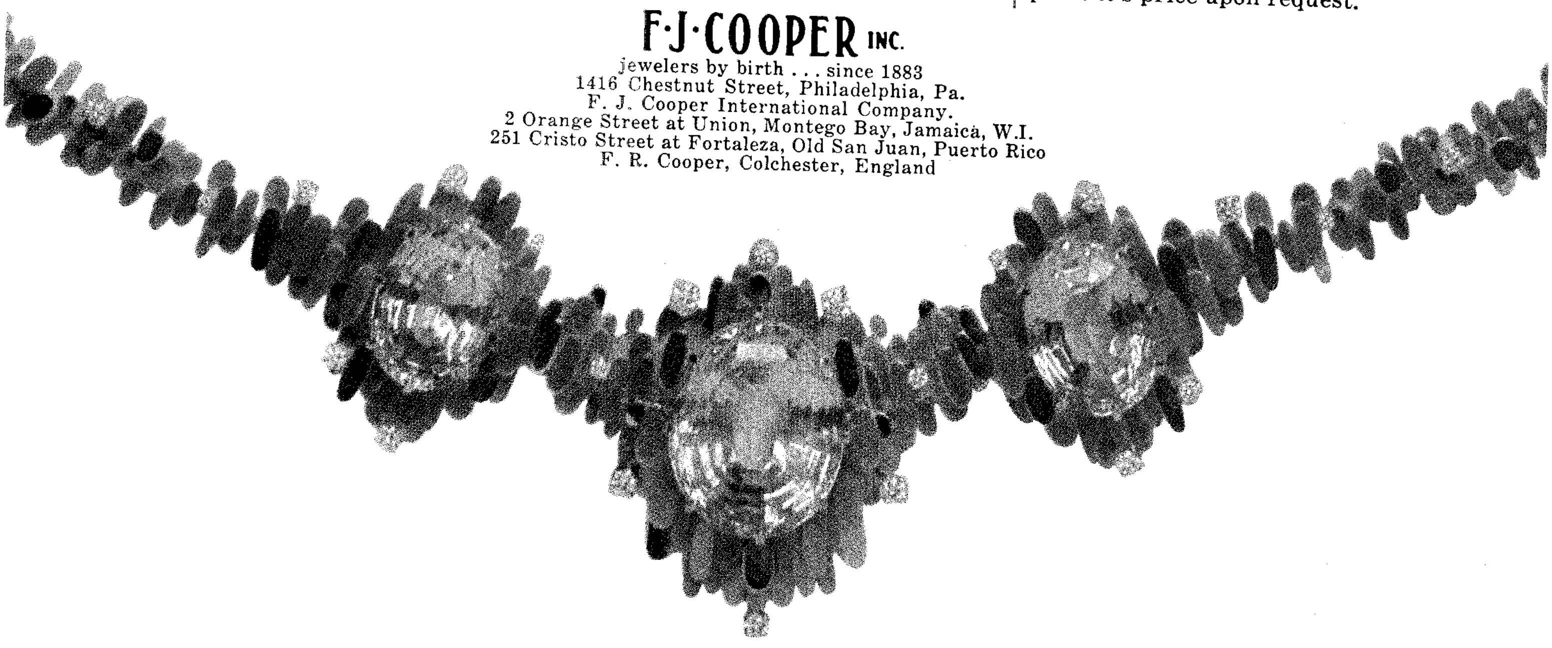
Mr. Cooper was attracted to Old San Juan for many reasons. One, of course, was 251 Cristo Street itself. It was built in 1620, around the time the Pilgrims were wondering which rock to step on. It's a stone's throw from everywhere, including the Governor's palace.

The clincher, however, was our many friends from down that way urged us to open in Puerto Rico. It's a bore, they said, to have to come up to the States every time a birthday or anniversary rolls around. (And let's face it, everyone has a birthday or anniversary at least once every three years.)

Mr. Cooper is very obliging. For instance: the treasure of gem golden sapphires you see below (set in 18 karat yellow gold) was created specifically in honor of our Old San Juan opening. It's not only a necklace but separates to form earrings, a pendant, a brooch and a ring. A lady can go to five parties in a row and never wear the same ensemble more than once. Happy birthday present's price upon request.

F·J·COOPER INC.

jewelers by birth . . . since 1883
1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
F. J. Cooper International Company.
2 Orange Street at Union, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.
251 Cristo Street at Fortaleza, Old San Juan, Puerto Rico
F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England



BOLLA CAN'T CONVINCE EVERYBODY THAT ITALIAN WINE GOES WITH COQ AU VIN.

Bolla knows that some people will never change their ways. That's what makes the world go round. But there are people who continually search out the new, and thereby enjoy life just a little bit more. You've simply got to have an open mind about most things—and this includes wine.

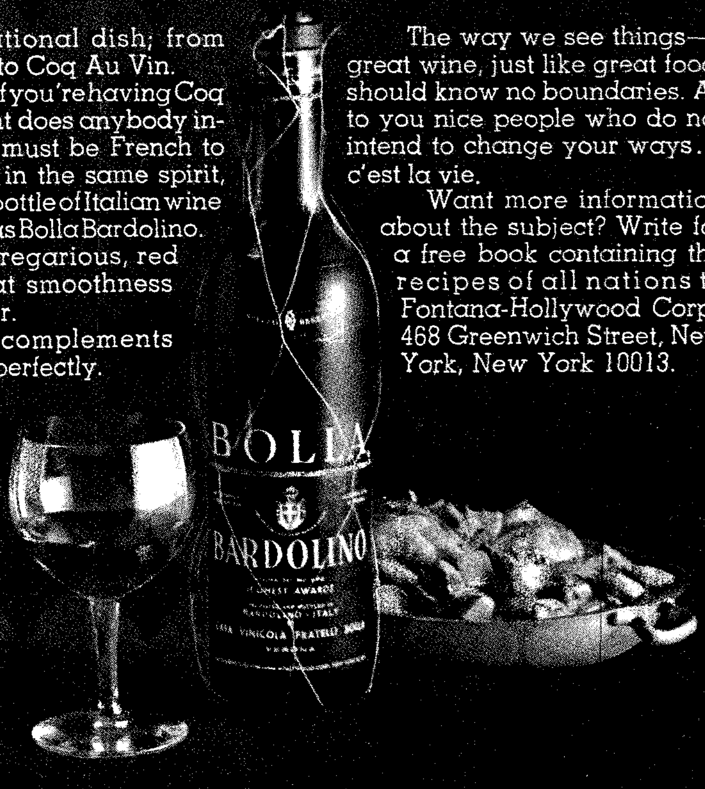
That's where Bolla comes in. We make some of the finest wines in the world—they happen to be Italian. But they can be enjoyed with any national dish; from Lamb Curry to Coq Au Vin.

Indeed, if you're having Coq Au Vin tonight does anybody insist that you must be French to enjoy it? So, in the same spirit, why not try a bottle of Italian wine with it? Such as Bolla Bardolino. It's a light, gregarious, red wine of great smoothness and character.

And it complements Coq Au Vin perfectly.

The way we see things—a great wine, just like great food, should know no boundaries. As to you nice people who do not intend to change your ways... c'est la vie.

Want more information about the subject? Write for a free book containing the recipes of all nations to Fontana-Hollywood Corp., 468 Greenwich Street, New York, New York 10013.



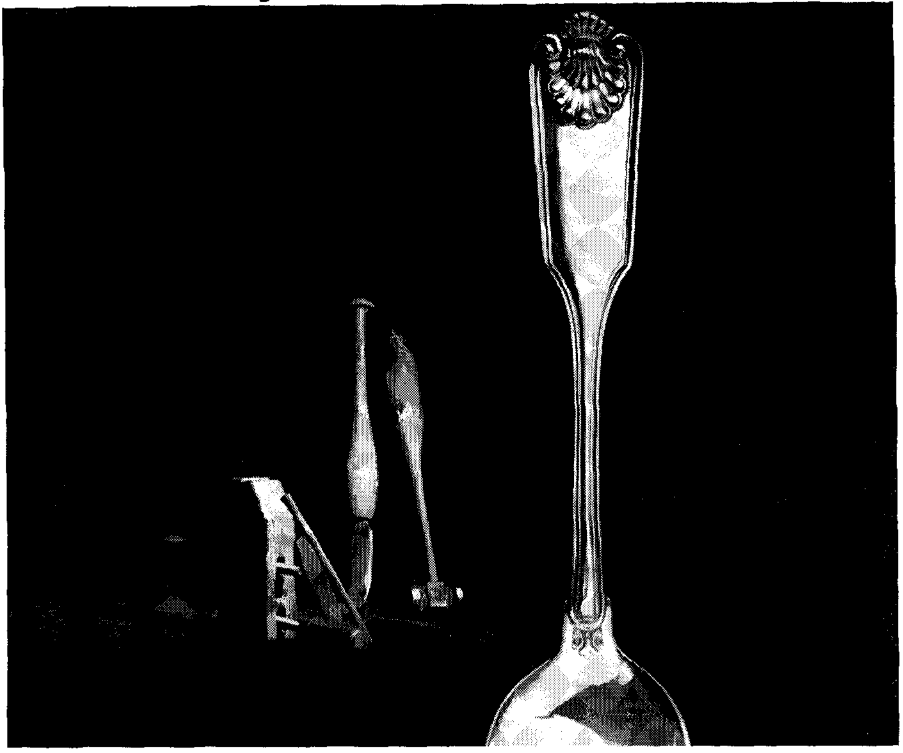
"But it seems so evident." G. replies, "Not in France." We file out early, because of the demonstration at four o'clock. Hear students saying they may not go. Badly organized. No one knows what it is for. On wall, see sign mentioning meeting in Amphithéâtre Cavaillès. Wonder if I was misinformed about its having been *rebaptisé*. In courtyard, voice booms over loudspeaker: "*Camarades!* We need a car for four days, to fetch provisions from the North of France." No mistake about this; the message is repeated. What kind of provisions? Paris is full of food. There is no shortage of anything whatever except cigarettes. There has been plenty of gasoline since Friday morning—the day after de G.'s statement. Provisions of what? Why "four days"? Long file of people squeeze out through little, narrow door from courtyard to street. G. and I find ourselves marching out immediately behind red banner (probably on its way to demonstration). Try to imagine faces of G.'s family or our rightish friends if they were to see us. Cortege forms. We hear "*Le fascisme passera pas.*" On Thursday, I heard "*Le communisme passera pas.*" Like grade-school science experiment—the positive and negative poles and the iron filings.

Today, heard for the first time "*La Guerre Civile Froide.*" The Cold Civil War.

As we were leaving the Sorbonne, G. suddenly said, "Can you imagine *des ouvriers* in there? Because I can't." Utterly taken aback. Thought: That's the aristocrat speaking. But said nothing, because G.'s patients all working class, and even sub. Thanked God, not for the first time, that, owing to North American upbringing, that sort of question would never enter my head. G. goes on to explain how patients were irritated by student interest in their affairs, and now blame them because they can't get their favorite paper, which happens to be *France-Soir*.

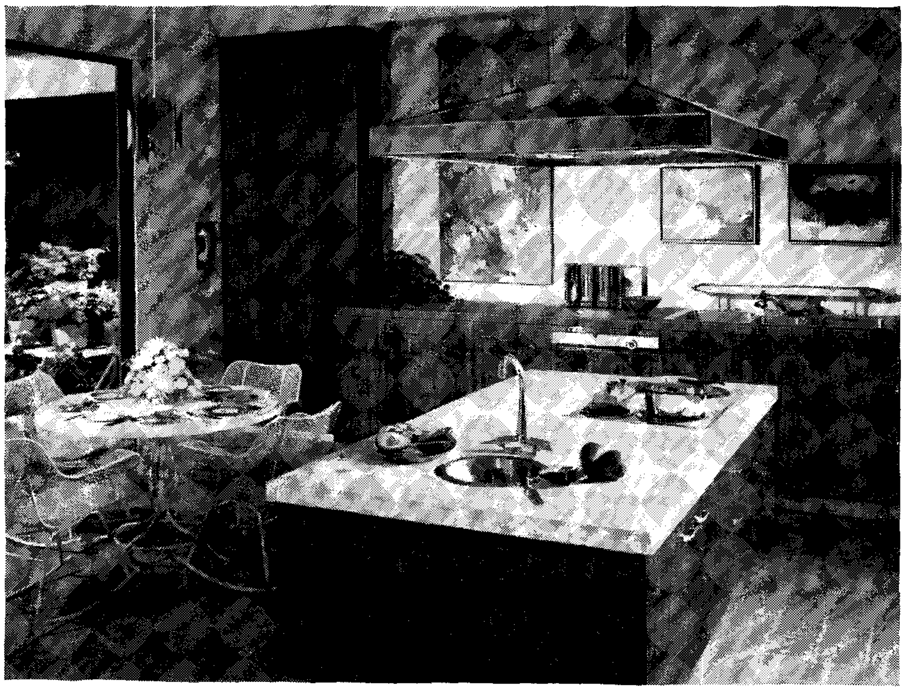
To Montparnasse with G. and friend of G.'s, to watch student demonstration. G.'s friend tall young man. A *psycho-sociologue*. Second time I've heard that today. What can it mean? Wonder if this will be the last *manifestation*. An untidy, loose crowd. Hot, dusty afternoon. The red flags look tatty. Bystanders look indignant, outraged—an expression acquired only since half past four last Thursday afternoon. The three of us have the same reaction—that their slogans seem pitiful and lost, and that the "Internationale" sounds merely defiant, doesn't

Once you had to inherit it



Today you can find the beloved form of Fiddle Shell in Frank Smith Sterling

Schwarzschild Bros., Richmond; Maier & Berkele, Atlanta; Lafayette Galleries, Lexington; The Carlton House, Houston; Zell Bros., Portland; Gump's Inc., San Francisco; Bohm-Allen Jewelry Co., Denver; Flournoy Jewelers, Shreveport.
The Webster Company, creators of Frank Smith Sterling, North Attleboro, Mass. Silversmiths since 1896.



St. Charles *for people who like having things their own way!*

Have *everything* your own way in a St. Charles custom kitchen. Concept, features, materials, textures, decorator colors. Your St. Charles dealer-designer creates around your own ideas. He designs, *you* decide—without having to compromise. The result is your own personalized kitchen. A welcome departure from "standard" thinking.

Send $1.00 for your St. Charles 36-page color folio.

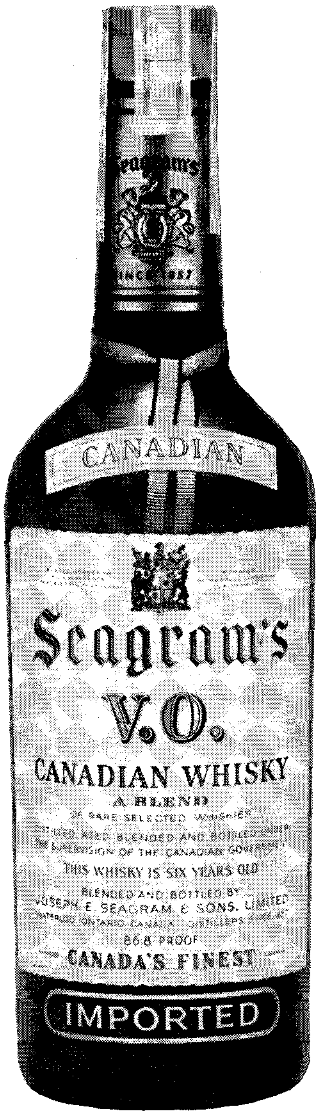
ST. CHARLES CUSTOM KITCHENS
464 Tyler Road • St. Charles, Illinois

SHOWROOMS: *New York, 101 Park Avenue • Los Angeles, 8660 Sunset Blvd. • Chicago, North Shore Area, 5740 Dempster Street • See Yellow Pages for other locations.*

TRY

Next time
try Seagram's V.O.,
the smoothest Canadian
of them all.

Seagram's V.O. Canadian.
Known by the company
it keeps.


Seagram's
SINCE 1857
CANADIAN
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO, ONTARIO, CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADA'S FINEST
IMPORTED

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

scare the neighbors now. They all look to me like Old Soldiers. They demand a popular government *without* Mendès France (*Tiens!*) and they chant, "*Le pouvoir aux travailleurs!*" Again this unrequited love. The workers aren't even there to hear them. Either they're still shut up in their factories or they've gone away for the long weekend. Demonstrators seemed to us huddled, unhappy, there in front of Montparnasse Station, which, half demolished, looks like a ruin in Berlin. Black flag doesn't seem symbol of death to me but symbol of absolute despair, which was lacking in this revolution. The absolute: "*Du travail ou la mort.*" Would like to speak of Louise Michel and her black petticoat on a broomstick, but tall young man's flag all red. Flags should be either black or white—all the way. G.'s friend says a number of professors haven't turned up, because this is "badly organized"—no one knows if it is a march or a meeting, or what. Boulevard du Montparnasse lined with *badauds*, and all the cafés are open and filled—usually they close up tight. Nothing to fear now? Not a cop in sight. March is followed by radio cars belonging to Luxembourg and Europe I. Reporter inside Europe's car is target of insults—"*Menteur, fumier!*"—because of station's change of heart all of a sudden. Not the reporter's fault. He sits looking straight ahead. Woman jeers at reporters: "I suppose you will say it was a small group of about five hundred now!" Looking back, see whirlwind of white tracts rising from the now deserted space in front of the station—like seagulls. Someone selling the horrible *Evening Standard* stands on the curb. I translate for the others; headlines say de G. gets loyalty oath from generals, tanks around Paris. The two laugh. G. wonders, as I do, what de G. had to promise in exchange. Speculate on conversation between de G. and his arch-enemy Massu. Transistors say, "About ten to fifteen thousand." We think figure exaggerated, but then we are at the tail end. At home, we learn from radio that demonstrators were led by Cohn-Bendit. G. and friend both think that C.-B. should shut up—that the fears of the Jews are justified, and he has awakened anti-Semitism, which was "*jamais mort.*" Tall friend bitter about the elections. Conversation entirely "What is left? What remains? What was it about?" I feel, in some obscure way, I have been taken in—by the students, by de Gaulle, by the French. Before they go, we listen to the news—exclusively about "*la reprise.*" *Tone* of an-

The
Man's
Shop
Lord & Taylor

Watch John Weitz

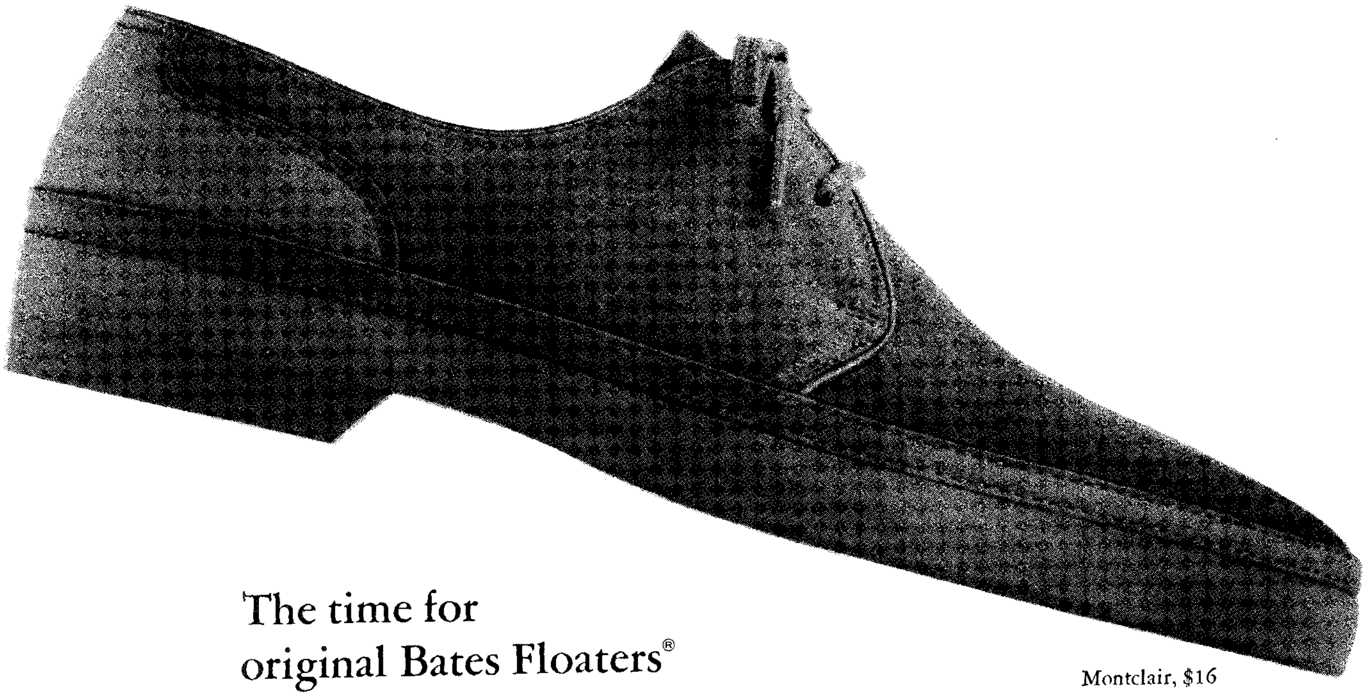
that new man in fashion
who designs ties for the
brave. The big collection
of silks, 7.50 each.
At all Lord & Taylor stores

You have
a standing invitation
to Harry M's Bar
at the new
Madison Square Garden
(alongside the HMS Restaurant)
9 Penn Plaza on West 33rd St.
Furthermore:
You'll want to give
a standing ovation
to the food you sit down to
in the new
Harry M. Stevens Restaurant
9 Penn Plaza on West 33rd St.
(alongside Harry M's Bar)

HMS

food and drink
for people who know the score

Reservations 947-0222
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner • Supper
Open 7 days a week



The time for
original Bates Floaters®
is right now.

Montclair, $16

Knock-a-Boot, $17

Bates Floaters® Leisure Footwear & Bates Process®
reg. U.S. pat. off. No. 2815589

BATES SHOE COMPANY • WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Ta 673 dathanna difriochta ag Donald Davies of Dublin.*

*Donald Davies of Dublin has 673 color variations in *Wool o' the Wisp*. For nearest store, write 417 Fifth Ave. New York 10016.

nouncers completely changed. After they've left, I open a paper and read, "LA MORT D'UNE RÉVOLUTION."

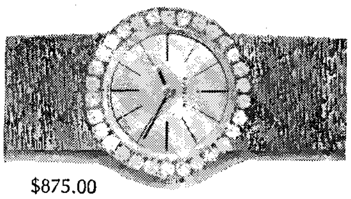
H. T. saw the demonstration from someone's apartment over the Bretagne cinema. He says there were easily forty-five thousand people—he could see all the way up the boulevard, and made some sort of numbers-rate-and-distance calculation. Says dryly, "But if I had seen you, I'd have subtracted one."

Why is it that when de G. speaks I always feel like a foreigner? If I had ordinarily felt like a foreigner in France, I would not have stayed here more than a weekend. But whenever he manifests himself, something about the way he thinks, the things he says, and the reactions he arouses in people—even in friends—always leaves me thinking: Thank God I am not a refugee; I can pack up and leave whenever I like.

Can't look at the papers. Feel nausea. This must have been how it was here during and after the war. Only *Combat* and *Le Monde* are consistent.

H. T. astonishes me by remarking, "Elections? There might not be elections." Says that we are down to the hard core now, that anything could still happen. If it were anyone else, I wouldn't listen. Most moderate person I know. Keeps saying, "*Ce n'est pas fini.*"

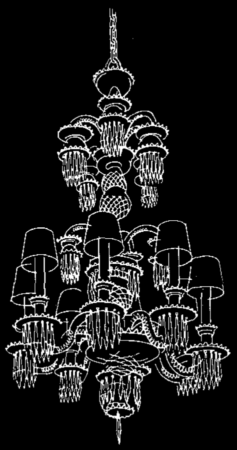
At 1:30 A.M., heard persistent fire siren nearby, so went out. Fire truck, noisy, parked in front of hotel on the Rue Blaise-Desgoffe. Hotel where K. Mansfield lived when she was having that useless treatment, irradiation of the spleen. Small delivery truck, not much larger than a station wagon, burning outside the Monoprix. Man in dressing gown; a few neighbors, dressed. Man says to me, "*Ils ont foutu le feu.*" Woman says, "*La police a évacué les piquets de grève, de force. Ce sont les conséquences.*" Acutely miserable. Messy, smoldering (rubber-smelling) little truck winds up the month of May. Come in, turn on radio to B.B.C. 2 A.M. news, hear that Helen Keller has died and "The world's walking record has been broken by a man named John Sinclair. He walked a hundred and seventy-six times around an aerodrome." Don't even try to sleep. Try to answer "*Qu'est-ce que nous avions voulu?*" Feel great pity for person who had to ask it. No single answer. *Combat's* "marvellous abstraction"—all the good without the bad? A change in people? It seemed possible. It was like a wave. So unreal. Keep seeing the crowd down the Boulevard Saint-Michel May 13th. I thought that I



$875.00

Ladies watch in 18 Kt. yellow gold, set with 30 full cut diamonds weighing 1 ct.

Distinctively
GÜBELIN
3 West 57th Street New York
(212) PL 5-0053
Jeweler to the world since 1854



Look at Boston's finest dining room . . . in this light

THE RITZ CARLTON
BOSTON

Be an Insider...

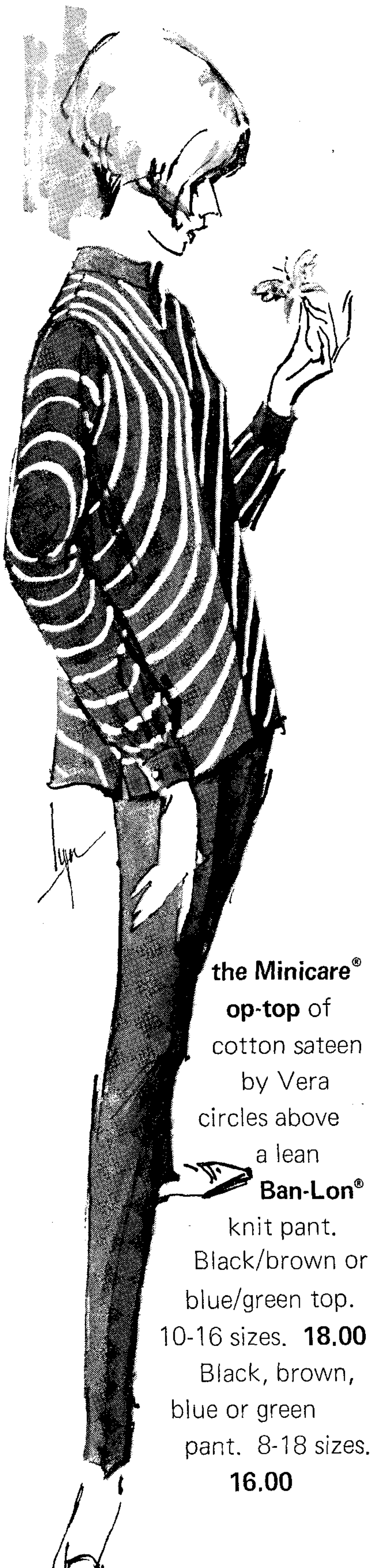
An Insider not only knows how to pick a winner in every game from football to five card stud. He shows he knows the score on fashion too by choosing an any weather coat by Harbor Master... a coat tailored so differently, inside as well as out, it's in a league all its own. Ever the Insider's choice—Harbor Master—champion of coats.

Shown: **The Potomac.** A versatile walking coat with wool and mohair zip out liner. The shell is smart Boatswain Twill of 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% cotton treated with Ze pel* for rain and stain resistance. $65.00 (slightly higher west of Chicago).

Look inside for the mark of the **Harbor Master**

Get the Inside Story at: Macy's N.Y.C.; **Bamberger's,** Newark, N.J.; **Schlesinger's,** West New York, N.J.; **Sakowitz,** Houston, Texas; **Godchaux's,** New Orleans, La.; **Strawbridge & Clothier,** Phila., Pa.; **Young Quinlan,** Minneapolis, Minn.; **Gimbel's,** Pittsburgh, Pa.; **Ware Pratt,** Worcester Mass.; **Davison's,** Atlanta, Ga.; and other Insider Stores. Or write to **Harbor Master Ltd.,** 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019 (a Division of Jonathan Logan) ® DuPont Reg. T.M.

DUPONT
ZE PEL
RAIN/STAIN REPELLER


the Minicare®
op-top of
cotton sateen
by Vera
circles above
a lean
Ban-Lon®
knit pant.
Black/brown or
blue/green top.
10-16 sizes. **18.00**
Black, brown,
blue or green
pant. 8-18 sizes.
16.00

Jacobson's
MICHIGAN

was seeing the wave—that they all wanted a life without prisons. Crystalline moment—I'm lucky to have had it once. *Propre et pur*, as people kept saying. All those young faces. I suppose for the young it had to do with that perfect lucidity I remember at seventeen, seeing (as you never do later) exactly what people are like and deciding to have no part of it. But all it came to finally was strikes, wages, and now elections—the favorite French game. "He knew what he was doing," said G.'s tall friend. Hopeless, impossible to describe what took place. Will be classed as "collective folly," "contagious hysteria." Can already imagine all the books and articles I shall most certainly not read. What they wanted at the beginning, at the Sorbonne, was pure delirium, and all sorts of cynical people are already delighted it could not have happened.

Realize that all our phoning meant we were secretly afraid. I wonder how many of my friends walked all over Paris, as I did, or went out in the street in the middle of the night expecting to see I don't know what—people from Mars? All night tonight, heard motor horns. Those open sports cars, as in 1958. They must be leaning on the horn as they rush round and round the city.

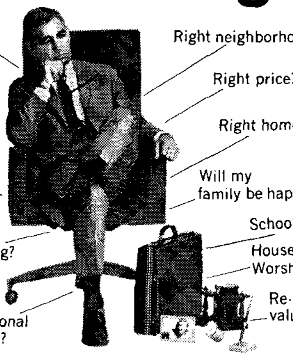
Compagnies Républicaines de Sécurité. Gardes (or Gendarmes) Mobiles. Gardiens de la Paix de la Cinquième République. Even I learned to tell them apart.

JUNE 2
PENTECOST SUNDAY

NO one speaks of students now. They are forgotten, except as pests. Talk is of salaries, elections. Day before yesterday a hundred years ago. News is of death on the roads. Sunny day. Flower man outside the Rotonde says revolution was bad for business. Hasn't sold a flower in two weeks, and "they don't keep." His wife is seventy-two, he only sixty-five. No way of knowing if strikes are still on.

On Champs-Élysées, they have finally stopped the unseemly flag-and-tricolor-searchlights display around the Arc de Triomphe, usually reserved for July 14th. Drug-Store des Champs-Élysées seems gross and overstuffed—seems to have been put there to show what the revolution would have taken away. Kids hanging around are the Right Bank equivalent of the useless hippies. They were in hiding; now they emerge. The Latin Quarter is like a cadaver now; it depresses one. Nonetheless, the little grubbies holed up in

EXECUTIVES...
Relocating?

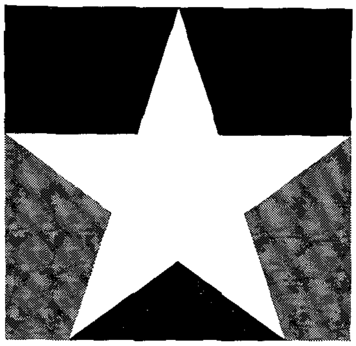

Corporate timetable?
How long will it take?
Can I meet my schedule?
Ease of commuting?
Recreational facilities?
Right neighborhood?
Right price?
Right home?
Will my family be happy?
Schools?
Houses of Worship?
Re-sale values?

Executive Homesearch can solve your househunting problems... WITHOUT CHARGE ...quickly...easily...efficiently

Through eight branch offices and a nationwide network of Realtors, we offer the fastest individualized personal attention to the problems of the homebuyer. We screen specific neighborhoods and match your requirements; fit community facilities to your needs. Relocating becomes a pleasure, not a problem... backed by Previews' 34 years of dedication, experience, and integrity. Executive Homesearch charges NO FEE for its services. Literature on request. Write or call (212) PL 8-2630.

Previews EXECUTIVE HOMESEARCH™
A MEMBER OF THE REEVES BROADCASTING GROUP
49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Boston • Wash., D. C. • Palm Beach • Chicago
Denver • Los Angeles • San Francisco

The Museum of Modern Art



Christmas brochure

An illustrated, 40-page brochure announcing new Christmas cards and constructions, books, posters, reproductions, and a wide selection of distinctive gifts from The Museum of Modern Art is now available. Cards and constructions—10 to 75 cents—reproduce favorite works by artists in the Museum collection including Chagall, Klee, Villon, and Ellsworth Kelly. Others have been specially commissioned from such artists as Niki de St. Phalle, Vasarely, Krushenick, and Indiana. Attractive gifts include Henry Pearson's plastic box, *Moiratron;* Betty Thomson's cubes of clear acrylic, *Multiplications;* the Appointment Calendar; posters designed by Dali and Yokoo; recent publications; a unique chess set; and the Trova Kaleidoscope—an unusual version of a classic Christmas toy.

The Museum of Modern Art 68-4
5300 Lenox Hill Station
New York, New York 10021
I enclose 25¢ for the 1968 Christmas brochure

Name

Address

the Sorbonne are infinitely more sympathetic than the languid Right Bank young. At night, the Latin Quarter stuffed with cars and sightseers—a Disneyland. Cars creep along slowly; Right Bank faces peep out. Boys and girls sit on the curbs, on the ledges of shop windows. H. T., who from the beginning has believed one of the roots of the revolution was boredom, says, "*Voilà, ils s'emmerdent à nouveau.*" Beautiful weather. Everyone who could leave has gone. All the men I know who are still in Paris are restless and depressed. Nothing settled about transport or work yet.

Everyone keeps asking, "What is left?"

Chez moi:

Tracts: "*Il n'est pas question d'effectuer aujourd'hui une révolution bergsonienne, mais . . .*" Must have been enthralling for the workers at Renault.

Eiffel Tower of newspapers. More important than sugar. So hard to find some days that I couldn't throw them away. Except for *Le Monde* and *Combat*, they have done an about-face, burying de G. only to resurrect him and hope he wouldn't notice he'd been underground. Did they think he couldn't read? From "LA RÉVOLUTION" to "LA FIN D'UNE RÉVOLUTION" without a hair out of place.

Cigarettes of all kinds. Began giving them away yesterday.

Flashlight for power strike.

Address of blood donors, etc.

Motto and moral I lettered and stuck on the wall the night of May 31st: "QUAND LA MORALE TRIOMPHE, IL SE PASSE DES CHOSES TRÈS VILAINES (RÉMY DE GOURMONT)." Found it in 1958 journal. Still applies. More than ever. I wonder if I shall remember what it is about and why it is there when I see it again in the autumn. Shall leave the whole thing to the moths as soon as trains run again.

Conversation with H. T. Repeat question I was asked late Friday night: "What was it we wanted?"

Like Con, he takes it to mean what is wanted by everyone.

"Peace, work."

"Did you want a revolution?"

"No."

"Did you think there would be one?"

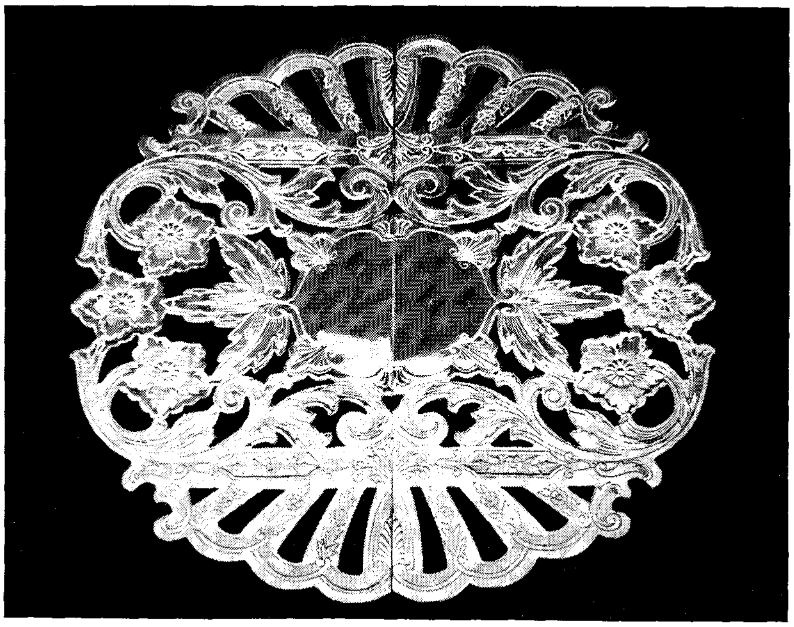
"No."

"Did you approve of the police going into the Sorbonne?"

"No."

"Then what?"

"*Rien. C'est sans issue.* It is like go-

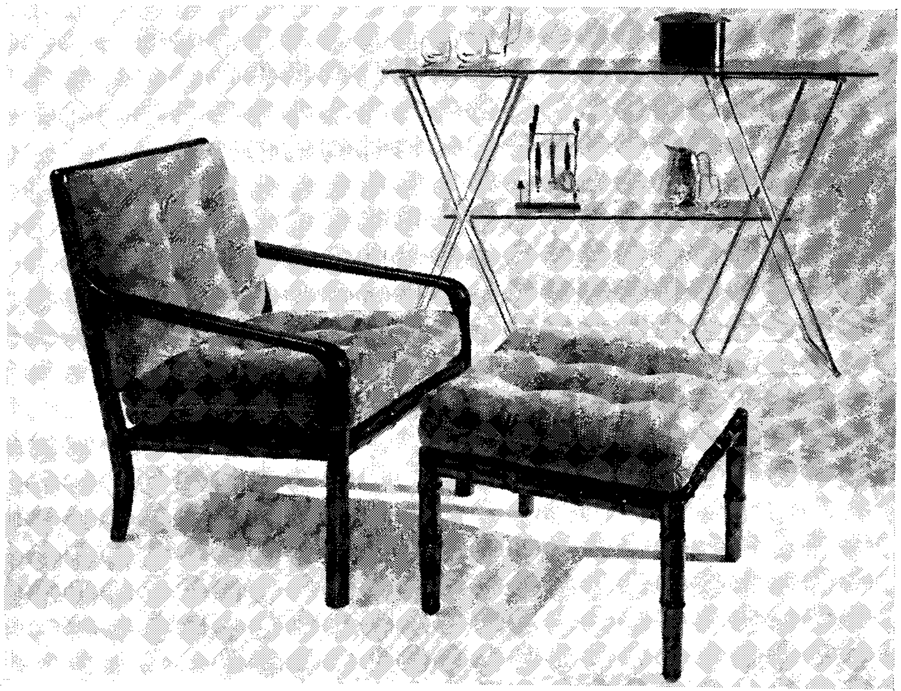


Only Wallace does it this way.

Wallace takes the prosaic and turns it into the unusual. For example, this elegant silverplate trivet 8½ inches long closed can be extended to 12¼ inches. $15.95. Other trivets from $8.50. All trivets with insulated feet. At fine stores.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Wallace Silversmiths
Wallingford, Conn. 06492



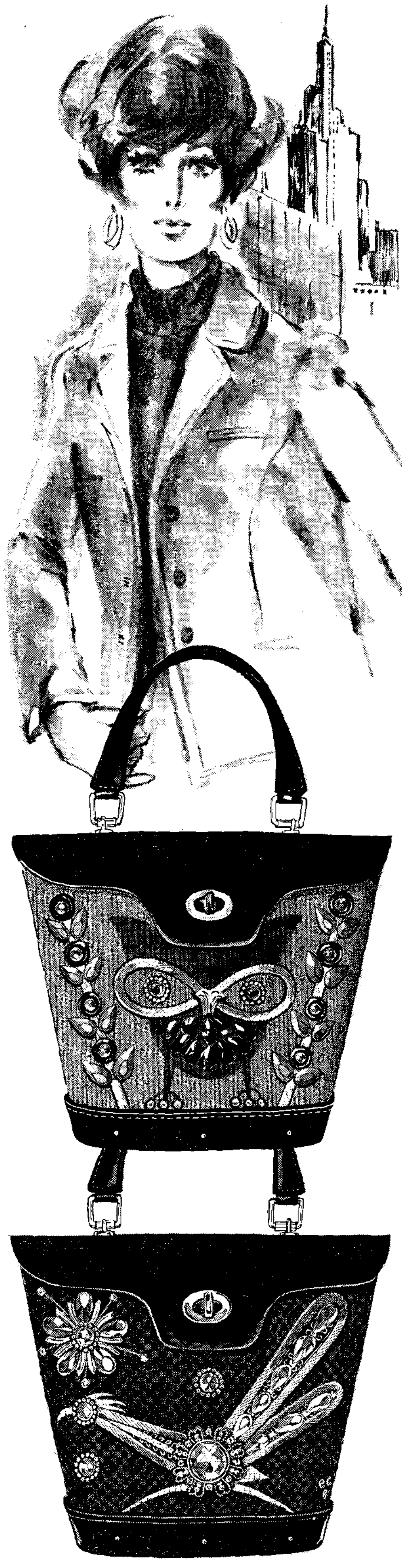
Handcarved bamboo-detailed chair and ottoman. Design by Jonathan Ginat

Possibly the most elegant assemblage of contemporary furniture in all the world

Directional

New York: 979 Third Avenue, Decoration & Design Building • Chicago: Space 6-121 Merchandise Mart
Boston: Rapids Furniture Company
Public invited • Purchases through your interior designer, architect or dealer • Write for brochure

It's her bag . . . top-handled town totes with Road Runners and Night Owls from Enid Collins' current collection of Collinsiana . . . yours for $24.00 . . . at all fine stores.



Collins of Texas
320 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

ing into a shop and asking for fruit and being told there are only two kinds of vegetables, no fruit at all. In the end, you say, '*Tant pis, je prendrai des carottes.*' "

"And if you burn down the shop there isn't anything. *Bon.* How did you manage to seem so calm?"

"Because I was. *Jusqu'à présent ce n'est que du cinéma.* No shots were fired."

"Well, it's finished."

He isn't so sure.

"How will de Gaulle come out of it?"

"Taller than ever," says H. T. "One, *il ne s'est pas dérangé.* He went to Rumania as planned. Took twenty-four hours off to think, but that's hardly *dérangement.* Two, he didn't fire a single shot. Three, he gave two talks, one lasting seven minutes, one lasting five minutes. Nothing more. He has shown that it's all the same if everyone around him is saying yes-yes-yes or no-no-no. *Qui est le plus grand?*"

JUNE 3

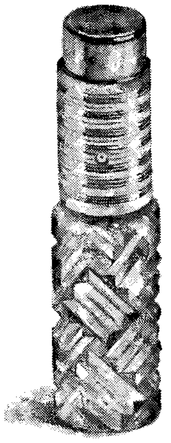
SUNNY. Lunch at Rougeot, on terrace. Heard Pompidou's press conference. Speaks of defending the Republic against Communist groups "ready to strike" and financed from the outside. Seems to be addressing a public of concierges. Strikers still striking. H. T. right—this is the hard core.

Mija is the only person I know who spoke out against the revolution before de Gaulle. No wonder the students thought they had the whole world on their side! Everyone was either a revolutionary or silent. Mija said, "We will be perfectly willing to go out in the streets and fight for what we have, if we have to." Said "what we have," not "what we are," but this wouldn't be a *lapsus* coming from her. Tough, honest, outspoken girl.

JUNE 4

FETCH car. No trains, and even when trains start no chance that my train for south (special car-person train) will be *reconstitué.* Everyone will be against my going by car, so I decide to say nothing and do as I like when the time comes. Find car oiled and greased and *vidangé* and with full gas tank, as I left it. (Everyone said I'd find the tank empty.) Congratulate garage owner. He looks nonchalant.

Still no trains, no Métro, no mail, no planes, no schools. Not a cigarette of any kind in my *quartier.* Look over stocks I collected for smoker friends, in case, and see that I was a complete



STEP
PERFUME DISPENSERS
GIVE YOU MORE
FRAGRANCE
FROM YOUR
PERFUME.

The Secret—A unique patented mechanism actually transforms each drop of perfume into 20 or more sprays of fragrance-laden mist. Perfumes stay fresher, last longer. Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed, imported from France. Beautiful styles for purse and table. As shown (3" high) $5.00. Others from $3.50—$35.

Step
5 E. 57th St., N.Y. At fine stores

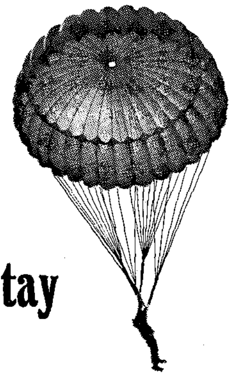
At
select firms

ACTUAL SIZE

14K

The most comfortable ear clip ever designed. Diamond, $62. Ruby, $40. Sapphire, $35. Two cultured pearls, $23. Single cultured pearl, $19. Plain 14K. Gold, $14. See your nicest jeweler, or mail check to: SLIP-ONS, Box 4020, G. C. Sta., New York City 10017.

Every time
Eric is
looking for
a place to stay
he drops in at



The Colonial Inn
on the green—CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

ass—didn't get the only kind I can smoke. Start distribution of cigarettes to frantic friends, promise to keep some for Z. For self, buy small box of mints named Mental (*sic*). "Mental will keep you sane." Gloomy day. Everyone depressed.

This was the day "real life" was supposed to begin. But still no schools, no trains, no transport, no planes, no mail, and now no cigarettes.

A sad thing happened today. I saw the wife of the *marchand de couleurs* standing on the Rue de Vaugirard. She is red-haired, minute, comes about up to my shoulder. Horrible childhood in religious orphanage—probably wasn't fed. She said, "I want to go to the *charcutier* on the Rue Littré, but I'm afraid of those people on the corner." I looked and saw students from the School of Photography and Cinematography, just across the street. They were probably standing around waiting to go in to some sort of meeting. It was so extraordinary—I see them every day. Doesn't she? What was sad was the matter of vision: Where my mind would have registered something like "Students, intellectuals, readers of *Combat* and *Le Monde*," *her* mind said to her, "Dangerous, brutal, will hurt you." I took her by the arm and we walked into the group, which, of course, took no notice of us. She was trembling. She kept saying, "Are you sure? Will it be safe?" She said, "You see, it is the red flag. It frightens me and it nauseates me." There is a red flag over the entrance to the building. (These flags, even on official buildings, have never seemed to me more than a kind of folklore.) I told her (thinking to reassure her) that I had been to the School of Photography for a meeting. It frightened her more than ever. "Did they let you in? What did they say?" Funny thing is that she is a brave little person, with a passionate sense of justice. She says that she dreams about "the events"—that she is with the Minister of Social Affairs or the Minister of the Interior, and that they go on and on talking about the situation, and that *in her dream* it keeps her from sleeping: "I wake up as if I hadn't slept at all." "Do you tell the Ministers what you think?" "Oh, no. *Je suis beaucoup trop petite*."

Where are the traffic police? Today's traffic jam is the worst I have ever seen in any city at any time; it even beats that day in the spring of 1961 (I think it was) when there was a power strike, a storm of rain, and a state visit from the King of Morocco—one could walk across the parvis of

Fingertip power tuning in an FM/AM portable.

Exclusively from Admiral. "Station Finder" power tuning lets you move from station to station with just the touch of a finger. AFC keeps the FM perfectly tuned. Built-in battery charger. You can't get more radio for the money anywhere. The Admiral Premier FM/AM Portable, $75.00.*

*Mfr. suggested retail price.

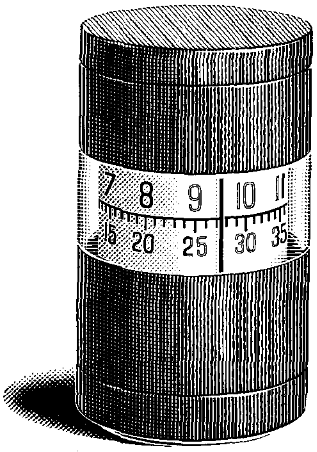
Admiral® Mark of Quality

Naturally you belong in Austin Hill

Man tailored—yet faultlessly feminine...
soft and fluent in purest wool and wonderful colorings. About $38.
Write for the select store nearest you: Austin Hill Ltd., 318 N. Front St., Baltimore, Md. 21202.

AUSTIN HILL

AT: Brownhills, Greensboro, N.C. • Yale Co-op, New Haven, Conn. • Allan Evan, Pompano Beach, Fla.



rondo
cylinder clock is the first new idea in clocks in nineteen years.

- DIGITAL CLOCKS FIRST APPEARED on the scene nineteen years ago. They were the first clocks in 650 years to improve the medieval concept of hands spinning around on dials at different speeds. Quite an improvement, that!
- THE NEW **rondo** CYLINDER CLOCK adds another dimension. Two airplane tachometer-type dials stacked one on the other, imperceptibly move past an index, instantly and unequivocally giving you the exact time "readout."
- A "MEISTERWERK" OF HOROLOGY that comes to us from Pforzheim (Germany) where they have been making timepieces since the reign of Pippin The Short. The works are absolutely noiseless and run on 110v housecurrent. The translucent cylinders are lit from within for easy timetelling in the wee hours (even from 30'). For you light sleepers a built in switch turns out the light.
- **rondo** COMES IN THREE FINISHES: Natural teakwood (pictured above), natural pigskin, and black sharkskin with a burnished chrome ring. 6½" high, 3¾" dia.
- THIS UNIQUE CONVERSATION PIECE is available only through us and comes with a year's guarantee on parts and workmanship.

rondo
WRITE OR PHONE (415) 981-5688
Please send me the **rondo** cylinder clock in finish checked. (Indicate 1st and 2nd choice)
☐ Teak ☐ Pigskin ☐ Sharkskin
☐ I enclose $40 ($39 plus $1 for postage & ins.) Calif. res. add 5%.
Name ______________
Address ______________
______________ Zip ______________
NY0921
haverhill's 584 Washington St., San Francisco, 94111

Notre Dame on the hoods of cars, they were so close together. Today's is the logical end of motor production—a snake biting its tail. Police are busy elsewhere, protecting the Eiffel Tower and government buildings (I discovered only today that the Eiffel Tower is on strike), and are also supposed to be staging an unofficial slow strike of their own. People seem to have forgotten 1958, when the police paraded before the Palais Bourbon in defiance of the government.

For every person who has said to me "What is this going to cost us?" two have said "What trace will it leave on the mind and spirit?" and "*Rien ne sera comme avant*, no matter how it comes out." Man in bank—always, in my mind, "the tall one"—says very quietly, "Our children and our children's children will judge this. *Ils se poseront des questions.* About everything." He is, like me, optimistic. *Bouleversante* conversation with woman in travel agency, Rue de Rennes, where I cancel my *auto-couchette* reservation for last Friday. She begins by asking what I think. We both pussyfoot around the subject, and she then says, "Don't you think that *le social* followed upon something perhaps more lasting and important?" Answer, "Yes, of course." She becomes excited, says that she, for one, will never be the same again—that she will never accept anything again at its face value, that "no one can stop her now" from asking herself questions. She pulls out from under the counter two morning papers, *Le Figaro* and *Combat*, and cries what may be the justification, finally, for the massacre of trees: "*Regardez! Je lis!*" She says, "*Je traîne, je lis, je pense.*" Says she goes to the Sorbonne, to the Odéon, to a Catholic discussion group on the Rue Gay-Lussac: "*J'écoute.*" I say to her, "What did you hope would happen? What did you want?" Seems taken aback, stares at me, says, "*Je ne sais pas. Quelque chose de propre.*" Can't count the number of times I've heard this. Say, "*Une merveilleuse abstraction?*" She shakes her head. Doesn't know. —MAVIS GALLANT

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

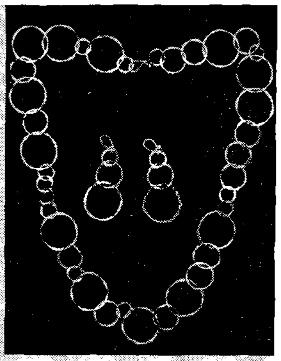
•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE STATISTICAL FRONT

[*From the Encyclopedia Americana, 1955 edition*]

If there is an excess of either males or females at marriageable ages there will be an excess of unmarried persons among the more numerous sex.

Americans long ago took Danish pastry and Danish modern into their hearts. Now comes Danish elegance. Birger Christensen furs. In America only at Bonwit Teller. (The pastry and furniture can be bought anywhere.)
BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark
By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court



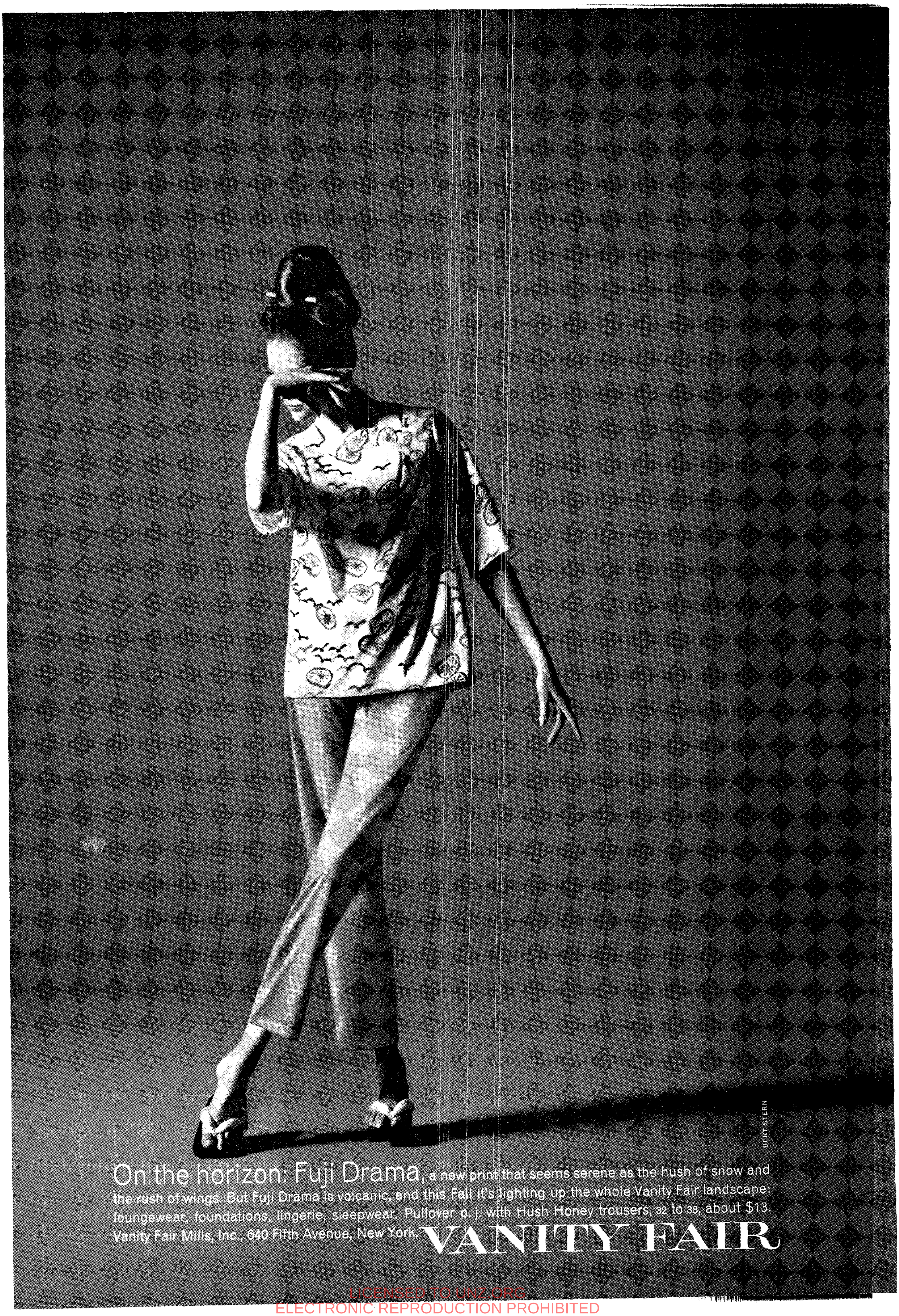
Hand Wrought Jewelry
by
ALLAN KUENY
NECKLACE
silver $15
14K gold $60
EARRINGS
(Specify backs)
silver $5
14K gold $15
ALL POSTPAID.
CONN. RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.
diabolique
SALISBURY, CONNECTICUT 06068
GIFTS WITH A devilish AIR!

LAINIE KAZAN
is alive and swell
from September 4-October 1
Performances at 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000
PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA

Johnnie Walker Black Label 12 Year Old Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof. Bottled in Scotland. $9.40 a fifth N.Y. State Price. Slightly Higher or Lower in Other States. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y., N.Y.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

It can be a small way of paying yourself back
for all the years of struggle it took to get where you are.



BERT STERN

On the horizon: Fuji Drama, a new print that seems serene as the hush of snow and the rush of wings. But Fuji Drama is volcanic, and this Fall it's lighting up the whole Vanity Fair landscape: loungewear, foundations, lingerie, sleepwear. Pullover p.j. with Hush Honey trousers, 32 to 38, about $13. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York.

VANITY FAIR

MUSICAL EVENTS

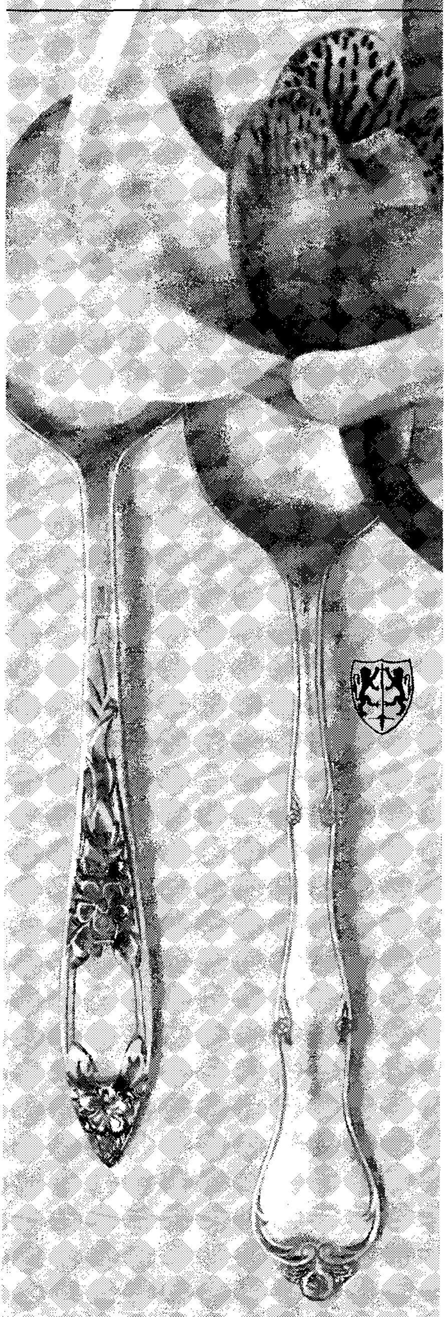
Whither?

As a demonstration of the bankruptcy of the musical avant-garde, the concert given in Carnegie Hall by Lukas Foss and the Buffalo Philharmonic on Wednesday evening of last week was pretty convincing. It started off with a piece called "Re-ak" for Large Orchestra, by the Korean serialist composer Isang Yun, which contained a few moderately interesting sound effects but nothing more. Then came Charles Ives' "Calcium Light Night," which, of course, has nothing to do with the *avant-garde*, and is one of those compositions in which Ives sought to convey the impression of several bands or orchestras playing at the same time. It is, however, very short and, to my mind, does not exemplify Ives at his best. After that, we had Mr. Foss's own "Baroque Variations"—an example of his Mona Lisa's-mustache music, in which a movement from Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 12, Scarlatti's Sonata No. 23, and the prelude to Bach's Partita in E for Solo Violin were subjected to various distortions, including slowing down, speeding up, making the music come in and out of focus, a lot of soundless bowing by violins, and the interpolation of some wrong notes and sounds from bells and cymbals. The Bach item had been heard here before, though Mr. Foss had added some things to it—some of that soundless bowing, for one thing. If all this was supposed to be funny, I think it missed its mark. (The revived Bach item sounded like a stale joke.) I am happy to report that many in the audience booed loudly, though some applauded. I suspect that the applauders were applauding the discernible fragments of Handel, Scarlatti, and Bach, rather than what Mr. Foss had done to them. After the intermission came something terribly tedious called "Correspondences for Strings and Tape," by the Princeton mathematician and musicologian Milton Babbitt. This was written for string orchestra plus electronic sounds recorded on tape. I could find nothing of the slightest interest in it. Mr. Babbitt has recently become famous for an article entitled "Who Cares If You Listen?" I, for one, don't—at least as far as Mr. Babbitt's music is concerned. The evening closed with a Capriccio for Violin and Orchestra by the Pole Krzysztof Penderecki. I *can* say that the violin part, played expertly by Paul Zukofsky, was well conceived for that instrument. Otherwise, I found the work a total bore.

It was a pleasure on the previous evening (Tuesday) to attend a concert of music by the California composer Harry Partch at the Whitney Museum. Mr. Partch, as is pretty well known, is a complete individualist, who not only creates his own kind of music but also builds the instruments it is played on. I arrived at the Museum to find a long line of hopeful auditors waiting to get in (most of them didn't), and it was only by explaining that I was a critic and *had* to get in that I gained admittance. Inside the room allotted to this concert there were already hundreds of people sitting on the floor or standing at the back. I took up my position among the latter. A lot of tuning was going on. Mr. Partch is very particular about pitch, which is something that the serialists, with their inaccurate, piano-keyboard ears, have long since forgotten. Mr. Partch is, in fact, so particular about pitch that he has divided the octave into forty-three intervals, as opposed to the twelve intervals of the keyboard. This arrangement enables him to attain a purity of intonation that one is seldom privileged to hear. He does not, of course, use all forty-three intervals at once. Most of his music is diatonic. The forty-three are there just to provide the possibility of an exact sort of intonation that derives from the theories of the great Greek mathematician and musical theoretician Pythagoras.

The instruments on which Mr. Partch's music is played look rather bizarre at first glance. There are a couple of organs specially tuned to the forty-three intervals. There are a number of xylophone- or gamelan-like instruments made of bottles, light bulbs, and redwood planks, some of the last-named emitting very low tones. There are various instruments of the zither type, a system of glass bells made from old laboratory equipment, and many other things. The sounds drawn from these instruments by Mr. Partch and a group of six or eight disciples are somewhat Oriental in character. The first number on the program, "Olym-

From Stieff,
with love



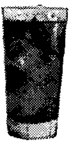
Each piece of Stieff sterling speaks
of the artist's love for fine silver,
and none so eloquently as the
hand-engraved grace of Lady Claire.
No machined monotony here, but
the distinctive beauty of precious
metal carved entirely by hand
to reflect the craftsman's pride.
You'll find artistry, too, in the delicacy
of Carrollton, like all Stieff patterns,
created and executed with love.
No wonder you get so much more
pleasure out of Stieff silver,
when so much love goes into it.

At selected jewelry and department
stores . . . write for free literature and
address of your nearest dealer

Stieff

Wyman Park Drive, Baltimore, Md. 21211
Shown left: Lady Claire; right: Carrollton

IF YOU LIKE A NICE, GENTLE LITTLE RUM AND COLA



STAY AWAY FROM MYERS'S RUM.

WORLD FAMOUS
· IMPORTED ·
MYERS'S RUM
Planters' Punch
JAMAICA RUM
FRED L. MYERS & SON

Myers's doesn't make a nice, gentle little anything.

What it does make is a hearty, full-flavored rum drink. That's because Myers's is dark Jamaican rum. And people who know rum will tell you dark Jamaican rum is the rummiest rum of all. So, naturally, the Myers's Rum and Cola is the rummiest Rum and Cola of all.

Use Myers's Rum every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. Providing you're ready for a good, full-flavored rum.

For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., Dept. 328, 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022
Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. 84 Proof.

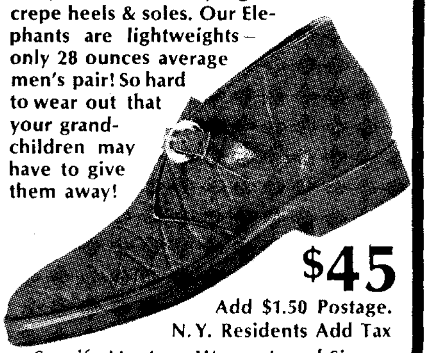
pos' Pentatonic," was, in fact, based on a scale—C, D, E flat, G, A flat—that is rather common in Japanese music today, as it was among the ancient Greeks. There was a great variety of timbre, or instrumental color, ranging from low thumps to tinkles; the music was melodious as well as colorful, and everywhere it was evocative and charming. It is a pity that the size and fragility of Mr. Partch's instruments prevent them from being transported easily. It is also a pity, in a way, that his art is absolutely unique. Unlike more traditional forms of music, it will probably die with its creator, never to be heard again.

RAVI SHANKAR, whose first name is Sanskrit for "The Sun," had been shining most of the week at Philharmonic Hall, and I went to bask in his particular variety of Indian music on Thursday night. A fair-sized audience, made up mostly of young people, was present, and the greater part of the program, which was participated in by thirteen musicians besides Mr. Shankar, was quite delightful. Mr. Shankar himself is, of course, a prodigious virtuoso on the sitar, and to me the most memorable event of the evening was a *gath* performed by him, with tabla (drum) accompaniment by Alla Rakha—this even though he broke off his *alap* (or rhythmless introductory section) in order to bow to applause before beginning the *gath* proper, which is something that would not happen in India. There were, as a matter of fact, a number of things on this program that would not have happened in India, among them a *gath* for the combination of sitar and sarod—instruments that were played either in unison or alternately, in an arrangement that made one doubt whether pure improvisation was taking place. And the program ended, rather monstrously, with a nine-piece big-band ensemble, which Mr. Shankar conducted as if he were Zubin Mehta. This was something so foreign to the spirit of Indian music that it aroused doubts as to whether or not Shankar the showman was taking precedence over Shankar the musician. However, there were many moments of pleasure—some agile singing by Lakshmi Shankar, and a percussion duet (almost a duel) between Alla Rakha, who played the banya and the tabla, and Palghat Raghu, who played the mridangam. This was Indian rhythm at its purest, and the mathematical complexity of syncopation with which Mr. Rakha and Mr. Raghu assaulted each other made one reflect

ELEPHANT
IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!

the safari chukka

The classic one-strap, custom made of supple, Genuine Black Elephant Leather. Never requires shining. Newest, comfortable, blunted-toe styling. Black cushion crepe heels & soles. Our Elephants are lightweights—only 28 ounces average men's pair! So hard to wear out that your grandchildren may have to give them away!



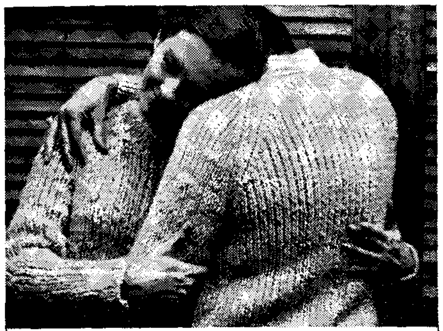
$45
Add $1.50 Postage.
N.Y. Residents Add Tax
Specify Men's or Women's and Size.
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Visit our SAFARILAND™ showroom
or write for free 76-PAGE CATALOG

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY
247 E. 50 ST., NEW YORK 10022

Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 CI 7-7300
A Bing & Bing Hotel

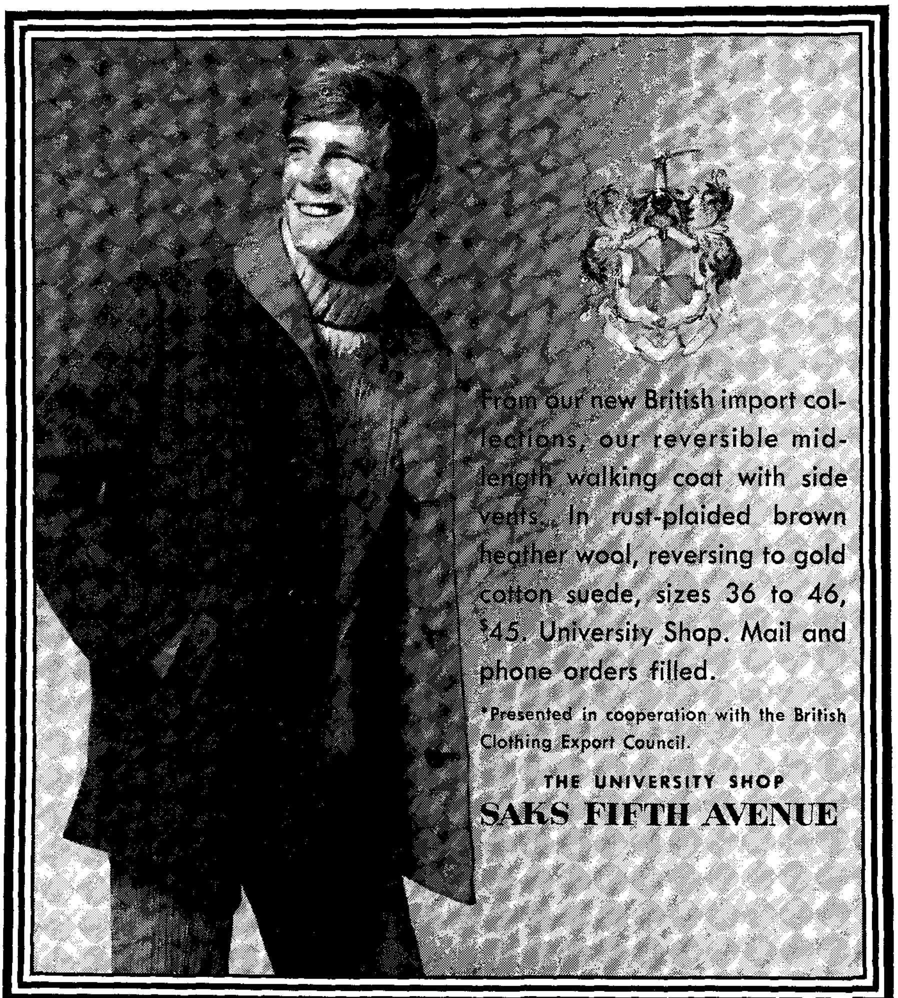


From Mykonos.
Fisherman's sweater, handknit, natural, raw wool. Men's sizes, S, M, L, XL, $35.50 ppd. Women's sizes, S, M, L, $35.50 ppd.

Only at: **Greek Island 215 E. 49 St., New York 10017 ELdorado 5-7547**

that it was not for nothing that the Indians invented both the concept of zero and the algebraic x.

THE occurrences of the week—all of them rather out of the ordinary—made me give a thought or two to the current state of music. It is obvious that the grand eighteenth- and nineteenth-century tradition of symphonic music is in its death throes, and that it has been succeeded by a rather foolish school of modern composition whose exponents would be more at home as mathematicians than as musicians. It is also obvious that the music of India, through such musicians as Mr. Shankar, is becoming more and more influential in the West. What has the immediate future got in store for us? In my opinion, new musical traditions do not descend from above through the ideas of educated composers. They are more apt to rise from below—from the music of the people. I need not present the well-known historical precedents for this theory. The music of the people is now rock. I confess that though I originally found rock merely annoying, I have since come to find it an exceedingly interesting type of music—or perhaps "interesting" is not the word; "hypnotic" is better. Forget the enormous loudness that its youthful followers seem to regard as its most important characteristic. Loudness—or softness, for that matter—is not integral to the structure of music, and any music worthy of the name exerts a hypnotic spell. Rock, in the wide spectrum of style that reaches from the Beatles to its wilder manifestations, includes an enormous variety of musical language, reaching back even to baroque and Renaissance idioms. It has preserved the regular pulse (usually referred to as "beat") that underlies nearly all great music from the Gregorian chant on and has been left out only in some music of our century. It is more "integrated"—that is to say, slightly less "African"—than jazz, and much freer in matters of rhythm. Its chord structure, which is agreeably simple, is of the do-mi-sol variety, and hence is in the mainstream of music. Most important, it is capable of inducing a wider range of emotional responses than jazz. I could never imagine a jazz "Tristan and Isolde" (if you don't like Tristan, pick your own great myth), but I can imagine a rock "Tristan." To be sure, what I am writing about is at present regarded as a kind of folk music. But I think that it sometimes approaches art music. Perhaps this is where the future of music lies. —WINTHROP SARGEANT


From our new British import collections, our reversible mid-length walking coat with side vents.* In rust-plaided brown heather wool, reversing to gold cotton suede, sizes 36 to 46, $45. University Shop. Mail and phone orders filled.

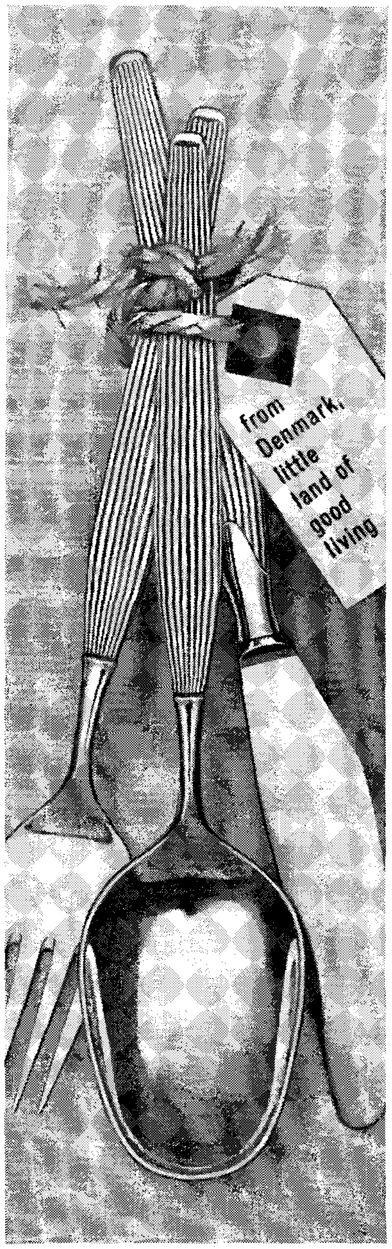
*Presented in cooperation with the British Clothing Export Council.

THE UNIVERSITY SHOP
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Trinidad has calypso, cricket, limbo dancing, horse racing, carnival, exotic tropical foods, steel bands and the Trinidad Hilton.

You really haven't seen the Caribbean until you've visited the birthplace of calypso, steel bands and limbo dancing. Trinidad has an atmosphere all its own. And in colorful, exciting Port-of-Spain everyone swings. Especially when they're at the upside-down Trinidad Hilton. You'll enter at the top, near the swimming pool and La Boucan nightclub. And you'll ride down to your air-conditioned room with its balcony that overlooks Queen's Park Savannah, Port-of-Spain and the sea.
Manager John McTurk keeps the carnival atmosphere going all year long. So anytime you decide to join in, we're ready.
For reservations call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

trinidad hilton



Savoy

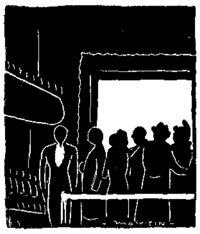
It's here — a unique sterling pattern to complement your role as a gracious hostess. SAVOY combines striking modern design with traditional craftsmanship. Designed by Danish sculptor Henning Seidelin exclusively for Frigast of Copenhagen. Six-piece handcrafted place setting: $95.00. Other outstanding patterns from $78.00. For catalogue and name of store near you, write:

DANISH SILVERSMITHS, INC.
573 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Report on a Party

AS we survive America's endless year—the spring of deaths, the Fascist August of the Windy City, and the undoubted autumn of half measures and tragic farce, when possible heads of state will turn up on television with smiles that look as if they were cut out of orange pith—it appears that by the end of it there will be hardly a thought to hold to except that things cannot conceivably be as bad as they seem. It makes life hard for this troubled land that events should be seen so absolutely. Strange that a nation whose whole essence is multiple should have a drift toward such one-cell judgments. Any phenomenon here tends to be interpreted as entirely radiant or entirely fatal, depending on where you sit. In the eyes of the machine-made and mostly mindless activists who can swallow whole the brutish prose of much of the underground press, the New York Film Festival of 1968 is fatal, apparently. At the risk of sounding moderate, I must say that the judgment strikes me as crackers. It is a peculiar disease of America to look for apocalyptic whipping boys. It matches the quest for political lone messiahs instead of for structures that might accommodate and nourish a working number of normally goodish men.



When I was a small child, a man I revered said that it was the mark of a first-rate mind to be able to hold in the intelligence two opposing ideas at the same time. For years, I thought this the most arthritic piece of sagacity I had ever heard. Now, on this continent, it seems very apt. For instance, it is neither true nor useful to dub "festival" films a coterie form; nor is it accurate to distinguish them rigidly from films made within commercial systems; nor is it perceptive to embrace as populist a cynical film like "The Wild Angels" or "The Trip" or "Wild in the Streets" just because it sells a lot of tickets. The New York Film Festival lies pretty blamelessly in the center of many approaches to the cinema, and it will neither save nor sink any kind of filmmaking. Its most important effect is probably that it gives a showing to foreign films whose chances are otherwise precarious. One may think, as I do, that the traditional American production system is rigged badly against anything but the mediocre and the vulgar, and one may think that the Lincoln Center complex, where the Festival is held, expresses an unfortunately snobbish social idea of art as happening on an oasis a long way away from anywhere that anyone lives, supported by well-heeled patrons, and housed in buildings that look as if they had been ordered on the telephone by Mussolini. And one may think that the truly speculative young radicals who scent go-getting in nearly every quarter of life at the moment have good noses. But one may also think that the proposed revolutionary tactics against this particular Festival express a kind of vehemence that is as unmistakably fabricated as Nixon's, and that the rabble attempts of some grumblers to invent emergencies of the European sort are tainted with a peculiar shamed resentment at having suffered no enemy occupation and no blitz. What a surreal week for the test of holding opposites simultaneously in the head when a film of "Oedipus Rex" has opened at the same time as the publication of battle plans against Lincoln Center and when "B.C." is being used to mean "Before Chicago." One day, if the race survives for a while, and when other things have been said, there is a gigantic farce to be written about this idiotic year of the film festival as battleground. Cannes, Venice, maybe New York. While the tanks roll through Czechoslovakia and neo-Fascism threatens America, the mannered gall of agitators who can pretend that the nub of anything much lies in film festivals boggles the mind. It is like some brilliant right-wing invention in an Evelyn Waugh satire about the left. I hold no special brief for festivals, which are often opportunities for squabbles between local hotel associations, cardinals, mayors, national delegations, and film-industry moneybags, but for anyone knowledgeable to treat festivals as if they engendered the movies shown, or as if they fostered any such thing as a power élite of highbrow taste, demonstrates a failure of professional sense bordering on the loony. Even at their most comically corrupt, with the Vatican and the Tourist Minister and some huffy president of Dream-Factory Pictures, Inc., weighing in, festivals do improve the distribution chances of minority and foreign

The Nehru Knit that keeps itself in shape. It's DACRON® from Du Pont.

GERALD PIERCE OF BELFRY, LTD. sleeks a knit past the hips, explodes it into a sudden flounce of skirt, and jackets everything with a Nehru-collar tunic. What keeps all this news in line? The shape-assurance of "Dacron". 100% textured filament Dacron* polyester, in white or black. 6-16. The costume, about $75. For a store near you, dial this special number; 800-243-1890, toll-free. In Connecticut, call collect: 853-3600.

*Du Pont registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Better things for better living . . . through chemistry

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards—Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Dürer—a della Robbia sculpture in shining white and blue, a Valencian panel of angels and golden spires against a starlit sky, an ancient Egyptian lotus tile from the palace of Rameses II, an emerald and sapphire Annunciation in stained glass from the chapel of a medieval castle, the Journey of the Three Kings in scarlet, pink, blue, and gold, an embroidery in colored silks of a lute player, lion, pear tree and fountain, and a Winslow Homer engraving of a Victorian skating party in Central Park are among the more than sixty designs. ☆All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of The Metropolitan Museum in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought only by mail or at the Museum. Mail coupon below, with 25 cents, for the 40-page catalogue which also illustrates Museum jewelry, the Museum engagement calendar and other unusual Christmas presents.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N17

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

________________ ZIP________

films. If, as the agitators' argument goes, this fact commits some weighty immorality by emphasizing a gap between "art" and "entertainment," with "art" caged and branded as villainously élitist, then three-quarters of the books in libraries will have to go, and Donne and Tolstoy be ditched for Kathleen Winsor and Snoopy. To present the self-conscious distinction as necessary alternatives is a fallacy, and no help to anyone. Plenty of good and important work has appealed only to small audiences; plenty more could be theorized about as being both highbrow and popular in the eyes of its period (Shakespeare, Swift, Buster Keaton, the Beatles), but there is no use in academic pressing for the fluke geniuses who can fling such pontoon bridges of gaiety and point.

Among the first of the films that are to be shown at the New York Festival is Jan Němec's "A Report on the Party and the Guests." It was made in Czechoslovakia, from a screenplay by Němec and Ester Krumbachová, and I should have thought we might feel fortunate to see it; the Czechs had to wait nearly two years, until the Dubček regime this spring lifted the ban on it that has probably now dropped again. The film is a painfully sophisticated fable about the happy man's ready instinct for relinquishing the good in favor of the constrained before he realizes what he is doing. It begins, under the titles, with the sound of running water in the country—a brook somewhere. People are at ease, having a picnic. They eat and joke. Life is sweet. There is a rat squeak of danger when a girl says gaily that she could never bear to be alone. Then strangers are about in the forest—perfectly benign, it seems, but they begin to hustle the picnickers by the arm as they make friends, and edge them into a dell, where they play enigmatic games that have a kindergarten character with a tinge of malignity. The picnickers queue up in front of a table, trying to question nothing. They do what they can to sustain the old mood: it is a day off, after all, and nothing has much altered, apart from the influx of cheerful enough strangers behaving on the eerily playful assumption that they are in command. Here and there, the picnickers show a chink of worry ("I thought they were guests." "So did I"). Still, the sun shines. "We'll line up here." "Perhaps alphabetically, if that's what they want." "Men on one side, women on the other." A man facing the jovial playmate behind the table finds himself offering his papers. Suddenly, there is a

The good old days make good nights with this warm "gay nitey" gown. Floral print, laden with lace and ruffles. Mint or yellow. Sizes 4 to 14, $6. *At Lord & Taylor, New York and branches;* and other fine stores everywhere.

Her Majesty®

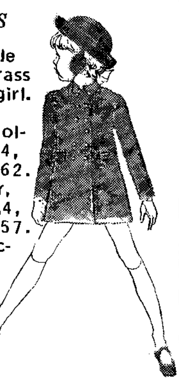
ENTERTAIN HANDSOMELY IN OUR
Victorian Suite
& VERSAILLES ROOM
An elegant atmosphere to welcome your social parties of ten to 175 guests for dinners, supper dances or receptions. Illustrious cuisine and rare *vintages, of course.* Call our Banquet Department, RH 4-1600.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. AT 76th ST.

the children's dream house
EXCLUSIVELY OURS

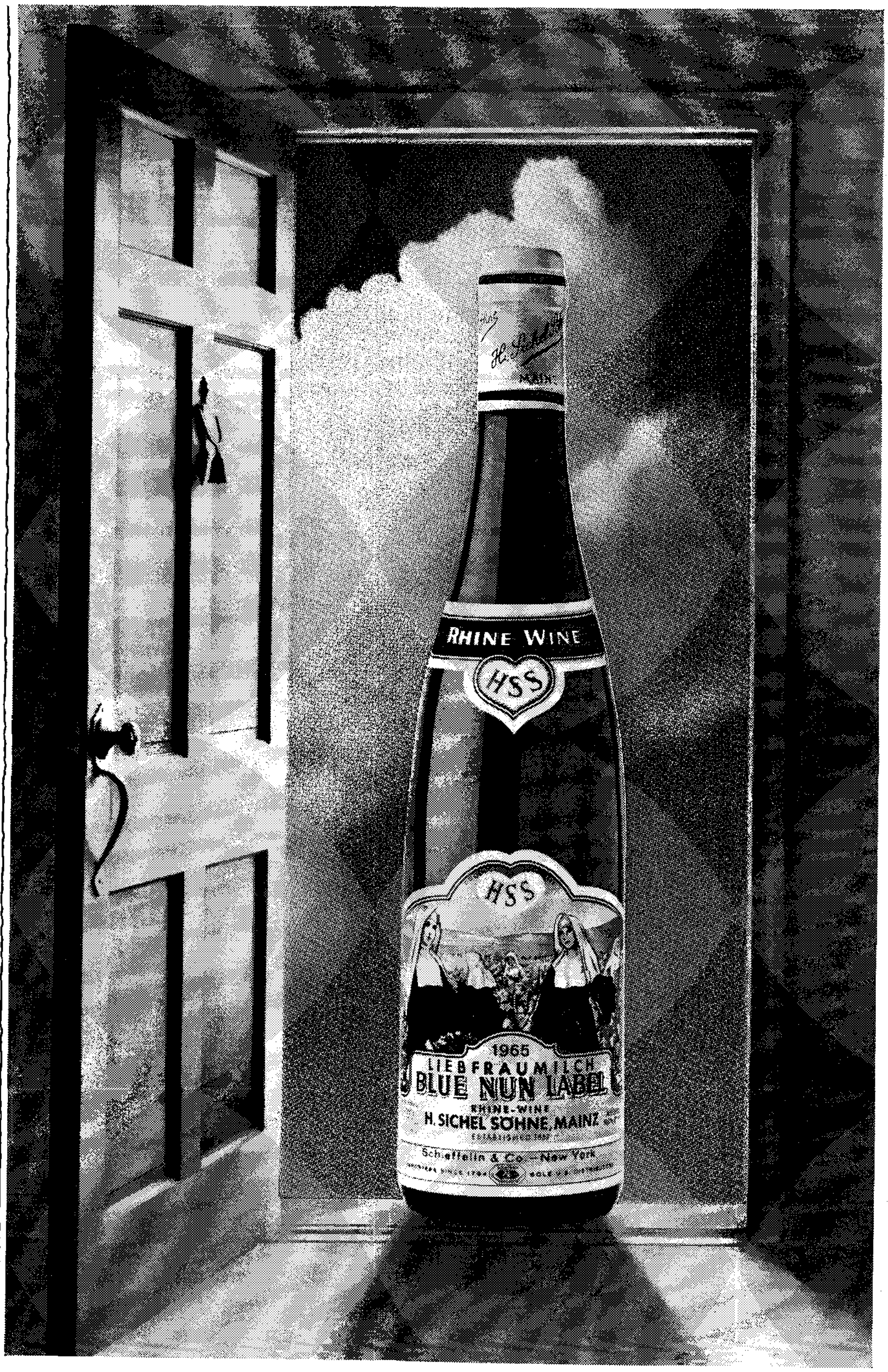
Belgian imported double breasted wool coats. Brass buttoned for a boy or girl. Wool lined. Cranberry red with black velvet Roller Hat, ear flaps. T2,3,4, $50; 4-6x, $57, 7-12, $62. Navy with Nehru collar, navy velvet roller T2,3,4, $44; 4-6x, $52; 7-12, $57. Camel, lea. straps & buckles on pockets, plaid lining, matching roller hat, ear flaps. T2,3,4 $56; 4-6x, $64; 7-12, $69. Free delivery U.S.A. No C.O.D.

1190 Third Ave. (Bet. 69th & 70th)
N.Y.C. 10021 Tel: 249-3893



mugging, pleasantly done. A girl says, "But that wasn't a nice welcome, beating a man up." Her tactless moment passes, and a white-costumed dictator-host comes tripping along, to lead everyone to a formal banquet in the sun beside a lake. There are candelabras, waiters, the appearance of good will; also henchmen, yes men, and the host smiling and keeping his hands clean. The original picnickers are mixed indistinguishably with the chubby invaders. They are dragooned into enjoyment—people who might be schoolteachers or foremen, and an ordinarily obedient wife who is too keen on the party (the tacit pun seems bitterly meant) to follow her husband when he leaves to go for a walk. Without a word, the group scents an escape. Places are suddenly shuffled. No one feels himself to be sitting in the right seat. The dictator-host figure asks a clever-looking man to make a speech: "People know your name. Your word has weight." A funster who is adept at voicing the line of the moment cries merrily, "One for all, all for one!" Though no one quite says so, the husband's empty chair is troubling now in a different way, for unanimity has set in, and if one has gone, all should go, surely? "Maybe he likes to be alone," says someone polite, visibly trying to imagine such a thing and failing in the sunny herd. The guests eat daintily, pretending that the travesty banquet in the company of unknown fellow-eaters who may be informers or murderers is a lucky improvement on their picnic. At the end of the picture, the dogs are after the man who left the table; there is a sound of barking under the final frames, and the candles in the daylight are snuffed out. Oh, Prague.

ORSON WELLES' film from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story"—also showing in the first week of the Festival—carries the tang of her prose exactly. Welles himself plays an allegorical figure called Mr. Clay, a Western millionaire in Macao who has trained himself to believe only facts. A rabbit-faced employee—a sad, hounded Pole who has served the man of clay for a symbolic seven years—distresses him by reading aloud a translation from Isaiah. Mr. Clay doesn't like prophecies. He doesn't care for pretense. Irritation moves him to play the part of some Olympian assassin of the imaginative: faced with an archetypal piece of seagoing fiction about a sailor and a woman, he decides to scotch it by hiring people to enact it and so shrivel legend into fact. Jeanne Moreau is the chosen



INVITE THE BLUE NUN FOR DINNER.
THE ONE FINE WINE THAT ADAPTS TO ANY GOOD FOOD.

If you choose your wines as carefully as your guests, you should meet the Blue Nun. Blue Nun is wonderfully versatile Liebfraumilch. It's provocative with the appetizers, satisfying with the main course, delicate with the dessert. So next time you're inviting people for dinner, invite the Blue Nun too. ©IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N. Y.

BLUE NUN

AT HOME WITH

Evelyn Pearson®

Cherry Blossoms cast their spellbinding beauty on gently quilted cotton sateen . . . creating the semblance of luxurious brocade. Hand-made frogs top the side zip-closing . . . and lend an Oriental air. Mood Blue, Harem Green, Blossom Pink, Sitar Gold. 8 to 20. *$25*. Available dress-length, *$18*. At Altman's! Marshall Field! G. Fox! and all their branches; or write Evelyn Pearson, Inc., Empire State Building, New York, New York 10001.

performer of the woman. It happens that Clay drove the performer's father to his death, and she finds some black satisfaction in acting out the purblind old man's dream. The sailor's part is taken by a real seaman who was shipwrecked and lived for a year without speaking. The Moreau character is herself a tart, but she implies a small and freezing draft of scorn for the hireling mime who comes to her bed under the millionaire's eye, and the same for Clay himself, who wrongly fancies the characters of his fiction to be as powerless in his bloodless hands as the poor in the hands of the rich, or the fawning in the hands of the inventive. He is a man who would be at home in a crypt. He is made up with a face of gray, often photographed in long-shot at the far end of a polished table or in a huge chair, watching his characters embark on the love story that he believes to be controllable. His imagination has long since turned to stone, but he is unfamiliarly stirred—half comically, but not altogether—by the Old Testament prophet who overturned his idea of things. There is a fine old-man's-eye view of the two lovers kissing, seen through a doorway from Clay's distant chair on a veranda. The film is composed with the kind of formal poignancy that Welles commands as no one else in the world can. There are a few shots that have effects exactly equivalent to the knife-blade perceptions that suddenly pierce Isak Dinesen's story (sentences like "It is when people are being told their own thoughts that they think they are being insulted"). The stylish care given to the look of the picture makes the post-synching of the dialogue worrisome. But no other director could quite have imparted the peculiar substance of the story, which is perilously fanciful but also stern, and intellectual in a way that film usually fails to be. The strange piece is also mutely touching. I believe Welles should have cut the woman's delusion of an earthquake when her lover comes near her. It is funny, and there is nothing to be done about it. It seems precious even in print; on the screen it is impossible. But other difficult moments work. "Are you seventeen?" says the sailor, in bed, to his aging love, who is there to pretend to be a grand lady and to avenge her father. Moreau's silent face is moving and disquieting, even if it can't possibly transmit the thought the character has in the story—that the "great dark tragedy" she believed herself to be in has turned out to be a comedy. Welles has chosen an intractable story to film, and he is the only

The new 15-story supermotorhotel on the Charles has . . .
The PUB
For what ales you,
The ESPLANADE
for culinary masterpieces,
The banque
for sounds that go boom in the night,
The ESPLANADE
Cocktail Lounge
for tinkling tête-à-têtes,
The CREPE
for just desserts,
A Room By the River
for a good night,
and you've got something worth leaving home for
THE FENWAY
CAMBRIDGE MOTOR HOTEL
the new supermotorhotel on the Charles
777 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass.
For reservations, call (617) 492-7777

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities
• IMPERIAL, 935 Lex. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
• GOURMET, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
• EAST, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930
• QUEENS, 91-16 59th AVE. (Nr. Queens & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166
• SUNNYSIDE, 45-12 Queens Blvd. (Nr. Sunnyside Garden) 361-1328
• FLUSHING, 144-08 Northern Blvd. (At Parsons Blvd.) 445-1144

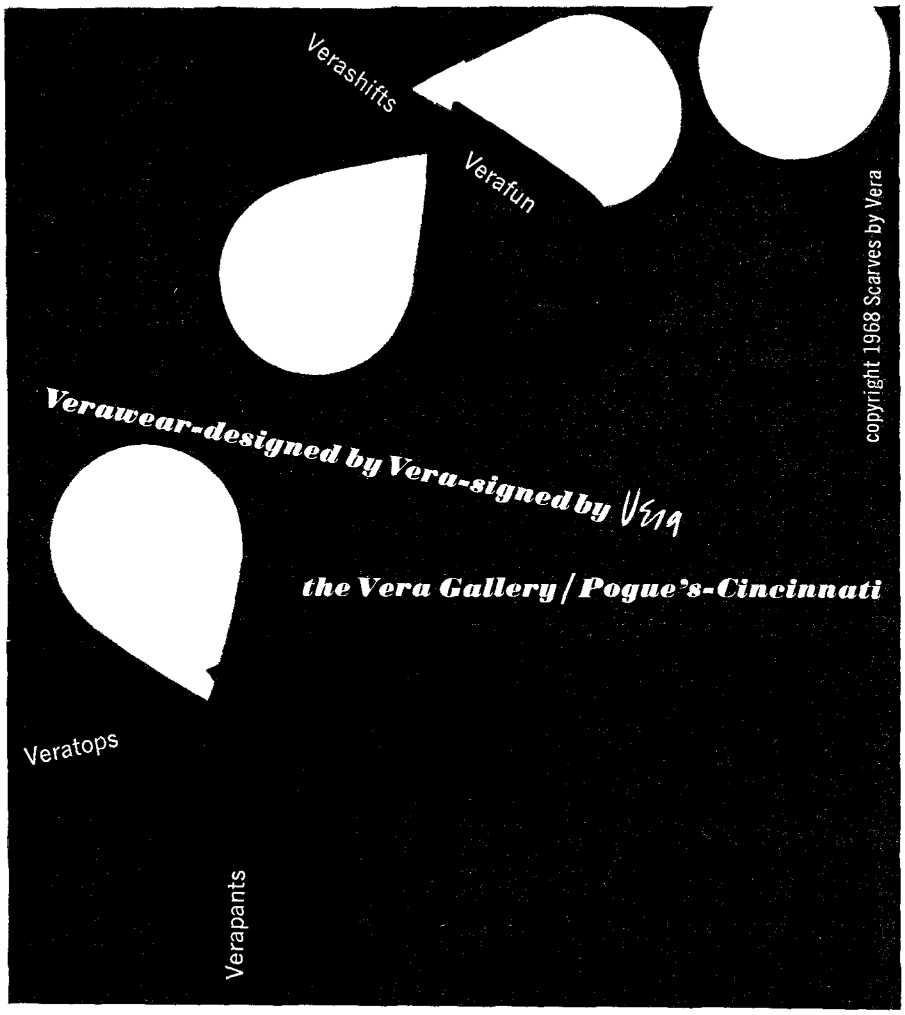
Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63rd ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8 0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH . N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
JU 6 5950

director alive who could so nearly have done it. The dogged Polish Jew becomes a stirring man. Though he is quite bleached out by lack of desire, feeling no yearning or ambition in any direction whatever, he is powerfully attentive to the rich man's charade, which seems to imprint on his bank teller's mind the alien lesson that there is an unaccountable value in what other people name a comedy (in the sense of *comédie*, I think: a play, an act of the imagination)—that foreign style of the mind in which his tongue-tied, inexpressive hulk of an employer unexpectedly appears most nearly able to speak the truth.

ANY film of Welles' always seems to employ the full vocabulary of cinema. Jean-Marie Straub's "Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach," to be shown in the Festival, does exactly the opposite. It falls into a category now officially and quite unsarcastically called "minimal art." In a frugal way, the photography looks nice. The camera doesn't move during shots, and the shots, in black-and-white, are held for a very, very long time. A thin-faced Dutch harpsichordist called Gustav Leonhardt plays the role of Bach. I had imagined Bach fatter, and also jollier, but I do see that it can't be easy to find a fine harpsichordist, organist, and conductor who also has the right shape and humor for the part. The film probably doesn't care, in any case. Verisimilitude is pared away as part of the reigning thrift. The film covers a lot of years, for instance, but the Bachs don't age. If it stooped to be human, I suppose it could be said to be told from the point of view of Anna Magdalena (played by Christiane Lang, who has a mournful nose, and a dogged touch on the clavichord). To be more exact, its point of view is the dates of her marriage. The music is restricted rigorously to the years of her life with her husband. Considering the stark pedantry of the film, is there a source for making Anna Magdalena so draggy? I suspect the film of contributing to that. Bach himself is no ball of fun, though an arctic smile plays round his lips when he gets to a pleasing bit in his own music. The film certainly has deliberate reasons for showing the characters so, but I think they have mostly to do with preserving the purity of the film's—well, minimality. That minimality begins to thin your blood, and you live on less oxygen than usual, or fewer calories, or something. It is like spending a week in a Trappist retreat eating nothing but black bread and raw onion. After a bit, even the onion


Verashifts
Verafun
Verawear-designed by Vera-signed by Vera
the Vera Gallery / Pogue's-Cincinnati
copyright 1968 Scarves by Vera
Veratops
Verapants

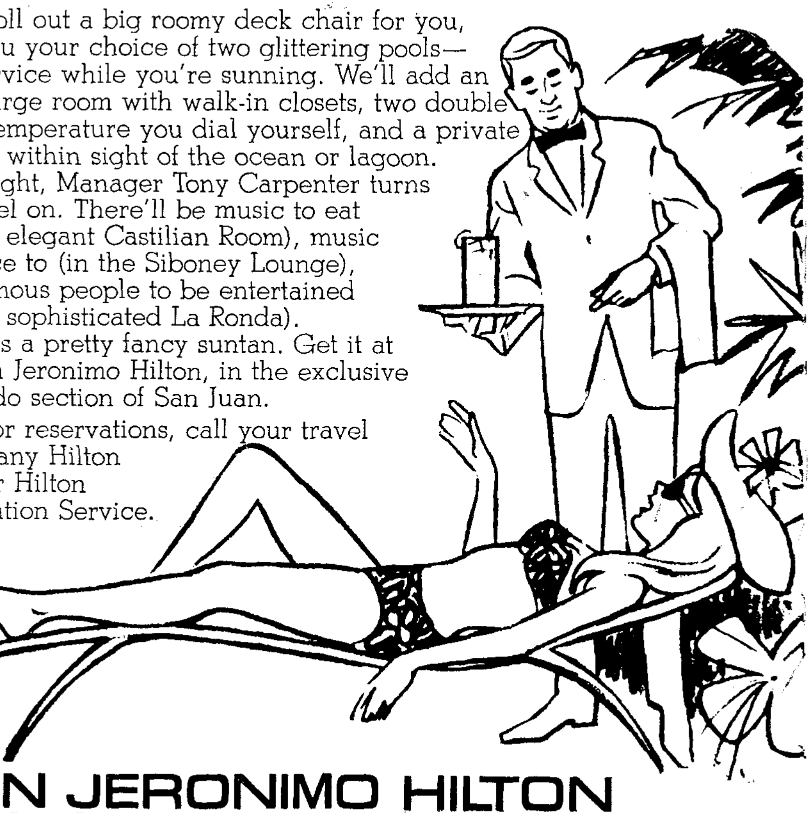
At the San Jeronimo Hilton you'll get a pretty fancy suntan.

We'll roll out a big roomy deck chair for you, give you your choice of two glittering pools—and service while you're sunning. We'll add an extra-large room with walk-in closets, two double beds, temperature you dial yourself, and a private terrace within sight of the ocean or lagoon.

At night, Manager Tony Carpenter turns the hotel on. There'll be music to eat by (the elegant Castilian Room), music to dance to (in the Siboney Lounge), and famous people to be entertained by (the sophisticated La Ronda).

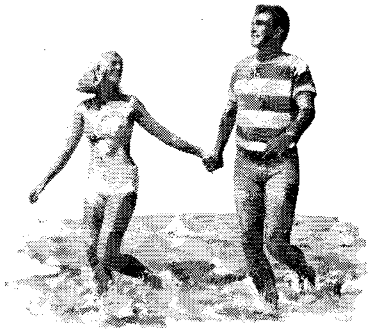
That's a pretty fancy suntan. Get it at the San Jeronimo Hilton, in the exclusive Condado section of San Juan.

For reservations, call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.



SAN JERONIMO HILTON
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Real Happiness is



the tingling world of surf and pool,

the throbbing world of the Zanzibar Lounge

...at the puerto rico Sheraton SAN JUAN

FROM $11.50 PER PERSON PER DAY TWO IN A ROOM THRU DEC. 14

Be vivacious. Our golden beach is just a splash away from our sparkling pool. Surfcasting, snorkeling, water-skiing.

Be gregarious. Join San Juan's most sophisticated night life in our Zanzibar Lounge. Feel the rhythm of excitement.

For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, call a travel agent, any Sheraton Hotel or Reservation Offices: In New York—244-0700, Chicago—787-4585, Los Angeles—382-8408, San Francisco—392-8600.

Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities.
A Worldwide Service of ITT

is a feast—too much. I came out blessing the film for letting me listen to Bach and look quietly for five-minute takes at the back of the substitute Bach's periwig, and then I thought: Hell, you can buy the records. But this isn't fair, either, because the film does perform the rare technical feat of recording the clavichord, which is the devil's own job, and the result is a great joy to hear, if you care. As soon as I cottoned on to the trick of thinking of the film as an exercise in living on short commons, I liked it very much. At least twice, you are handed out a photograph of a moment of human behavior; as long as you expect *none*, two is a lot. One of the shots is a Vermeer composition of a small Bach daughter in a white dress amusing herself with a doll while Mummy practices Daddy's *Klavierbuch*. The other has the voice of a child saying that someone has sent some wine. In context, the moments seem a fun fair and a binge, like the spree of someone turning over during an eight-hour film chronicle of sleep. And, all the while, Bach's music is going, played by grave gentlemen in breeches, with the sunlight pouring through church windows. I mean, it *is* better than looking at the record sleeve. The paucity of human material concentrates the mind on counterpoint wonderfully.

And, besides, the film is one of the very few about a composer that haven't been ridiculous, so the terrible restraint is probably justified. It deliberately creates a vacuum, which you have to fill yourself, in your own sloppy way. Sometimes I watched the moments when the pretend Bach changed manuals on the harpsichord, and sometimes I fell into things that never get into reviews, like thoughts of dinner, and what to do with your life, and how bitterly cold the air-conditioning can be in America. The habit carried over for me slightly into Philip Saville's admirable film of "Oedipus Rex," to be shown on commercial release under the title of "Oedipus the King" (which seems rather like calling Robert Dhéry's famous revue "The Pen of My Aunt," but never mind). The editing of the film is baroque and elegant, and the setting of the Greek locations is unsurpassable. Richard Johnson plays Creon, and Orson Welles plays Tiresias. They are beautifully directed, and there is a piercing and mysterious bond of *friendship* between Oedipus Christopher Plummer and Jocasta Lilli Palmer. All this is enthralling. At the same time, under the influence of the

BELMONT PARK
THOROUGHBRED RACING AT ITS BEST
FIRST RACE 1:30
SEPT. 16—OCT. 26

CALL 641-4700 EXT. 306 FOR INFORMATION

GIFTS —for Horse Lovers

ASHTRAY SET
Genuine Royal Worcester English Bone China
Impressively Boxed $5.50 ppd. tax included
Send 25¢ for Horseman's Guide and Gift Catalog
Kauffman's
(212) MU 4-6060 FREE PARKING
Dept. N.Y, 141 East 24 St. N.Y. 10010

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors

PORTRAITS, INC.
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

Bach film, I kept thinking that Oedipus is probably the only nice man in the history of drama who actually likes his mother, perhaps because he is the only one entirely free of the Oedipus complex. I don't mean that it isn't a good film. Plummer is very fine.

THERE is no way of sliding gently into this new paragraph, which is about an entirely engaging and goofy English comedy called "Hot Millions," directed by Eric Till, and written by Ira Wallach and Peter Ustinov. Ustinov plays a butterfly expert with a Cockney accent that you could cut with a knife. In professional life the character is a con man, an embezzler, and a self-taught expert on computers, which is a blow for our side, considering the intimidating air of patronage that the things exude toward mankind. Maggie Smith plays a gutsy, lonely girl who tries job after job, including one as Ustinov's secretary, glumly bashing a beautiful office typewriter on the tab key and saying, "Oh, I'm not going to like it here," when the carriage jumps at her. Maggie Smith is quite an actress. The parts she played in "The Honey Pot" and "The V.I.P.s" didn't begin to use her, and even this immensely funny performance is only one aspect of what she has done onstage. In this film, which is agreeably rude to all machinery, she plays a very characteristic comic part. It has a surface that is peculiarly hers—both grumpy and blithe. There is a scene in which she walks around her lodgings in a trance of love and a fog of burning sausages. Her relationship with the Ustinov character is very English, the essence of their skepticism and insulting horse sense being that they are secretly sweet to each other, though they would kill anyone who said so. "Hot Millions" is an enjoyable, affectionate film, full of pleasantly Bolshie impulses, such as a victorious scene about how to drive a computer to distraction by hitting it with a bucket. Sometimes the camera movements themselves express the heroine's caustic mistrust of modern life: there is a beguiling half-realized zoom shot when a lens moves in on a modern office building crammed with identical non-see-through glass windows, grasps that it is never going to get anything more out of the shot, and gives it up, with a faltering shudder, two-thirds of the way through.

SOME time ago, a Canadian filmmaker named Allan King spent several weeks in a house for disturbed

Sparkling RED CAP® makes Life* Sparkle

RED CAP
IMPORTED
F. Chauvenet
SPARKLING WINE
VIN MOUSSEUX

*People, Parties and Conversation

F. CHAUVENET's Lively Red Wine FROM NUITS ST. GEORGES, BURGUNDY, FRANCE.
©1967 • SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. NEW YORK • NEW YORK

From America's Most Distinguished Tailors

Our $395 Custom Cut is now available in ready-tailored suits at $200

DUNHILL TAILORS
65 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y.

$310 will buy you 60 hours of French lessons in New York.*

$357 will buy you 50 hours of French lessons in Paris, including the trip.

KLM announces the University of the Air. Two weeks of French lessons in Paris. Italian in Florence. German in Heidelberg. Or Spanish in Barcelona.

In addition to the lessons, your "tuition" includes airfare, hotel, breakfasts and a set of "Living Language"® records with a manual and dictionary.

The price? $357 for French. $377 for German. $387 for Italian. And $397 for Spanish. All based on 15-person, 14/21-day GIT economy fares from New York.

How much can you learn in two weeks? You'll be getting at least 40 hours of professional instruction in the language you choose. But every waiter, street sign and passerby is an instructor, too. You're learning something every minute.

Classes start October 5, 1968. You can enroll for any two-week session from then until the end of March.

For all the particulars, fill out the coupon. Or see one of our admissions officers. (Otherwise known as your travel agent.)

*Based on the leading language school's rates.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, Dept. C
609 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Please send me your free "University of the Air" brochure.

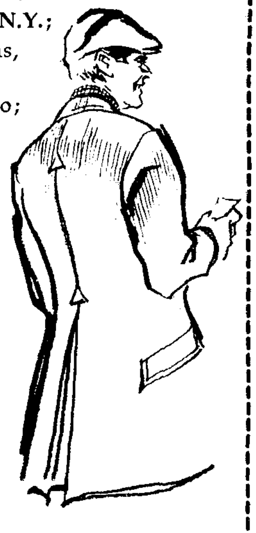
NAME
ADDRESS PHONE
CITY STATE ZIP
MY TRAVEL AGENT IS B-6

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

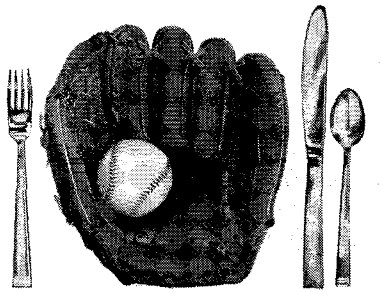
children at a psychiatric center called Warrendale. His record of what he learned is named after the place. The movie caused a furor at the time; people were angered by what they saw—perhaps threatened by the children's likeness to themselves in anguish, perhaps shocked by the unique psychiatric method of giving physical comfort to the kids by holding them in a hug like a vise while they are in the middle of a seizure. The principle is called, literally, "holding," or "containing." As they thrash with some terror or dread beyond their control, the kids know that they are in safe limits, and the often ferocious clasp visibly proffers a consolation beyond words. The children are aged from about five to about eighteen. They are not deranged, or horrifying to watch. Their attacks of grief, fear, rage, and clamor for some impossible immortal intimacy seem only more naked and more terrible in degree than the ones that everyone knows. They are intensely alert to one another's state of mind, are never infected by one another, are courageously not at all hermetic, and are often eloquent about themselves in a way that makes your heart ache. One girl, quite old, lives in the same horror of the next onset of hysteria that an epileptic feels about a fit. Their struggles with themselves make them sweat like horses. False comfort distresses them. "People keep saying, 'Irene, you've changed so much,' but it's *me* that has to feel it, isn't it?" says one of them. "It sounds so much like *one day* I'm going to hit the jackpot. . . ." They blow their noses furiously after crying, enraged with themselves; hide under the blankets in the morning, dogged by a carry-over of intolerable dreams that makes the day impossible; hurt themselves on purpose; think that others are breathing fire into them to burn out their guts; believe that they caused the death of a loved Negro cook by not having wished her sufficiently well. The frowns that pass across their faces at their failures and panics are savagely self-critical, and so is the undertone of their jeering. Contempt for their own plight sometimes seems to drive them nearly beyond the reach of rescue. Allan King's perception of their hellish journeys is like the psychiatric workers' way of dealing with them: the film, which is without commentary, burns into their spirits and makes no judgments. It is a wonderful movie, extending a charity to aberration and distress like no other of its sort that I have ever seen.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

The original imported
Teller Coat
made in Austria.
The man with the Teller swagger; unmistakable in **The Guardsman.** Whipcords, country tweeds and corduroy as shown. From $60.
Bloomingdale's, N.Y.;
Jacob Reed's Sons, Phila.;
Beacon's, Chicago;
Littler's, Seattle;
Johnson & Grey, Sausalito, Cal.
B. Teller of Vienna,
19 West 36th St., New York, N.Y.



ENJOYING STEAK AND LOBSTER IS THE GREAT INDOOR SPORT AT...



AL SCHACHT'S
10 E. 52ND ST., N.Y.C. PL 9-8570
7 DAYS A WEEK TILL 1 AYEM

INTEGRATED HOUSING AS AN INVESTMENT
M-REIT MUTUAL REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT TRUST
Objective: to invest in income-producing real estate in good neighborhoods and offer housing to all.
▶ Send for free prospectus.

Morris Milgram Dept.N.Y.
Mutual Real Estate Investment Trust
30 East 42 St., New York 10017
Name
Address
Zip

This advertisement is not an offering. No offering is made except by a prospectus filed with the Department of Law of the State of New York. The Attorney General of the State of New York has not passed on, or endorsed the merits of this offering.

Bass®
Take the floor in
a new breed of shoe
...Bass Monograms.

Featured: Monk strap oxford in Charred chestnut calfskin, $29.00
Left: Plain toe blucher in Hawthorne brown calfskin, $28.00. Center: Wing tip blucher in Hawthorne brown calfskin, $32.00. Right: George boot in Charred chestnut calfskin, $32.00

Monograms is a registered trademark for brogues made only by G. H. Bass & Co., Wilton, Me. 04294.

This is a boat. The 50 ft. fiber

There are Hatteras owners who have sold their homes so they could live full time on their boats.

It's easy to see why, isn't it?

This is gracious living. And it's easy living. (No lawn to mow. And no boat to maintain, either, in the usual sense; because it is constructed of fiberglass, the Hatteras yacht is practically maintenance-free.)

Decorated by Doris Slane

This Hatteras was decorated by Doris Slane of Skipper's Choice.

Doris has the advantage of working in the furniture capital of the world, High Point, N.C., where the Hatteras is built.

Her close relationship with designers and manufacturers, her exceptional taste—and knowledge of boats—has resulted in some magnificent boat interiors.

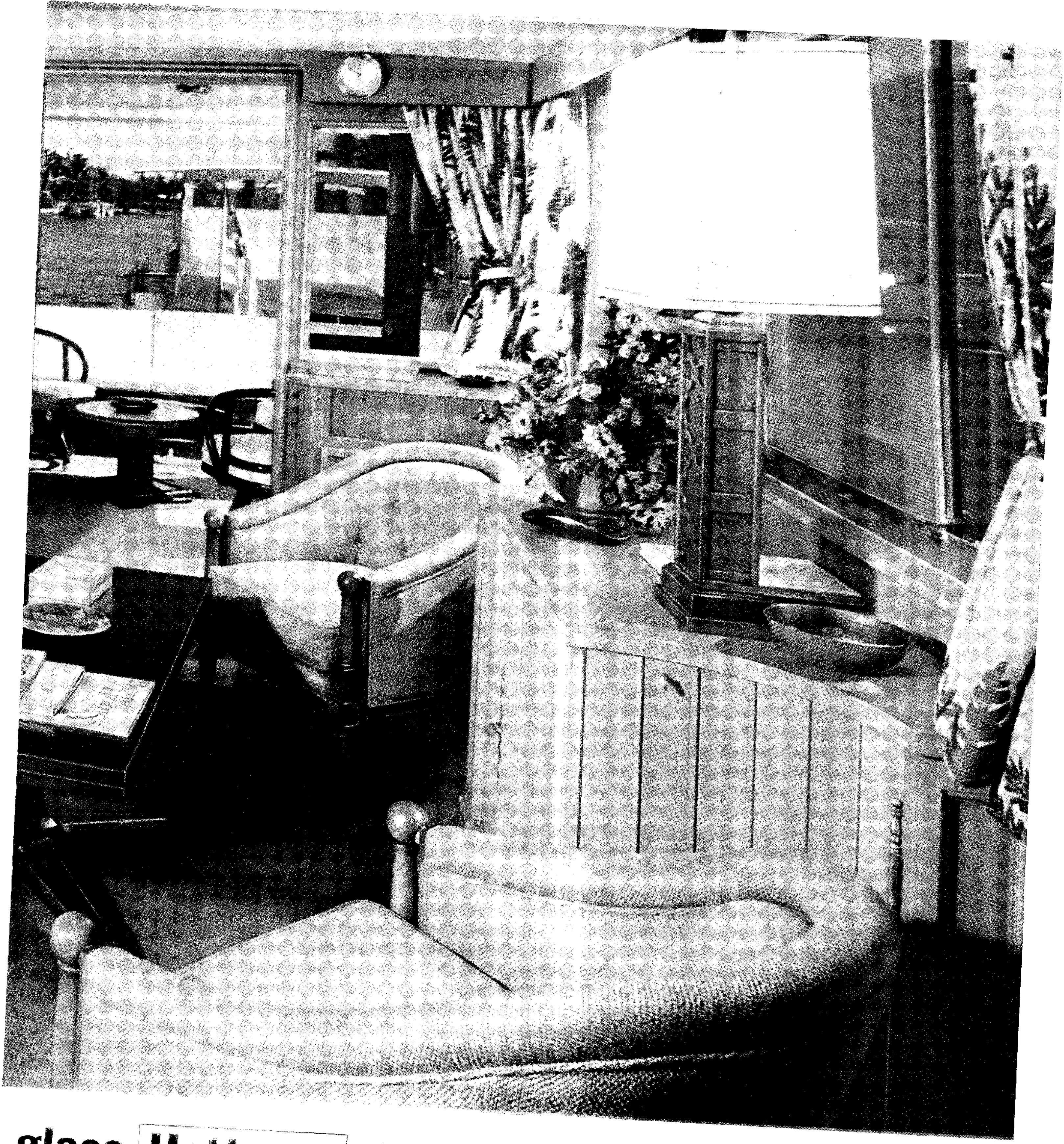
Fine furniture interiors

Another advantage to building the Hatteras in High Point: the furniture craftsmen. These proud men, joiners and finishers, work on the interior of each Hatteras until it is like a really good piece of furniture.

As a result the interior is luxurious and warm, befitting the fine home that it is.

Extra space makes decorating easier

Because its fiberglass construction eliminates beams, ribs and frames, you get more usable space in a Hatteras. (The master stateroom is



glass Hatteras. (Some boat).

9 ft. x 13 ft. And there's over 300 cu. ft. of storage space throughout the boat.)

This is a comfortable-riding boat. The reinforced fiberglass hull has a sea-kindly shape that virtually eliminates pounding, yawing and broaching.

Wall-to-wall carpeting, stereo, air conditioning, bar with ice maker

Many luxury extras come as standard equipment. A 14 cu. ft. refrigerator; dishwasher and disposal; electric toilet; shower and sump pump in all three heads.

She sleeps ten and is powered by twin GM 8V-71N diesel engines; Onan 12 KW diesel generator (soundproofed). There are two walk-in engine rooms.

Product of North American Rockwell

Hatteras is part of North American Rockwell, leader in transportation—from the heights of the moon to the depths of the ocean. This means that every Hatteras is backed by a strength and technological capability unequaled in the marine industry.

Some boat? We think so. But we'll leave it up to you to decide. Write for name of nearest dealer. If you'd like a portfolio of color literature, enclose $1.00. Hatteras Yacht Division, North American Rockwell, 2186 Kivett Drive, High Point, North Carolina 27261. ©H.Y.D., N.A.R. 1968

Before you start a round of investing . . .

see an investment professional.

At Manufacturers Hanover, the name of the game is *total performance banking*—the ability to do the whole job for you, from collecting interest on your securities to protecting your interests in the market.

It is this total performance capability which qualifies us to serve as an investment professional for the investor who takes on the rugged Wall Street "course."

Currently, we have fiscal responsibility for the management of funds valued at more than seven billion dollars—for individuals, families, educational and charitable foundations and others.

At Manufacturers Hanover, your investment management account is handled by a single trust officer on a person-to-person basis. It is his job to bring to focus on your individual situation the total research and management capabilities of this multi-billion-dollar organization.

Ask about our Investment Management Service. It could help you lower your investment handicap.

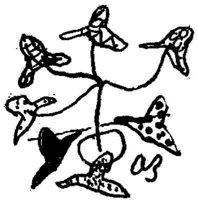
. . . it's good to have a great bank behind you

MANUFACTURERS HANOVER TRUST

Personal Trust Division—350 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022 • Tel: 350-5244 (Area Code 212)

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

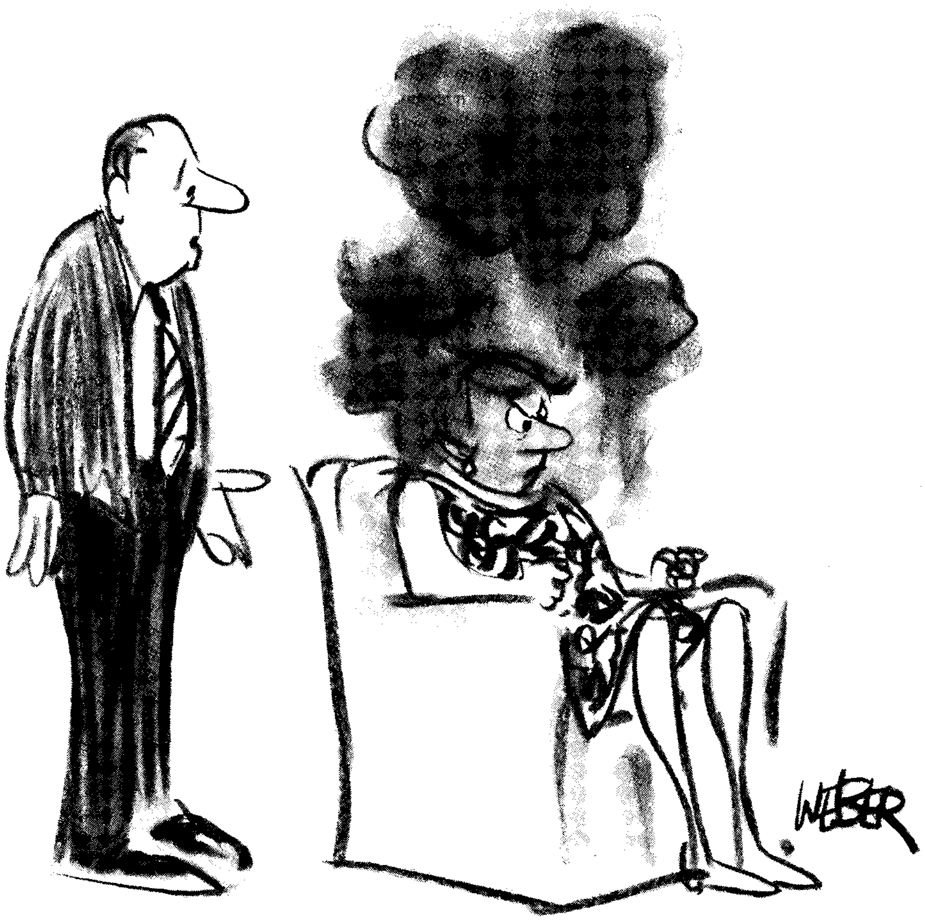


YOUTH will be served, and that's a quote; I forget where I heard it. And youth is *being* served, even to the point of breakfast in bed at noon. But youth, as it appears in its omnipresent exuberance in the fashion press, has itself been serving, often blessedly, by banishing "safe" clothes—those carefully made-to-order devices that cater to Gentility and Class. And while I'm all for functional—or even conventional—outfits for daytime operations that involve shopping, working, and other useful pursuits, I'm also for carnival when the sun goes down, whether you are at home or out on the town. It's too bad, though—now that youth is in the saddle—that so many of our girl citizens under twenty don't have the spare, boyish architecture or the legs that are called for. The wearing of the shortest skirts and white stockings with the widest mesh should be a privilege, not a national habit. And the wearing of white knee socks anywhere but on the fairways—no, never!

There was a time, not so thunderously long ago, when a girl would buy a Dior, at a Dior price, knowing that it could be worn in public for, say, the next eight years. But the smallest price is her aim today; the predictions that she would head for quality and perfect workmanship instead of buying faddish doodads straight off the racks turned out to be wrong. A sense of high adventure has smothered *that* trend, if it ever existed. Variety and the newest thing, as long as it's effective and entertaining *and* inexpensive, are what count, and who is going to bother about turning a dress inside out and examining the finishing? It may be out of date in a month.

I like to think back, and fondly, on the brief history of the emancipation of girlhood. There were spasms along with progress, naturally. Like the sawed-off oblongs that Courrèges perpetrated, made of vinyl that had no flexibility at all. Girls went about in those things looking like robots and calling everyone else—ah, the irony of it!—"square." We soon got away from this self-imposed rigidity and into Romance, which too often meant a mien of utter despair. Limp, bedraggled, "soft" chiffons. White cotton-lace dresses on standard lines, looking like confirmation dresses and at prices like $250! And ruffles. And ruffles. And other clutter. There were, true enough, lovely Scarlett dresses of organdie or organza, full-skirted and high-spirited, by Norell, Donald Brooks, and George Halley—these for summer—to counteract the idea that females, to look appealing, necessarily had to seem to be dying of consumption. The beautiful, sweeping brims of the hats by Mr. John and Adolfo, mainly in leghorn, didn't damage the picture, either. But even now, among all the good things there are to wear, we still have clutter. Do we all secretly yearn to be slaves again to our lords, our masters, as some pundits have been saying? And, if we do not, why are we wearing all those chains—those clanking belts, sometimes wide as a corselet, those endless strings of beads? (I *won't* ask why men are wearing chains and beads.) Not only chains and beads contribute to the jingle-jangle-jingle, physical and spiritual, of the current mode, either. There are ostrich feathers. And fur hems. And bracelets. And rings on every finger, even with tweeds—to be followed, I presume, by bells on the toes. That is how the situation is now, taking the bad with the good.

There is clutter of another sort, too, for separateness has been replacing all that togetherness that the women's magazines began proclaiming a few years ago. And for this separateness the female who is going to put together her own costume out of a vast variety of components must begin her recipe with two heaping tablespoonfuls of impeccable taste—*that* old thing. Let us commence with, say, a basic dress in a muted color, at whatever price seems reasonable. To this, *any*thing can be added. The chains and the beads, which seem to be as basic now as the birds and the bees. Or boleros, of any overseas derivation. Or scarves, though these are always hazardous to American women. Why is it that a Frenchwoman can fling a scarf around any which way and look great, while we make scarves come out woebegone? Even when the best of the fashion photographers don't distort their pretty models in the name of Abandon, they manage to make the cowboy scarves they put around the girls' necks falter somewhere high on the chest. And the



"O.K., you're not angry. But you're certainly something."

The exotic fur that isn't.
It's Orlon®

NORTH BAY'S exotic make-believe: light and luscious, all but fur. A coat that's easy to love, because it's 100% Orlon* acrylic. To warm you without weighing you down. Softly chic, cozily luxurious, in beige, white or brown. 3-16. About $70.
At Lord & Taylor, New York & branches; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.
*Du Pont registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT OFF.
Better things for better living
...through chemistry

long, narrow scarves do not flutter in the breeze; they merely dangle. Mr. John, however, likes to take these long scarves and double them over, pulling the ends through the loop he has thus created. Follow the Leader!

Another thing: The city is full of pretty young things wearing truly pretty clothes, and especially short culottes, which look simply great, the best of them cut so that the wide pantie bottoms swing out like a skirt, because of deep inverted pleats in the center front and back. There is an aesthetic advantage, besides; the wearer can sit down easily in them, or fling herself about, without the fussing and tugging that the really narrow miniskirts involve even when the chair or sofa is on the shallow side.

I have mostly been carping for all this time about what I don't like, but I shall stop that to state that the new tendency toward a long look through the torso has my utter devotion, though I don't care for overlong jackets with heavily pleated skirts in mini length (Dior committed them last spring), on account of they are top-heavy and overbearing. But I am all for tunic lengths, Nehru or not. (The slight flare of the Nehru jacket toward the hem is most flattering to the hips, by the way.) Elongated sweater tops, particularly with slacks, are a willowy and ingratiating thing indeed. I am also looking forward to what Gernreich's and Halley's enthusiasm for medieval-pageboy tunics worn over contrasting leotards will do for the national scenery. The maître d. at your pet restaurant won't give you a table, but these costumes would be attractive at home. Be sure to have Penelope Tree legs, if you can. So far, good! But that other new idea, of putting short dresses over slacks, is a pain. Most of these dresses are high-waisted, so they appear to bunch when they are seen with slacks, though they *can* be all right by themselves. And the tendency toward long Russian blouses, loosely belted, is on my No list unless the wearer is a Twiggy and needs some bulk to comfort her.

I suppose that my admiration for length through the torso can be interpreted to mean that I am making a pitch for pants, so that the elongation will be carried out the whole distance, but among pants peril is even more prevalent than it is among scarves and such paraphernalia. Norell and other experts have been making pants suits for years, meticulously tailored and perfect for the perfect figure, yet the makers of inexpensive ready-to-wear go on the assumption that the average

Theodore Robinson oil 18x22

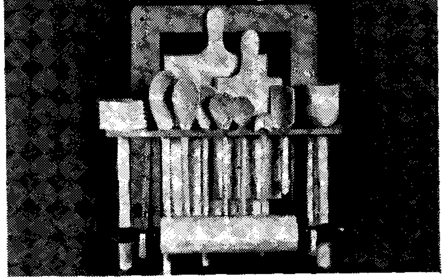
The American
Artist Abroad

Exhibition through October 5

Fully Illustrated Catalogue $2.00

Kennedy Galleries
FOUNDED 1874 BY H. WUNDERLICH
20 EAST 56TH STREET . NEW YORK 10022
Open Tuesday through Saturday

Gourmet kitchen utensils by mail!



And an ideal house or shower gift for the new bride. Imported 13-piece wooden kitchen wall set. Easy-to-hang rack, complete with cheese board, bread board, rolling pin, meat tenderizer, vegetable masher, 7 assorted spoons. 13-piece set only $19.98, postpaid. 3 sets for $55.00. Send check or money order.

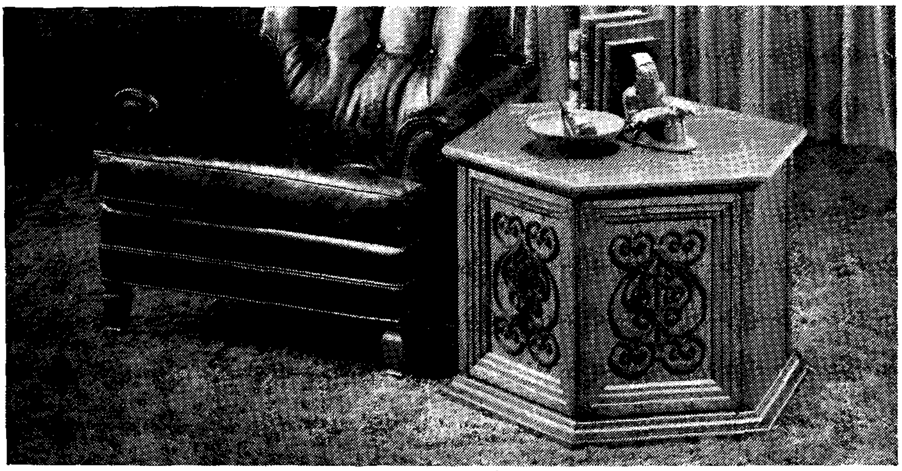
PAPRIKÁS WEISS IMPORTER
1546Q Second Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10028
Visit our retail shop when you're in the neighborhood: between 80 and 81 Sts.
64 Page Illustrated Catalogue 25¢

Giambelli
50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

woman is small in the middle and big in the rear, in which situation she should eschew shorts and slacks forever. (But she won't.) If you are small astern, these ready-to-wear slacks bulge out anyway, which is a pity. St. Laurent is now predicting pants suits for the city. Nice they look in the *sketches*, but I myself wish to predict that, in the case of pants suits, dire things are upon us (so to speak), quite aside from that trouble you are going to have getting a restaurant table—no room for *you* at the Colony. (There are worse fates.) One thing about pants, though, is that the current frenzy for clumpy shoes with very heavy, blocky heels of whatever height looks all right with them. This situation brings an end to the old regulation that forbids wearing heels with pants, except when you are being hostess in the evening. In which instance, naturally, the pants should swirl like a skirt and frivolous sandals should appear below.

There is a belief in the trade that females wore bikinis a lot this past summer, and so the bare midriff and the deeply plunging décolletage in back are still among us, but the peekaboo cutouts have vanished. And what patchy tans *they* made for! Shirts can still be of the see-through sort, though, often with big sleeves caught in at the wrists in Tom Jones style. And there is fringe, frontiersman fashion. And there are Indian headbands, worn straight across the forehead. And the inscrutable East is still in session, too, what with harem pants (Adolfo's specialty) and boleros and the like. Not to mention the inscrutable Dr. Zhivago, who brought us the midi-length skirt. Me, I like this one, though the youngest of my young friends scream betrayal; miniskirts are so "comfortable," they say. Well, Dior's New Look after the Second World War produced exactly the same screams of disapproval, but women soon learned to love the Look. Currently, the midi length is the private property of young women with plenty of high style; for everyone else, the midi length appears to be thought of only for coats worn over pants or over mini-dresses, and I can't guess why. But you watch; skirts will come down. (I've been wrong before, though.)

Galanos—to go on speaking of high style—has not lowered his hems very much, but his latest clothes, which will be arriving this fall, are a triumph. For years, the fashion people have been saying that clothes were "closer to the body," instead of admitting that what they were talking about were just



How to win an argument with your wife.

She hates the way hi-fi component speakers look. You like the way they sound. The perfect compromise comes from Altec. The people who've made professional sound systems that have been the standard of the recording and theatre industry for 40 years. Now, they've custom-designed these same speaker systems in handsome tables and stereo ensembles. In rich oak or contemporary walnut. In Mediterranean or modern, in any combination. So you get great stereo sound with looks to match.

Find out about them at your Altec dealer. And for additional information, get your copy of our new 24-page catalog. Shows everything. Tells all. And it's free. Just write us at 1515 S. Manchester Avenue, Anaheim, California 92803.

ALTEC LANSING® A Division of LTV Ling Altec, Inc.

VISIT ALTEC LANSING AT BOOTHS 203A-209A AT THE NEW YORK HI FI SHOW AT THE STATLER HILTON SEPTEMBER 19-22

Centerpiece of a Fondue Supper

Ringed by guests cooking individual bites of Fondue Bourguignonne, this gleaming stainless steel fondue dish makes the center of a delightful supper party. Stainless steel hot-oil kettle conducts heat uniformly, never darkens nor discolors, is easily cleaned with a simple wiping-out and wiping-off. Sturdy steel base holds canned-heat package and has flame adjuster.

Stainless Steel
BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION
Sales Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities

(Only the ENDURO® Stainless Steel is produced by Republic Steel: The fondue dish manufacturer's name and address will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Department NY-5577, 1441 Republic Building, Cleveland, Ohio 44101)

THE KEY
TO
FALL

Our new key-hole skimmer designed in wool knit by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. Yours in grass green with white or coral with white; misses' 6 to 14. 75.00

HIGBEE'S
CLEVELAND

Mail and phone orders: add 75¢ beyond delivery area. Ohio residents add 4% sales tax.

slightly fitted shifts or sacks or chemises (that would have been considered a reference to the past). But now this man has really Done It. Basic dresses of wool that are truly snug at the waistline and then swirl out, like the early Anne Fogartys, through godets and pleats that start just below the hipbones. As I said, they are longer, but the minute you move at all they swing out and your legs are beautifully apparent. He also cuts beautiful narrow jump suits—far more becoming to women than the average pants-and-blouse combinations. He'll do, he'll do.

—Lois Long

•

BARTÓK

A man with laryngitis tries to sing
nearly succeeding—

the last quartet. This
is an epic for dwarfs,

who march under
a mercenary liberator

& will not hold their peace,
their water.
Hopelessly visionary,

uprising bodies
depend on murderous charms

of gold & silver, rings & earrings,
the ear pierced, the finger

pudgier than ever,
garrotted by the ring.

Entranced.
If prospects
breathe an air of bravery,

if sweetness & grandeur live—
the Grand Canyon's still an abyss.

As who should profess
wisdom—hard on the heels

of so little information,
these pebbles concluding in an avalanche!

—James Scully

•

"We see a performer, for instance, who comes across very strong on the screen, and we go to work to build up his role. We see a situation developing and we take it on, as if we were writing and developing itself, with a life of its own. We will be dealing with people swimming up stream in life, like a salmon, to lay their eggs of happiness."—*From an interview in the Washington Post.*

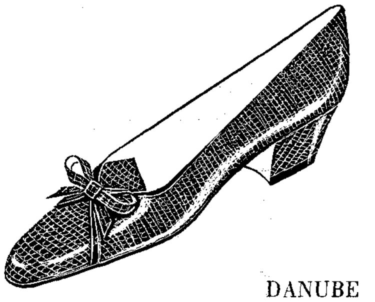
Right in prime time?

De Busschere

Belgian Shoes

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President



DANUBE
French glove lizard $75

Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request.

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

"The burning
tapers
of the sky"
... Shakespeare

For astromancers . . .
heavenly zodiac candles
from Switzerland

Candles with individual signs of the zodiac
Cerulean (dark) blue, white and gold design,
each $2.00 ppd
Large candles with all twelve signs of the zodiac
Azure (light) blue, white and gold design,
each $17.50 ppd

TRUC
40 Brattle Street
Cambridge
Massachusetts 02138

TOM'S
Shangri-La
Res. MU 3-0996
237 Madison Ave.
near 37th Street

CANTONESE
& MANDARIN
COOKING
3 private rooms for
meetings & parties
Ample parking
after 6 P.M.

Special reasons for serving Almadén

. . . keep cropping up

ALMADÉN
California Mountain
CABERNET SAUVIGNON

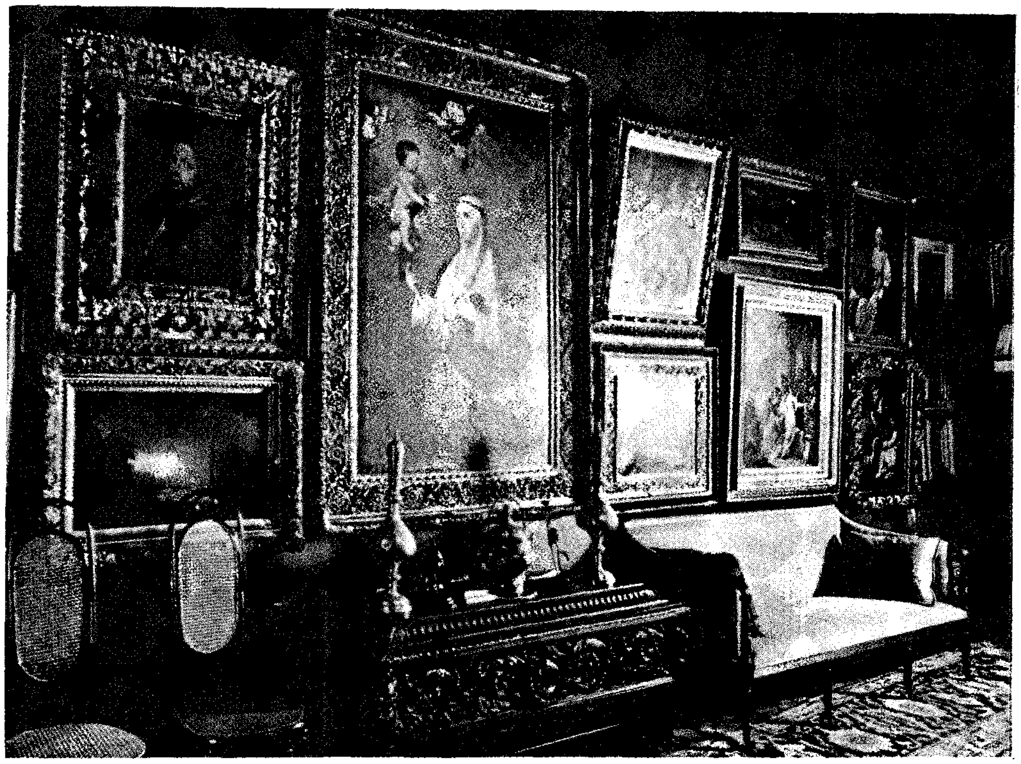
They crop up every year: Cabernet Sauvignon. Pinot Chardonnay. Pinot Noir. Grenache. All of the famous European varietal wine grapes . . . *and each promising the superb character demanded for Almadén wines.* How can we be so sure of that?

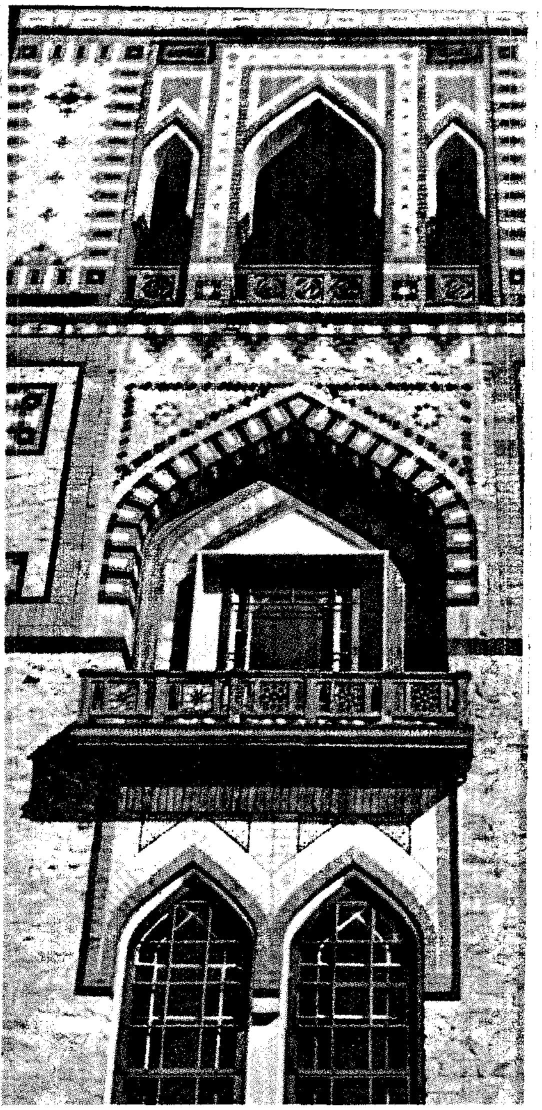
Because we grow these grapes ourselves. We need not rely on other vineyards. Our unique advantage lies along the cool slopes of California's Gavilan Range: Almadén's Paicines Mountain Vineyards, the world's largest vineyards of fine wine grapes . . . where ideal soil, climate, elevation and care assure outstanding wine grapes. And, eventually, outstanding wines.

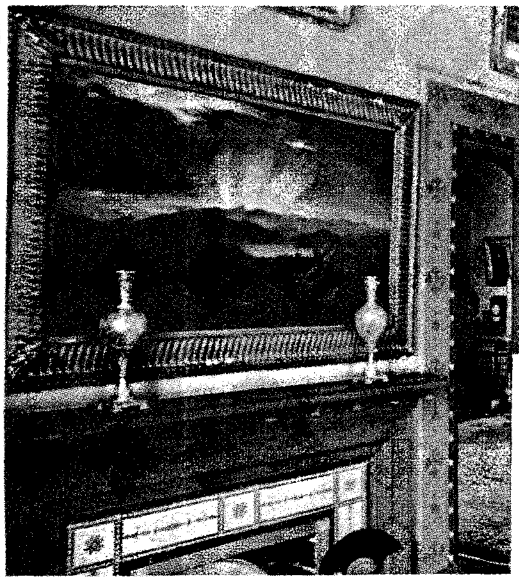
So next time you have dinner guests, reserve a special place . . . for your favorite Almadén wine. And notice how the compliments keep cropping up.

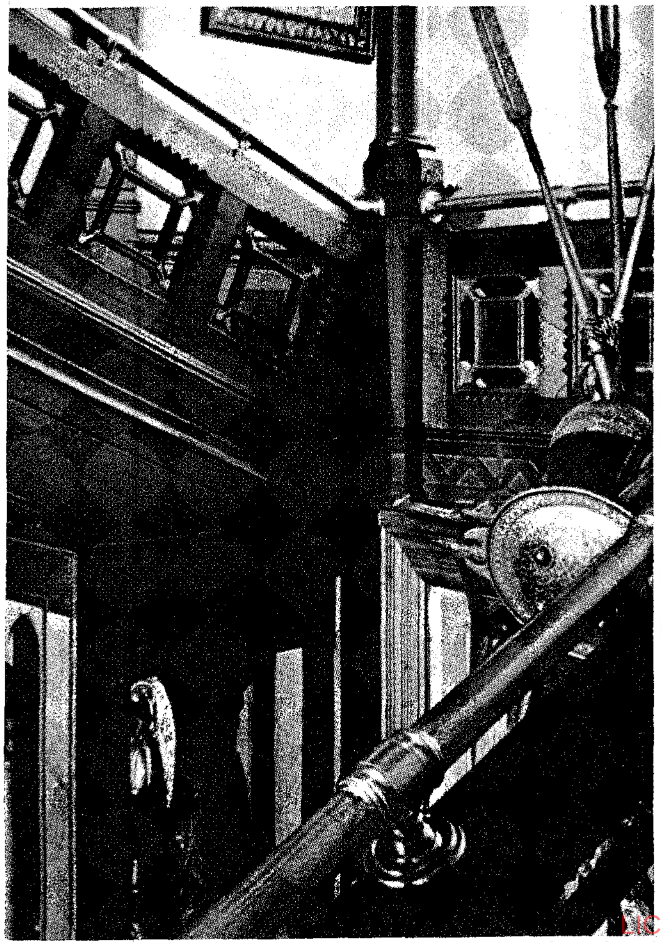
ALMADÉN

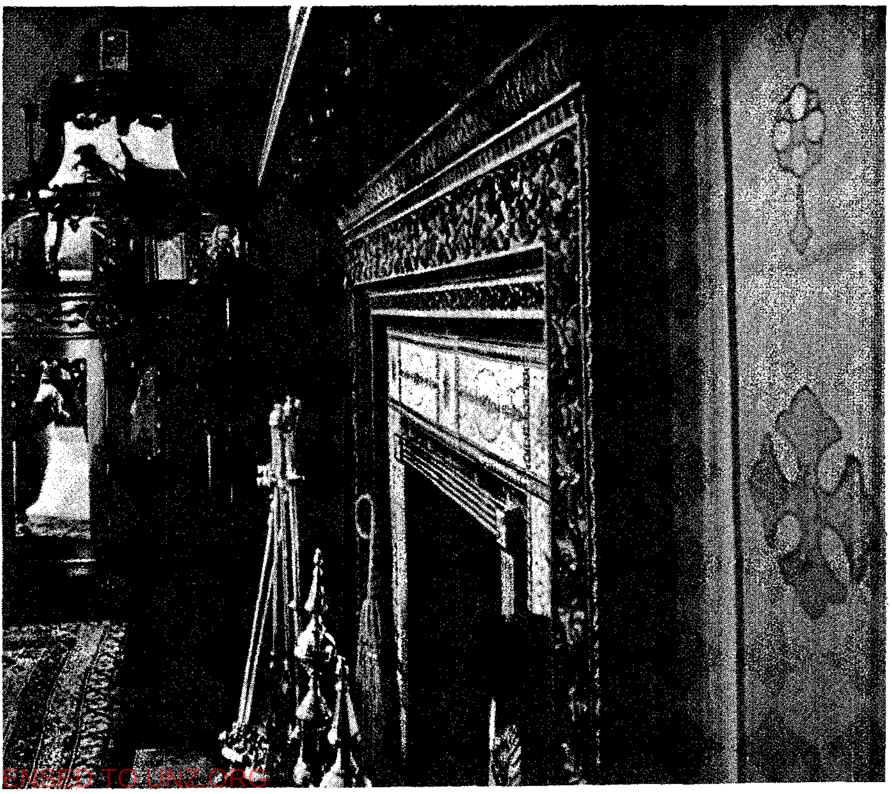
For our free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P.O. Box 997-E, Los Gatos, California

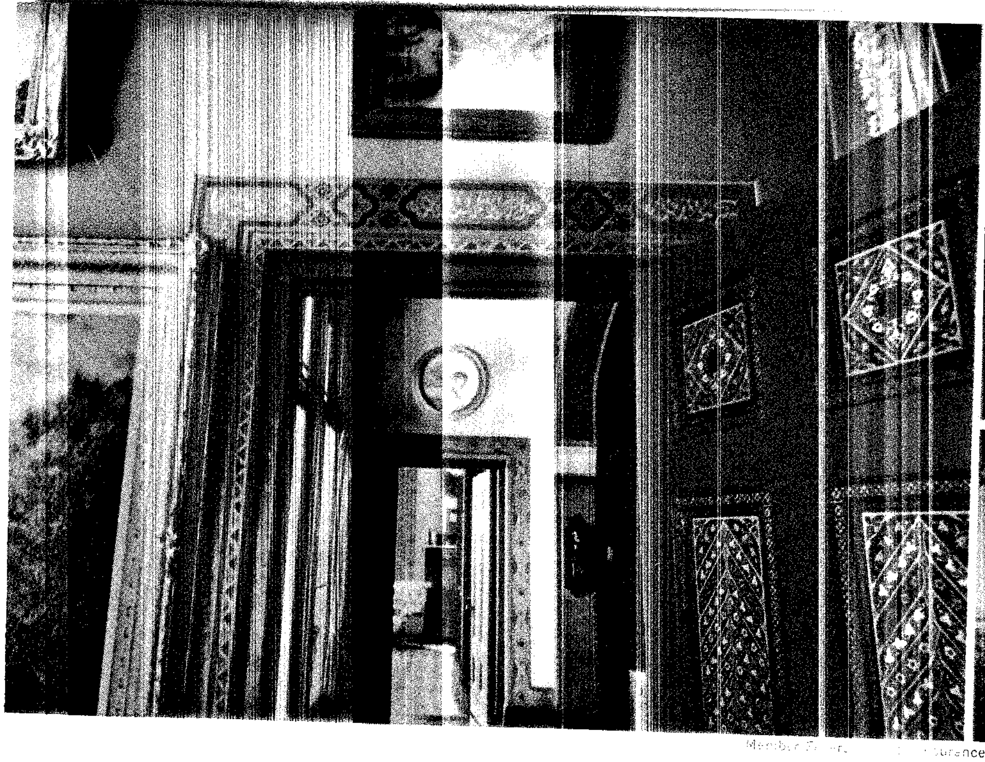


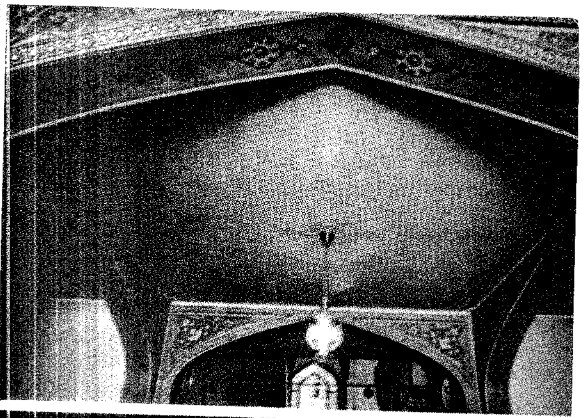


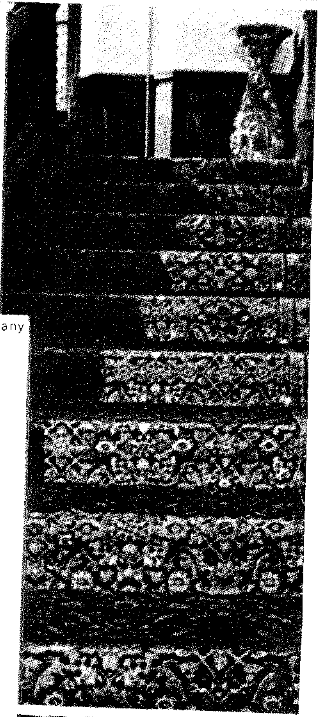












Member Fe[illegible]urance Corporation © Bankers Trust Company

The fight for Olana.

We can't say our decision on lana was the easiest that Bankers rust ever made.

Olana had been the home of rederic Church, last of the Hud- on River school of painters.

The place is almost a documen- ary on 19th Century art and man- ers and considered one of the ountry's authentic relics.

But Olana had become part of n estate and that's usually bad ews for relics.

In administering the estate, we ad started plans to put a tag on verything and disperse the col- ction to the four winds at auction.

The building itself seemed to be evaluing the land and looked as if might have to be torn down.

It isn't that we're indifferent to e past. But our legal obligation to get as much money as possible r the heirs of the estate.

At this point we talked with an nteresting group. They wanted to reserve Olana as a museum and they wanted time to raise the purchase price.

It was both a good and a terrible idea.

It might save the paintings and objets d'art from a bad day on the auction block. (And the Moorish-Italian villa itself was probably worthless for anything but a museum.)

But on the other hand our primary duty is to realize the value of an estate promptly and not take a chance on fluctuations in the market place. Suppose Olana Preservation, Inc. (as they came to be known) couldn't raise the money?

What if the market value of the paintings and artifacts collapsed while we were waiting?

Doing something out of the ordinary like this might expose us not only to criticism but even financial liability. So not only Olana, but our stockholders' money and our reputation were involved.

But the essence of a banker's profession is the weighing of character and capability.

We don't believe a banker should duck a decision by hiding behind a rule book.

In this case, we decided these people were right and they were. But it took them nineteen months.

By then the State Senate and Assembly had approved, and Governor Rockefeller had signed, a bill authorizing the purchase of Olana as a museum and state park.

(Stop in and look it over, if you're ever in the vicinity. It's near Hudson, New York, off Route 9G.)

We like to think that more than Olana was saved.

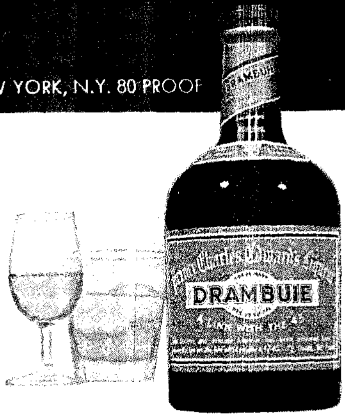
In the future, any time an organization says to an executor "Give us a chance to save it," the executor can seriously entertain the proposition.

And we'd like to think he'll consider the story of Olana a precedent.

You'll find an executor at Bankers Trust.

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 80 PROOF

Evenings that memories are made of so often include Drambuie.


Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
DRAMBUIE

GASTRONOMY RECALLED

THE SECRET INGREDIENT

IT is common in small communities, especially if they are far from large towns, for one person or another to become known for a special power. A man may have some control over sick frightened animals, which gradually extends to his own friends and is interpreted as miraculous or divine healing. A woman may be of a hypersensitive nature, which with time develops into an intuitive "clairvoyance" about other people's dreams and hopes. In the same way, there are men and women who have a special nose for mushrooms, or an inimitable hand with pastry and jellies. At present, I myself, living less than a hundred miles from a big city and with about two thousand other townspeople, do not know of any local witches or warlocks, but there are several people who seem to have an uncanny power over food. They manage to keep to themselves whatever it is that makes their creations subtly and definitely better than any attempts to approximate them. They are even willing to make knaves and clowns of themselves to protect their recipes.

I have known one of these passionate cooks, and for many years—Bertie Bastalizzo. By now she is retired from her own kitchen: she married a man even more ancient than she who fell in love with her food and holds her and it for himself alone, to our hungry chagrin. While she was practicing on her own, I did my best in both overt and underhanded ways to learn her secret ingredients, but I remain foiled.

She had been very lonely after her first husband died, and to keep herself from the river she began to cook about three dishes for local families smart enough to recognize her superiority. The routine of ordering and then fetching one of her preparations was rigid, and involved appointments, reservations, and occasional frustrations if Bertie's schedule was full. She was very fussy about the kind of dishes her creations were to be served in, and several of us invested in large, handsome pottery baking dishes, which sit on our shelves unused since that old robber stole Bertie from us. We knew her instructions about how long to let the food "rest" before serving it, what temperature to let it rest in, and even what to do with it once it was at its peak of restedness. In fact, she dictated everything but our actual digestion, serene in her power over our palates, for she and we knew, with conditioned fatalism, that never again would we taste the likes of her delicate little dumplings of herbs and chicken, her flat tarts of thin noodles and mushrooms, her feathery mixtures of *capellini d'angelo* and a kind of *pesto*, which was, naturally, "secret."

One summer, I spent several weeks flattering her into letting my younger daughter, who had all the makings of a good cook as well as a private investigator, act as her kitchen helper. I kept notes unashamedly on the reports of this sorceress's apprentice, but any results I produced were nondescript. Something was simply *not there*, and neither my accomplice nor I could guess what.

Much later, Bertie offered blandly—as if to punish me for my obvious breach of trust—to write her recipe for the dumplings. I felt humbled and grateful, as if a small halo had suddenly been awarded me in spite of my sins. I have kept her large piece of pink butcher paper to remind me of these mixed emotions, for its scrawl is unintelligible to me—cryptic, completely meaningless. It lists ingredients that are never mentioned again. It notes measurements ranging from "some" to a monstrous "10½ pounds" (of salt!). Perhaps Bertie believed that she was giving me her true recipe. Perhaps I cannot translate it because her own English was too limited to write it. Perhaps she was simply having some fun.

I still like her and regret that since she succumbed to a second love we no longer taste her beautiful dishes. But part of me rebels at her seeming trickery. Her scribbled directive is one more exhibit in my private Hall of Gastronomical Ill Fame, for I really cannot believe that a good cook will distort a prideful recipe. I continue this stubborn and obviously naïve faith in the face of many more such pitiable little tricks, and prefer to console myself by thinking back on the wonderful odorous kitchen I would go to when it was time to pick up one of Bertie's mammoth casseroles.

This was a ritual, as well as a pleasurable ordeal, for I must be there exactly when I had been told to, or a little before, and on each of countless times I was instructed in how long to let the dish rest and was quizzed sternly about what else would be served with it. If Bertie approved, occasionally she gave me a jar of her fresh pickled zucchini as a tacit benediction. And always, as if she could not bring herself to let one more creation leave

The Towncliffe Attitude

Her invariably great look is no accident.

Her scheme: unregimented suit beauties that make everything she does before 5 p.m. seem elegant.

And everything after 5 p.m. seem superbly, classically handled.

Her attitude in a word, aristocratic.

In a suit—Towncliffe.

100% Wool gabardine. Black, Brown, Red.
8 to 16. About $110.
Slightly higher west.

LORD & TAYLOR, all stores
MARSHALL FIELD, all stores
and fine stores everywhere.

Towncliffe, Inc.
512 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10018

Stewardess Hanssen says: "Sail away with us on one of these

WINTER CRUISES TO THE SUMMER SIDE OF THE WORLD

...Norwegian Style"

Follow the sun next January to adventurous fun on a cruise to really exotic places where our winter is their summer. Choose either a two-month holiday voyage to all Latin America and through the Strait of Magellan, or an 86-day odyssey to all the Pacific.

You'll cruise Norwegian Style aboard the magnificent flagship *Sagafjord* or trim *Bergensfjord*, with the seafaringest people on earth to pamper you. Spacious accommodations, sauna baths, swimming pools, sports decks, easygoing "country club" formality.

ALL AMERICAS CARNIVAL CRUISE

Popular BERGENSFJORD
January 6, 1969 from New York
January 9, 1969 from Port Everglades
63 days • 24 ports • From $1,900*

Carnival in Rio, Inca gold, Indian pyramids, sophisticated casinos, elegant cities, and incredible scenery. A unique cruise through the Caribbean, the Panama Canal and around South America through the Strait of Magellan. Travelers seldom see so many facets of Latin America—you even sail part way up the Amazon. From New York and Port Everglades to Tampico, Vera Cruz, Cozumel Island, Cartagena, San Blas Islands, Cristobal, Balboa, Guayaquil, Callao, Valparaiso, Puerto Montt, Punta Arenas, Falkland Islands, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Recife, Belem, Barbados, La Guaira, Bonaire, St. Thomas, Port Everglades and New York.

GREAT PACIFIC CRUISE

Flagship SAGAFJORD
January 8, 1969 from New York
January 11, 1969 from Port Everglades
86 days • 24 ports • $2,900*

The whole gamut of Pacific cultures—Polynesia, Melanesia, Micronesia (including two "firsts" for most cruise travelers, Truk and Guam); South Seas villages, the wildlife on Galapagos, shopping in Hong Kong, "going native" on Tahiti and savoring the excitement of Japan! From New York and Port Everglades to Cristobal, Balboa, Galapagos Islands, Tahiti, Moorea, Bora Bora, Auckland, Wellington, Sydney, Noumea, Rabaul, Truk, Guam, Manila, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Guadalupe Island, Acapulco, Balboa, Cristobal, Nassau and New York.

OTHER CAREFREE CRUISES 1968-69

DATE	CRUISE	SHIP	DAYS	PORTS	MIN.*
Oct. 9	Caribbean Grand	B	24	14	$ 575*
Nov. 6	Harvest Moon	B	14	6	$ 325*
Nov. 22	Thanksgiving	B	17	9	$ 425*
Dec. 10	Early Winter	B	11	5	$ 250*
Dec. 20	Christmas-NewYear	S	17	8	$ 525*
Dec. 23	Christmas Holiday	B	12	4	$ 340*

S signifies Sagafjord • B signifies Bergensfjord
*MINIMUM SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY

SAFETY INFORMATION—*M.S. Sagafjord* and *M.S. Bergensfjord*, registered in Norway, meet International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960 and 1948 respectively.

Norwegian America Line SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

29 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10006
Tel: (212) 944-6900
CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES
PORTLAND • SEATTLE • TORONTO

her own familiar kitchen for a stranger's, I must sit down and consume a beaker of one of the worst drinks I can remember in a long life of polite subjection to them. It was kept in a half-gallon jug in the icebox, and drunk straight, from cottage-cheese glasses with daisies on them. The recipe, always reverently accredited to the deceased Mr. Bastalizzo: Pour one pint from a full jug of dark sweet vermouth made by a local vintner, add one pint of bourbon whiskey, shake a little now and then, and enjoy. Simple, near lethal, and challenging!

One time, there was some delay in getting the dish from Bertie's hands into mine; she ran out of aluminum foil to cover it and had to find a new roll. It was much like the way a mother will nearly miss the train that is to take her tender child to camp. I drank *two* tumblers of her husband's brew, and with the flash courage of unexpected inebriation I asked my friend point-blank if she had really meant ten and a half pounds of salt. She simply cackled, like a tipsy old Mona Lisa. I reeled carefully to my car, my arms filled with another example of her culinary mystique.

We are so conditioned to the threat of the Secret Ingredient, and the acceptance of trickery, that even honesty has become suspect when we are brash enough to ask for recipes. My own mother always disclosed calmly her "secret" in making the best mustard pickles in the world, but almost nobody believed her, simply because she *told* it. She made the pickles according to a fairly standard recipe, almost measure for measure like many I have read, *but* she added to it one nine-ounce jar of Crosse & Blackwell's Chow Chow. There was no substitute, she said, and it was the honest truth, as anyone could prove by trying. Here, because it seems the right place, is her method:

EDITH'S MUSTARD PICKLES

1 quart very small cucumbers, whole.
1 quart large cucumbers, sliced.
1 quart green tomatoes, sliced.
1 quart small white onions, peeled.
1 large cauliflower in small flowerlets.
1 pint green stringbeans, 2 inches long (cut).
4 green peppers in 1-inch cubes.

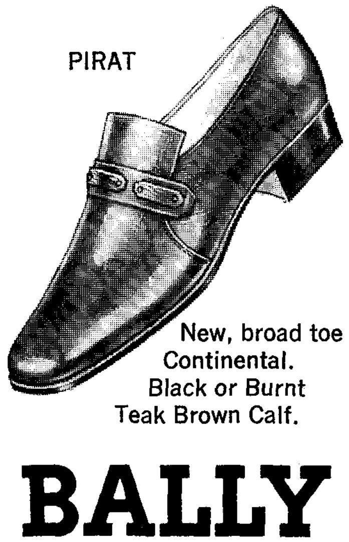
4 quarts water.
2 cups salt.

1 cup flour.
6 tablespoons Colman's mustard (dry).
1 tablespoon turmeric.
1 cup sugar.
Vinegar.
1 9-ounce bottle Crosse & Blackwell's Chow Chow.

Let vegetables stand overnight in brine of water and salt. Heat to scalding point

IN EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD

BALLY SHOES CREATE INTERNATIONAL TRENDS



New, broad toe Continental.
Black or Burnt Teak Brown Calf.

BALLY
OF SWITZERLAND
NEW YORK
Madison at 43rd & at 61st
CHICAGO
Palmer House 909 N. Michigan
SAN FRANCISCO:
255 Geary 242 Montgomery
BOSTON
Prudential Center
PHILADELPHIA:
1733 Walnut

The Divine Sarah

If you missed Bernhardt don't Miss Vaughan

THE RAINBOW GRILL

Sarah Vaughan sings Sept. 5—Oct. 5
Ring PL 7-8970. Dinner and dancing nightly.

"Sip and savor Gourmet Cantonese Specialties at . . ."

BRUCE HO'S FOUR SEAS

New York Manhasset
116 E. 57 ST. N.Y.C. • PL 3-2610

and drain. Make smooth paste of flour, mustard, turmeric, sugar, and enough vinegar to make 2 quarts. Cook in double boiler until thick. Add Chow Chow. Mix with vegetables. Heat through, and bottle.

And here, almost in refutation of my mother's candor, is the best version I have yet evolved from Bertie's directions for her pickled zucchini:

8-12 medium zucchini.
1 cup vinegar.
1 cup brown sugar.
4 cloves garlic.
1 cup chopped parsley.
1 tablespoon oregano.
1 tablespoon salt.
1 teaspoon pepper.

Leave zucchini whole, or slice thickly, lengthwise. Brown gently in olive oil. Pack vertically in jars. In same oily skillet, boil vinegar and sugar. Add rest of ingredients, boil gently 5 minutes, and pour over zucchini to cover. Add more oil on top if needed to make ¼-inch cover. Keep in icebox. Serve drained and cold for antipasto or with cold meats.

Needless to say, this translation is *not* exactly right, but its result is a fresh, delicious hors d'oeuvre in the summer, kept for even a week or so in the icebox, and made if possible from vegetables fresh from the vine and preferably not more than four inches long. (It is also very good with any kind of supper entrée, hot or cold.) I honestly have no idea what the Secret Ingredient might be, but charity will excuse my obtuseness, perhaps, if I give one short example of Bertie's prose, found under my door apropos of a later rendezvous for ten dozen of her mystery dumplings: "Please If you fene time, cools me up abaut 5 pm clook up." Add measurements to this, and you have an undecipherable code!

PEOPLE like Bertie—and even my honest mother—are increasingly rare, and I have a dismal feeling that they may soon disappear completely. It is not so much a question of their supplies as it is of their own unquestioning demand for quality. The things they used in their recipes were not hard to grow, or buy, and while they bowed to seasonal riches and made pickles when the vegetables were at their best, because that is the way they had to, we can buy zucchini and beans and even green tomatoes the year around in the supermarkets. We can assemble everything even cryptic directions call for, from vinegar to turmeric and, with a little effort, Crosse & Blackwell's Chow Chow (and none other!). But do we? Why bother? Why clutter the icebox with a couple of jars of chilled zucchini? Who wants a dozen bottles of mustard pickles sitting around? Who

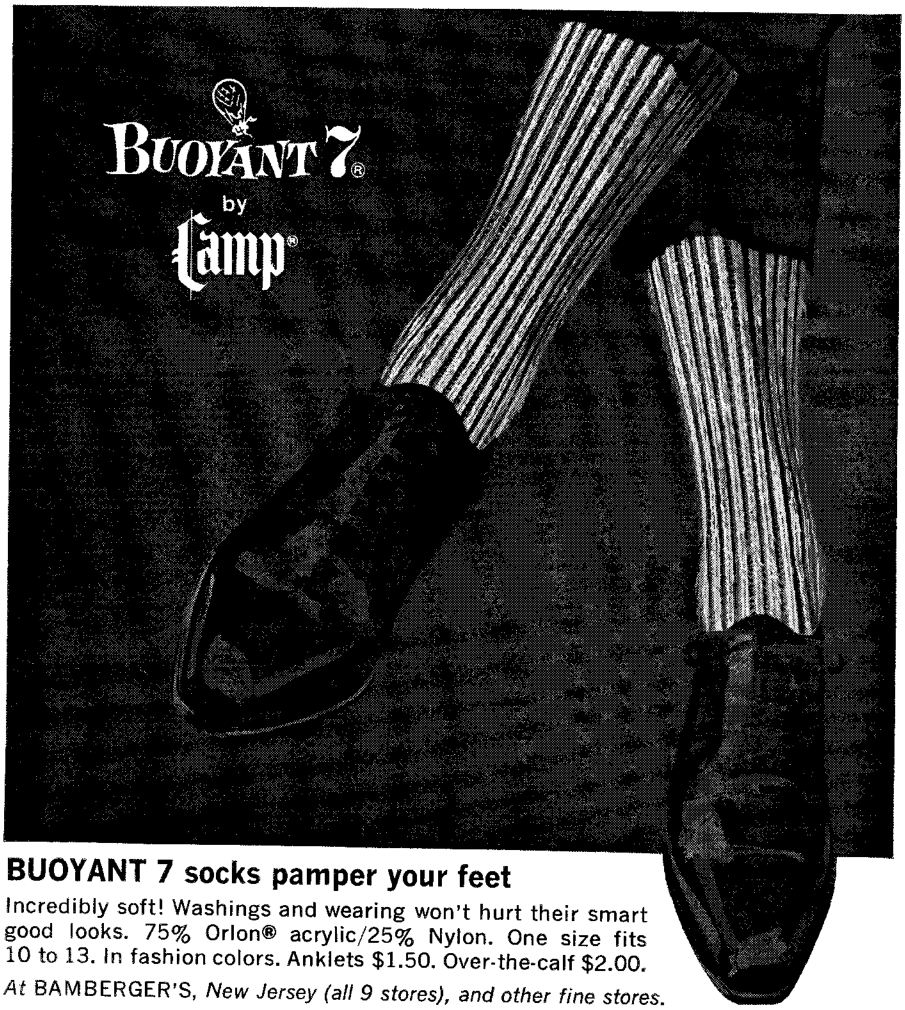
Freedberg
of Boston

The Essex Suit

The traced suit for traditionalists has been interpreted by Freedberg of Boston. Subtle shaping at the waist of this two button model with deep side vents exemplifies Freedberg's classic detailing. In window panes and check weaves. From $120

Kennedy's, Boston, New England
Max's Men's Shop, Charleston, S.C.
Kap's, Lawrence, Mass.
Mr. Wicks, Little Rock, Ark.
Georgetown University Shop, D.C.

Arthur H. Freedberg Co.
112 Shawmut Avenue, Boston or
1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y.


BUOYANT 7®
by
Camp®

BUOYANT 7 socks pamper your feet

Incredibly soft! Washings and wearing won't hurt their smart good looks. 75% Orlon® acrylic/25% Nylon. One size fits 10 to 13. In fashion colors. Anklets $1.50. Over-the-calf $2.00.

At BAMBERGER'S, *New Jersey (all 9 stores), and other fine stores.*

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Take the guesswork out of
choosing Cognac

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Rely on French law:
only the finest Cognac…

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

May be labeled
Fine Champagne V.S.O.P.

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Every bottle of
Remy Martin is…

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Fine Champagne V.S.O.P.
and nothing less.

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

Take the guesswork out of
choosing Cognac. Insist on…

REMY MARTIN
V.S.O.P.

FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
COGNAC
REMY MARTIN

80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

has the time, when you come right down to it, to *fuss* with such maneuvers? So-and-so is almost as good, and a lot less trouble.

There was an interesting proof of this conjecture lately in our town, when the second of two birthday parties was given for an honorable lady of ninety-eight. Ten years before, when we celebrated her comparatively youthful anniversary, we did special honor to her by blackmailing another friend of almost the same age to make hundreds of her famous sand tarts to eat with the punch. They were delicate thin little wafers, light and crisp and not the classical sand tart at all, and for decades her recipe for them was her sternly guarded secret. Perhaps it was age that softened her pride, for when I discreetly and admiringly asked if perhaps a hint of old-fashioned lemon extract might be the Secret Ingredient, she gave me a pleased nod—and later the recipe! On it she wrote at the end, "… and ¼ teaspoon of ? ? ?"—our private joke.

So the ten years passed, and when the time came to deputize a few of us to supply soppets for the ninety-eighth-birthday punch, I proudly produced the famous sand-tart recipe, feeling sure that the old lady who had not been able to reach that age would never begrudge it in honor of the one who had. But nobody had time enough to follow it—or, rather, it was mutually and immediately vetoed in favor of a wonderful new trick (just as good!) that involved packaged mixes of both cake and custard, frozen lemon juice, and sweet sherry. "Really fun to make … so quick and easy … and all you do is *slice* it."

That is the end of the story. Or is it? Where are the witches of yesteryear, the strange old women with their dogged involvement, their loyalty to true flavor and changeless quality? If at times they protected their "secrets" to the point of knavery, at least they had the courage to stay passionate about it. Perhaps that was the Secret Ingredient: the blind strength of timeless passion.

—M. F. K. Fisher

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News*]

Portland, England (UPI)—"I find it most embarrassing," Able Seaman Barry L. Edwards, 22, told a court martial Tuesday in explaining why he kept his middle name secret to avoid his shipmates' jokes.

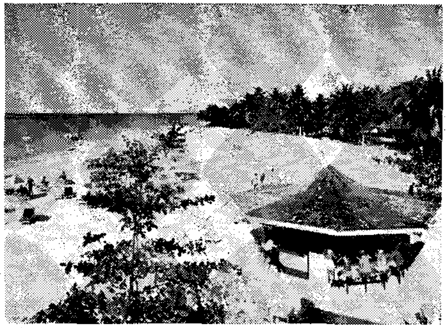
WATER TOWER INN

The Elegant New Hotel in Chicago

Here your comfort is the only concern.
Truly luxurious rooms, suites,
gourmet cuisine. Expensive? Not at all.
The frequently frugal
wealthy appreciate real value.

Chicago's Prestige Address…
THE WATER TOWER
HYATT HOUSE
800 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 60610
RESERVATIONS: Area Code 312 WH 3-5600
Enclosed Parking • Write for Brochure

JAMAICA



BAY ROC
On its own 1700 foot private beach
in **MONTEGO BAY**
For information and reservations
see your travel agent or contact
Utell Int'l, Essex House,
New York City (212) JU 2-3226
Offices in Principal Cities

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
•Veal Lemonata Doré
•Fettuccine a l'Alfredo
BERE MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

Exceptional English Country Coats are the Rule at

INVERTÈRE

Coatwrights since nineteen ought four. Newton Abbot, England

THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY 1968

DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK	Paul Stuart
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
Asheville, N.C.	Ivey's
Atlanta, Ga.	Spencers Limited
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Beverly Hills, Calif.	Carroll & Co.
Birmingham, Ala.	Richards of Mountain Brook
Bloomington, Ind.	Oxford Shop
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Col.	Kinsley & Co.
Chapel Hill, N.C.	Town & Campus
Charlotte, N.C.	Jack Wood Limited
Chattanooga, Tenn.	The Gentry Limited
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany Limited
Cincinnati, Ohio	Roderick St. John
Cleveland, Ohio	Bunce Bros.
Concord, Mass.	The Country Store
Dallas, Texas	Dreyfuss & Sons
Denver, Col.	Homer Reed Limited
Detroit, Mich.	Kilgore & Hurd
East Hampton, N.Y.	Mark, Fore & Strike
Flint, Mich.	James Inc.
Fort Worth, Texas	Jack Caudle
Greensboro, N.C.	Younts-DeBoe
Grosse Point, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hartford, Conn.	Henry Miller
Hempstead, N.Y.	Edward Miller
Hinsdale, Ill.	Squire Shop
Houston, Texas	Norton Ditto
Lancaster, Pa.	Fillings
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Little Rock, Ark.	Mr. Wicks
Los Angeles, Calif.	Boshard-Doughty
Los Angeles, Calif.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	Fashion Post
Middleburg, Va.	The Saddlery
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims Limited
Myrtle Beach, S.C.	Biven's
New Haven, Conn.	White Inc.
Newport News, Va.	Beecroft & Bull
Oyster Bay, N.Y.	Bradford-Law
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Miller White
Princeton, N.J.	Langrock-Princeton
Richmond, Va.	Eljo's
Salt Lake City, Utah	H. B. Collins Co.
San Francisco, Calif.	Robert Kirk Limited
Savannah, Ga.	John B. Rourke
Seattle, Wash.	Albert Limited
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Virginia Beach, Va.	Alexander Beegle
Washington, D.C.	Arthur A. Adler
Washington, D.C.	Georgetown University Shop
Winston-Salem, N.C.	Bocock-Stroud

Calgary, Alberta	O'Connor & Bourque
London, Ontario	Scott's
Toronto, Ontario	Ely's
Vancouver, B.C.	Edward Chapman

For stores elsewhere write The Invertère Coat Co. Ltd., 180 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10016

OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
86 PROOF

At the end of a great day,
the taste of a great
Kentucky Bourbon.

It's an Old Forester kind of day

At 86 or 100 proof "There is nothing better in the market."

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY ©1968.

THE AIR

Nixon in Illinois

IT was a television sound studio, much like any other—bare walls covered here and there with curtains; cameras; cables; a glassed-in control room off to one side—only this one, which was at WBBM-TV, in Chicago, had about a hundred empty chairs in rows opposite the cameras, and, in front of them, a long makeshift table with pitchers of water and eight chairs around it, and, in front of this, a bright-blue circular platform. The platform was about a foot and a half high and probably had room for three men to stand on it, but right now, at eight-thirty on this particular evening, there was only one man on it, former Vice-President of the United States Richard Nixon. He stood there silently for a moment or so, then took a few steps around the platform.

"Can we get it a little higher?" Nixon asked a man in a dark suit who was wearing a little red-and-white Nixon button on his lapel.

"I don't think we have the time, Mr. Nixon," the man said.

"Well, it'll be fine," Nixon said.

He stepped briskly off the platform, gave a final glance around the studio, and went out, followed by aides and Secret Service men and two Chicago policemen, toward the makeup room. A few minutes later, the front doors of the studio were opened, and held open, by two blue-uniformed ushers, and the audience started streaming in, the men mostly in business suits and white shirts, the women clearly dressed for an occasion—simple, expensive suburban dresses, the hems short but not too short, little evening bags, smiles, chatter, hair frozen by hair spray. Senator Charles Percy and some of his family came in and sat down in one of the front rows. Senator Edward Brooke came in and sat beside Senator Percy. Secret Service men, in dark suits and wearing their own little badges, swarmed in the corridors outside. Nixon aides, young men with pink, efficient faces, exuded a sort of fine, disconnected courtesy. About ten minutes before nine, with the audience nearly in place, and with the long table now occupied by seven men and a woman, a member of Nixon's television staff stepped in front of the audience and, in a cheerful voice, explained that this was "a new television format" that Mr. Nixon was trying out, that the eight members of the "panel" were going to ask Mr. Nixon questions that were "absolutely unrehearsed." The Nixon man went on to say, "Mr. Nixon has not seen these questions. The members of the panel have not checked them with him. Some of the questions may even be unfriendly." He grinned. There was laughter. About five minutes before the hour, another Nixon man came on, ostensibly to warm up the audience, which was made up mostly of Nixon partisans from around Chicago and clearly didn't need much warming up. He told them about applauding when they wanted to but "at the right moment," and smiled and laughed until they were smiling and laughing, and then some television people carrying clipboards ran in and out. Another Nixon staff man appeared, seemed to count something on the ceiling, and also disappeared. The lights went up very bright. The eight people at the long table all started to look very serious. There was silence. "Richard M. Nixon, in Person" was on the air, with Charles B. (Bud) Wilkinson, former University of Oklahoma football coach and the Republican National Committeeman from Oklahoma, who was acting as "moderator," starting to explain to the TV audience about how the eight panelists represented "a true cross-section of America" and how they were going to ask Mr. Nixon questions that were "completely unrehearsed," and with the cameras focussing alternately on Senators Percy and Brooke, in the audience, and on Wilkinson, who was at a little table to the side of the blue platform. And then, suddenly, there was a stir in the audience, and the cameras moved away from Wilkinson, and Richard Nixon, smiling, friendly, assured, walked across the floor trailing a microphone cord, stepped onto the circular blue platform, smiled some more, waved to Senators Percy and Brooke, and raised his arms to cut off the applause. "Good evening, good evening, friends," he began.

PAID political advertising on television now seems to be a necessity in American political campaigns. It's something you just have to have, whether or not you have any clear idea of how many votes it might bring

bleyle
PARIS · STUTTGART MILANO

Three-part perfection in fine wool double-knit. Brass-buttoned blazer: no-sleeve turtle top; leather-belted skirt. In a palette of fresh-from-the-tube colors. At the best stores. For the one nearest you, write:

Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.
1451 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036

COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU

THE ADVENTUROUS SPIRIT
COINTREAU
TALENTED MIXER
COINTREAU
AFTER-DINNER COMPANION
COINTREAU
AID TO GOURMET COOKS
COINTREAU
PARTY PUNCH-MAKER
COINTREAU
EXCITING ON THE ROCKS

You could write a book on ways to enjoy Cointreau. We know. We did. A 20-page recipe book of easy-to-make drinks and foods featuring Cointreau. Some new. Some old. All delicious. Pick up a copy wherever fine spirits are sold. Or write, P.O. Box 4200, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

80 PROOF • PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N.J.

you. Already this year, with the nominating Conventions only just over and the Presidential elections two months away, probably more money has been spent on political advertising than in the whole of any other Presidential-campaign year. It's almost impossible, admittedly, to know exactly how much candidates spend on this kind of advertising, because candidates now tend to have so many committees, and thus so many bank accounts, that the accounting procedures aren't quite as orderly, perhaps, as the Internal Revenue Service might desire, but it is probably true that the late Senator Robert Kennedy spent at least two million dollars on political advertising in the California primary alone, that Senator McCarthy spent at least this sum on media advertising in his campaign over all, that Rockefeller's last-gasp effort cost him something like a million dollars for radio and TV time, and that even the Reagan forces seem to have spent about half a million. As far as one can see, the only people who really gained from all this are the advertising agencies and the radio and TV people, since neither Humphrey nor Nixon spent very much—probably about half a million apiece—up to his nomination.

Reagan, for example, had this film made—or, rather, to be more accurate, certain friends and well-wishers of Governor Reagan had this film made—that was perhaps the most undiluted and unabashed piece of political film propaganda that has been shown around in quite a while. What it consisted of, really, was a lot of cleverly and expertly extracted quotes and scenes from news tapes of Reagan's life, arranged not only to make Reagan look good as a governor but also to leave no doubt in the mind of that now emerging anxiety-ridden middle-class voter about what the Governor thought of such anarchical social presences as hippies, Negroes, student demonstrators, and outsiders in general. It had a sort of nasty tone that one hadn't seen very much of until lately. One scene I especially remember: the camera sweeping over a crowd of students as the announcer intoned something about "elements" in the state who had been "unsympathetic" to the Governor's call to progress and prosperity, and just for a second, for a split second, the camera lingering on the one, the only, Negro who had appeared in the film up to that point. Anyway, they showed this film on selected TV stations all over the West and Midwest, and it probably constituted the key element in Reagan's unofficial campaign for the nomination. Wherever it was

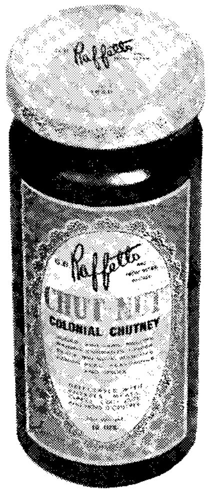
THE OLD SALT

. . . with a merry twinkle in his eye, casts a saucy glance at the sea nymph who forms the handle of this hand-painted authentic English character jug from the Royal Doulton collection. 7½" high, $13.95; 4¼", $6.95.

ROYAL DOULTON

Send 25¢ for collectors book #10 of famous Royal Doulton figurines and jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. NY921, 11 E. 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.

CHUT-NUT



EXOTIC COLONIAL CHUTNEY RELISH

Savory chutney of fruits and black walnuts—exotic relish with curries, ham, meats. Chop fine for Chutney French dressing or with cottage cheese.

by Raffetto

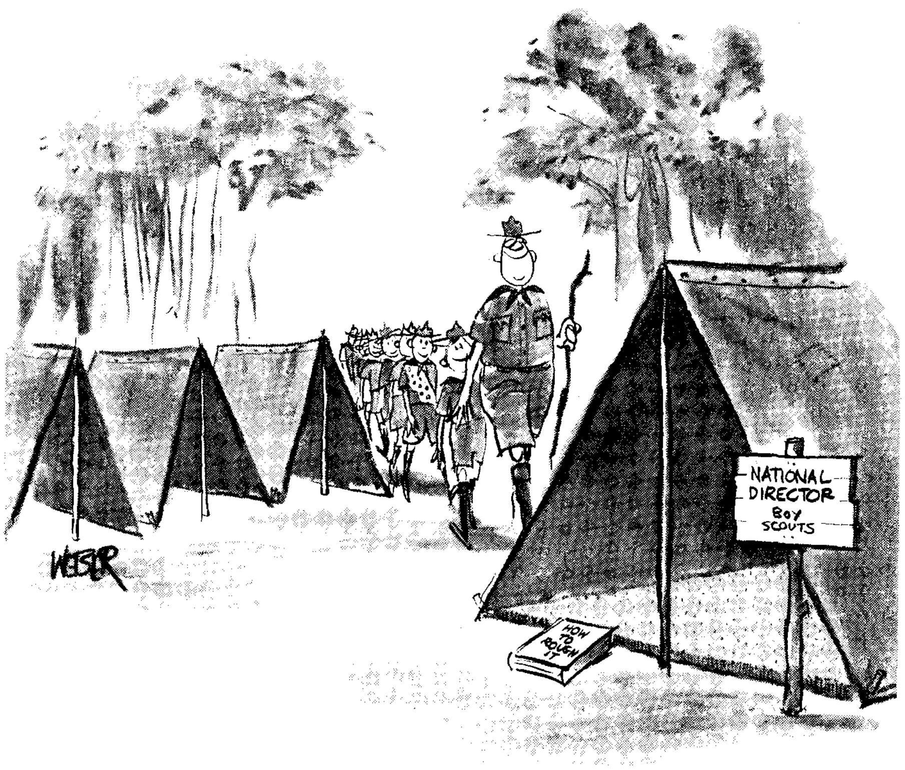
Gourmet Food Delicacies since 1888

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."
BILL CHAN'S
GOLD COIN
994 2nd Ave. at 53rd St. • PL 8-1251

shown, there were little yips of protest from people who thought that it was a kind of stinking film and who felt that it would dangerously twist men's minds, but the fact seems to be that there just isn't any surefire way of determining the effectiveness of political advertising on television. Robert Kennedy, for example, hired a very professional staff to put together his TV advertising in California, and spent lots of money, and in the last few days of the campaign different Kennedy films were running as often as twice an evening in prime time over the big stations. But it would be hard as hell to figure out from the final six-per-cent margin of victory over McCarthy just what role all this paid advertising played. McCarthy's advertising campaign, despite the McCarthy camp's constant poor-mouthing on the subject, wasn't exactly modest, either; it consisted mostly of five-minute and fifteen-minute commercials showing McCarthy walking in and out of auditoriums while an announcer declaimed about "the quiet man . . . the silent man." The principal effect of TV advertising, as far as I can see, is that it adds to the focus-narrowing impact of the rest of the media (including newspapers) on what is known as the American political process. After all, what does the great, serious-minded electorate usually get to see of its candidates in the serious-minded news media? It sees Humphrey shaking hands in New York and Nixon shaking hands in Houston, and it reads a couple of quotes from a speech that the newspaper has considered worthy of extracting and putting into print. For the rest, which isn't much, it mostly sees the candidates on their own terms in political ads, disseminated from an object of authority such as a television set, and usually in the form of information, or something related to "news."

AND now we are back with Nixon. Nixon, in a way, has probably done better by and worse by television than any other politician—and each time up to now, one would gather, without his really understanding very much about it. Which is maybe a reassuring thought, but I somehow doubt it. It was, after all, that Checkers speech that saved his neck back in 1952, and the TV debates in 1960 that cost him that particular ball game. In fact, as a sort of public service, and for the pure hell of it, I thought I'd just throw in here a brief extract from the 1952 performance. "*That's what we have and that's what we owe. It isn't*

(*Advertisement*)

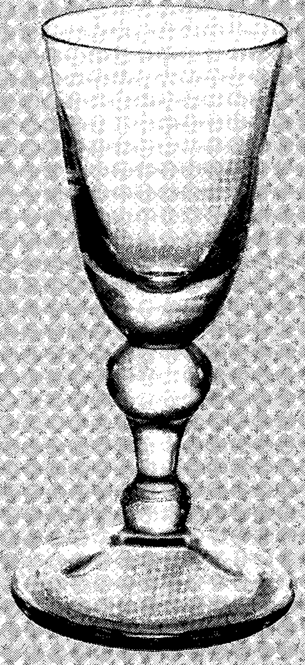


A title on the door . . . rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Been scouting up new business? One good deed deserves another. And one of the best deeds your company can do for you is to award you with the Businessman's Merit Badge—a Bigelow. Ask any tenderfoot! Bigelows are available in special designs, colors and textures. Write for our colorful free brochure on commercial carpets to Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., 140 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. *People who know . . . buy* BIGELOW.

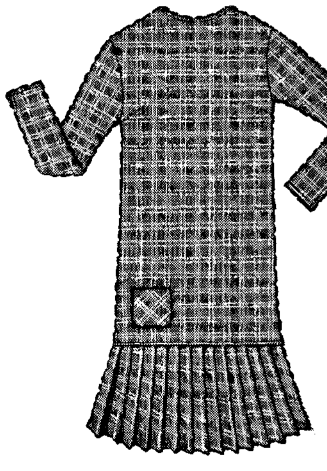
WILLIAMSBURG CW RESTORATION ®

Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?



The Hallmark *tells* you it's better—and that it's authentic. It doesn't tell you, though, that it's assembly line uniform because it isn't. Williamsburg glassware is hand blown and formed by skilled artisans. Each piece, like a fingerprint, is slightly different. The classic shapes of Williamsburg glassware are copies from fragments excavated in Williamsburg and from antiques on display in Colonial Williamsburg.
The Williamsburg Hallmark is reserved for those products that are crafted by one of the 17 licensed manufacturers of home furnishings and furniture.
For a colorful 144-page book full of Williamsburg® Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Dept. A-8, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.
® Identifies trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



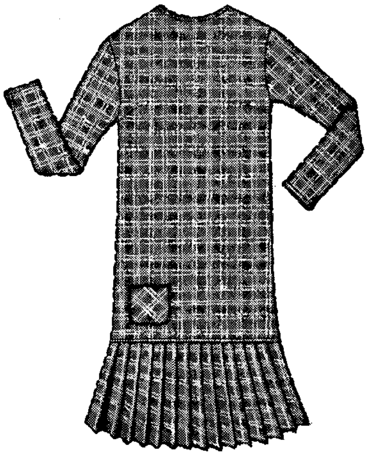
swing

There's a tendency, this time of year, to flee from the frills and frivols of Summer and invest one's all in the most severe and businesslike of clothes. By Thanksgiving, you feel like a prison matron. Relent . . . have some-thing fun. Have this. At nicer stores. 3 to 15.

About $33.

Ladybug®

© 1968 THE VILLAGER, INC.



low

The low-swung shift, shaped smooth and fluid and ending in a flutter of pleated flounce. Great for moving around in. All in a light, freshly-textured wool that, incidentally, washes. Narrow-lined plaids of Grey, Red, or Blue. 3 to 15.

About $33.

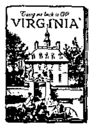
Ladybug®

very much, but Pat and I have the satisfaction that every dime that we've got is honestly ours. I should say this—that Pat doesn't have a mink coat. But she does have a respectable Republican cloth coat. And I always tell her she'd look good in anything. One other thing I probably should tell you, because if I don't they'll probably be saying this about me, too. We did get something—a gift—after the election. A man down in Texas heard Pat on the radio mention the fact that our two youngsters would like to have a dog. And, believe it or not, the day before we left on this campaign trip we got a message from Union Station in Baltimore saying they had a package for us. We went down to get it. You know what it was? It was a little cocker-spaniel dog in a crate that he had sent all the way from Texas. Black-and-white spotted. And our little girl—Tricia, the six-year-old—named it Checkers. And you know the kids love the dog. And I want to say this right now—that, regardless of what they say, we're going to keep it."

Well, that was the old Nixon, coming to you from the El Capitan Theatre in Los Angeles in 1952. In Chicago the other evening, at WBBM, we had the new Nixon. ("Yes, there certainly *is* a new Nixon," he had said earlier that day. "A man learns something as he gets older.") It was a pretty damned effective performance, whatever you call it. I mean, he stood there, more or less at ease, and confident, on that little platform, and the people on that panel of his—it was made up a bit like one of those Second World War movie squads, this time with a Jewish attorney, a Polish-American, a "Negro educator," a housewife, etc.—asked him these big-deal unrehearsed questions, which were obviously unrehearsed in the sense that why, when you put a farmer on your panel, do you have to rehearse the answer to a question that goes, "Mr. Nixon, what do you propose to do to try to bring parity prices back up to a more equal level with the other economy of the world?" And he handled it all very well; he gave the impression of handling it all very well. (He gave the farmer some fine-sounding particulars about the price of corn, and then went into some great hedge about "stabilizing the cost of living in this country.") And this sort of performance is maybe why, despite all the talk pro and con the "effectiveness" of TV advertising, Nixon may yet get himself into the White House—because by buying time on television you can re-

The Faces of Virginia

170 Top-Rated Courses, from mountains to tidewater, await your challenge in Virginia. Come soon—join the suntanned faces of Virginia.



***Send For Free 100-Page Picture Guide**—learn about things to do, places to stay in Virginia. Visit, telephone or write for complete travel service.*

VIRGINIA STATE TRAVEL SERVICE
11 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020
Phone 245-3080
The Commonwealth of Virginia's complete, free travel service.

Visit a magnificent Greek Island . . . in Manhattan

MYKONOS
• Luncheon •
Cocktails • Dinner • Supper
Music Unbelievable
NONI KANTARAKI, Your Songstress-Hostess
349 West 46th Street Tel. 265-1590

SUEDES CLEANED
LEATHERS RENEWED
COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Made Like New Again!
MAIL ORDERS OUR SPECIALTY!
Pick-Up Service 50 Mile Radius N.Y.C.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, INC.
54 West 56th Street, New York City • JUdson 6-3737

We keep San Francisco Beautiful

Hubert Braun Manfred Pohl
les coiffures *internationales*
445 sutter st., san francisco

veal yourself, in normal-seeming situations, actual-seeming situations, to be the kind of man who handles things the way you guess that lots and lots of people out there would like to think of your handling them. In other words, if people think of a politician as untrustworthy, then all right, put the politician in a setting where he seems to be answering the unrehearsed questions of ordinary cross-section folk. If people think of a politician as only following a party line, then show the politician in a situation where, although it's true that he is being asked straight-from-the-shoulder questions, the more important truth is that, considering who is asking the questions, and considering the broadness of the questions, he can do what he wants with the answers. As Nixon did that evening, he can give enough of a semblance of taking an individual position, because the larger position he speaks from is really just a synthesis of what he believes is the majority conventional doctrine. At one point, the housewife on the panel asked Nixon the following: "I am interested in the educational system in the United States today. Will you comment on educational freedom in the United States and why professors are allowed to teach their own political views in colleges, and in many cases un-Americanisms?" Nixon's reply seemed truly masterly. "I think," he said, looking thoughtful, "that all of us in America want to retain freedom, because diversity, difference in viewpoint, is the hallmark of freedom. Now, there is a line to be drawn, certainly, if you get to the point where a professor decides that he is going to teach students a certain philosophy that is completely antagonistic. . . . I think it is very good for young Americans to know what Communism is about. I think it is good to know what your potential enemy believes. What is wrong is for a professor to come in and advocate a philosophy which would overthrow this government. . . . Let us always recognize the right of teachers to disagree with our own views and to present all the viewpoints to the students. Because I have got a lot of faith in our young people."

—Michael J. Arlen

•

Green Bay, Wis. (UPI)—What's wrong with the Green Bay Packers? Coach Phil Bengtson describes it in two words: inconsistency.—*Colorado Springs Free Press.*

You should hear Bengtson when he's *really* succinct.

We are pleased to announce that
in a desultory conversation about Wall Street
between a Board Chairman
(who thought Grand Dressage
was a women's wear shop)
and his chauffeur
during a seemingly interminable wait
for the former's wife
at the Olympic Equestrian Trials
at Hamilton Farm
Gladstone, New Jersey
on September 7, 1968
the name Hentz came up.

H. HENTZ & CO.

72 WALL STREET · FOUNDED 1856 · MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

. . . Escargots à la Bourguignonne, Coquilles St. Jacques, Gazpacho, Jellied Madrilene, Vichyssoise, Flamed Duckling with Grand Marnier, Beef Wellington, Boneless Chicken flamed with Whiskey, Asparagus Mornay, Broccoli Polonaise, Meringue Glacée Chantilly, Baba au Rhum Flambé, Coupe aux Marrons, Brie, Bel Paese, Taittinger, Brut-Reserve 1961, Château Latour, Pauillac, 1959 . . .

Luncheon served from 11:30-2:30; Dinner served from 5:30-9:00 in the Windsor Room, Elizabethan Room and The Library. Reservations Accepted. Phone 685-7676

Sheraton-Russell
37th & Park Avenue

Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities. A World Wide Service of ITT

Worn by Grace Macdonald

antartex

SHEEPSKIN

No. 7: $195.00

(White fur $155.00)

By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Scotland, suppliers to the Trans-Antarctic Expeditions. All sizes for men and women—18 styles—12 colours. Also made to measure. Catalogue and real sheepskin samples from ★**ANTARTEX SHOP AND WAREHOUSE,** 120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Conn. 06830. Tel: 203-661-5788

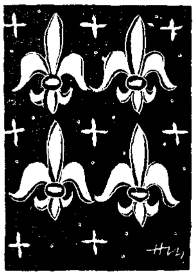
ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS:
New York City: 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex) LE 5-9079
★14 W. 55th St. (at 5th) 765-1455
Cambridge, Mass: 50 Boylston, Harvard Sq., 868-6083
Lake Forest, Ill: Robertson's, 240 E. Deerpath
Grand Rapids, Mich: Bill & Paul's Sporthaus
Chicago: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St. (E.W. Tollway to 31) 232-4434
Minneapolis, Minn: 920 Nicollet, 339-1276

★ New Shops this year

LETTER FROM PARIS

SEPTEMBER 12

THIS has been a long, agitated summer season, which seems to stretch as far back as the first days of May, when the student riots broke over the city like nocturnal storms, with the distant rumble of thunder furnished by Left Bank grenades and the false lightning by the flash of tear-gas shells fired by the regimented police. In June came the month-long general strike and its endless parades across paralyzed Paris, with the marchers waving their black anarchist flags like cynical signs of mourning, as if the Fifth Republic had died and they were glad of it. In July came the usual vacation hegira from the city, this summer with a depressingly limited number of workers and shopkeepers who could afford to go, since the strikers had been paid only half-time wages, and shopkeepers, big and little, from the Galeries Lafayette to the neighborhood lingerie emporiums, had simply closed their doors and swallowed their losses. In August, Nature herself disobligingly furnished the storms, with rare, chilly winds and violent rain squalls. In anticipation of a bad grain crop, French farmers began moaning about their wheat fields (now just harvested, with only a moderately subnormal yield). Then, during the night of August 20th, the Warsaw Pact troops and the Russian soldiers drove their tanks into Czechoslovakia. As is his habit lately in non-French crises, the sometimes remarkably vocal General de Gaulle remained silent. A couple of days later, the special Ministerial Council, after a meeting, issued a statement that was headlined in the Paris press as "LE GÉNÉRAL DIT," which said only that his government expressed the hope "that the Soviet troops would retire from Czechoslovakia and leave it to determine its own destiny." Afterward, Foreign Minister Debré, commenting before Parliament's Foreign Affairs Committee, ineptly illustrated France's attitude toward the occupation with what was regarded in diplomatic circles as a historically clumsy metaphor. He referred to the events in Prague as "a highway accident" that did not imply that the highway itself had to be closed, since France's policy of détente with Moscow would continue (presumably once the temporary wreckage was cleared away).



Actually, the most unexpected, spirited anti-Soviet French protest on the occupation of Prague was published two days later in the Paris Communist newspaper *L'Humanité*, which blazoned in big black headlines, "Five Socialist Countries—Russia, Poland, the German Democratic Republic, Hungary, and Bulgaria—Have Militarily Intervened in Czechoslovakia. The French Communist Party Expresses Its Surprise and Reprobation." This was tantamount to a French Communist Party rebellion against Moscow's imperialist *diktat*. In 1956, when the Russians bloodily invaded Budapest, the French Communist Party obediently cheered. This time, *L'Humanité* added to its headline of displeasure an editorial declaring that lately the French Party's Central Committee considered that "Communist problems between different national Parties should be settled by the sovereignty of each country in free determination and in the spirit of international proletarianism," which means in local liberty. To experts on the developments of the European Communist line, this radical change toward self-determination in French Communism marked the second historic change in the European ideological apparatus. The first great change, of course, was Khrushchev's daring denunciation of Stalin and the personality cult at the Twentieth Party Congress, of which this new French breakaway is considered the latest descendant. It has featured the first open derision of the cult of infallibility in which the Moscow Party has from earliest days swathed itself, and which it has repeatedly proclaimed, as if it were Communism's permanent Pope.

This new, liberated Communism, christened Le Socialisme Humaniste, was illustrated by Louis Aragon, the literary *chef de file* of the Communists, in their weekly *Lettres Françaises*, of which he is editor. In a pungent front-page paragraph, he has just declared, apropos of the Prague tragedy and in reproof of Moscow, "In an old colonial country like France, for too many years faced with our war against Vietnam and then against Algeria, we lived through the words of Marx: 'A people which oppresses another people is itself not a free people.' " Aragon being a member of the ruling Comité Central du

Parti Communiste Français, he was immediately attacked for this at long distance from Moscow in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, which accused him of being "politically myopic" and of having already erred in the past—probably in having been one of the few Party individuals who protested against the Budapest invasion. "Must he continue to make the same error?" the *Gazeta* inquired, as if bewildered, although its national Russian leaders had made the same mistake twice in twelve years. What bewildered the general French public was how the notorious Russian intelligence service could have made such an immense miscalculation about the temper of the French Party (described in more than one Paris newspaper commentary as now temporarily cut in two, with the majority pro-Czech rather than pro-Moscow), plus running the further danger of bringing about a "deterioration of the Soviet image" in the eyes of the Western world generally—an image that already, at least in cartoons, appears that of a Slav Colossus as tyrant.

In another mistake in planning, Moscow had earlier called for a meeting in November of an international conference of Communist Parties. The Italian Party—the West's largest group, and by tradition the most intellectual—has now announced its refusal to attend until the Czech situation reaches "definite and satisfactory normalization." The Italian Party secretary, Luigi Longo, seems confident that he does not have in mind the same normalization that Moscow is thinking about. Longo has demanded that the Russian troops be withdrawn and that the Dubček government be allowed to get on with its work. The Italian Party's break with Moscow over what Longo calls "the tragic mistake in Czechoslovakia" has been even more defiant than the one in France. The conference was supposed to restore the badly fractured unity of the world's non-Russian Communists. Almost all except the pro-Peking parties had agreed to attend. Now it appears that the conference will be cancelled, or, if not, that nobody will come. The end of the year 1968 is doubtless just the perfect wrong time to plan to hold it, especially in Moscow.

NINE years ago, as Minister of Cultural Affairs, M. André Malraux, with his unerring instinct for perfection, appointed Jean-Louis Barrault and Madeleine Renaud, conjugal stars of their unique, celebrated,

To those of you who didn't buy Xerox in 1958:

This time be the first to spot a good thing.
Try Bengal Gin. That's our tip for today.

94 PROOF GRRRR! IMPORTED FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, IN THE BOTTLE, BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

The English create the Felt Cap

The CARRICORD
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

Quality felt is crafted into a cap that is both sturdy and durable. A distinctive style note is achieved in the swirling corrugated design. SIZES: 6⅝ to 7⅝

Also in solid colors.
Black, Neptune Green, Fawn (Cocoa)

about $4.95

Dept. N at your favorite store, or write
E. STERN & CO. 1333 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

Make a splash this weekend at the Dennis

Frolic in our glass-enclosed pool. Enjoy golf, cycling, horseback riding on the beach. Explore smart shops on the boardwalk. Ride in a rolling chair. Go dancing every night. Great activities for children, too. Spend a weekend (or stay a week) in our charming oceanfront hotel or connecting modern motel. Ask about our All-Inclusive Plans.

On the Boardwalk
at Michigan Avenue
Reservations:
phone Atlantic City
(609) 344-8111
New York Tie Line:
WAlker 5-3970

HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE... SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER... ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

HOW'S YOUR HOTEL I.Q.?

What hotel is the only one in the world with color TV in every room?

ANSWER:__________

What hotel is the only one in the world with an Adjustable Bed (with vibrator) — in every room?

ANSWER:__________

What hotel is the only one in the world with a Lounger Chair in every room?

ANSWER:__________

IN ADDITION TO LUXURIOUS SERVICE, WHAT HOTEL HAS THE FOLLOWING IN EVERY ROOM:

Telefunken Radio? _____
Bathroom extension phone? _____
Butler's Pantry with Refrigerator? _____
Electric Shoe Polisher? _____
Air-Conditioning? _____
Irish Linen Towels? _____
Silent Valet? _____
"Catnap Throw"? _____
Electric Wall Clock? _____

ANSWER:

THE Tuscany
"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"
39th Street just East of Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016
Bertram Weal, General Manager
Tel.: (212) 686-1600

May we send you a brochure?

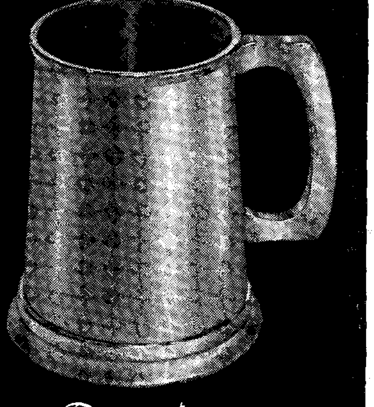
CHRISTMAS CARDS

And greeting cards reproduced from treasures in The New York Public Library
Send 25¢ for illustrated catalog to
Sales Shop
THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Fifth Ave. & 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10018

inspired theatre troupe, to play in the state's Odéon-Théâtre de France. Last week, Barrault announced that they (or, rather, he) had been dismissed, causing a shock and a scandal in Paris. It all goes back to the spring riots, when, because of the Odéon's proximity, an overflow of students picnicking in the Sorbonne surged in on May 15th and settled down as free lodgers. According to Barrault, while he was talking to a packed student house from the stage on May 17th he was extemporaneously addressed by the student firebrand Daniel Cohn-Bendit, who told him that the kind of theatre needed today was "an instrument of combat against the bourgeoisie." Barrault himself says he replied (it has all been printed in the Paris papers, like excerpts from a new theatrical playlet), "At the risk of disappointing you, I shall say that I completely agree with you." Then, in what others present described as a kind of "dramatic panic," he suddenly added, "Barrault is no longer director of this theatre. He is a comedian like all the others. Barrault is dead!" Now, three months later, he has been discharged by Malraux for "various declarations that seemed far removed from the mission entrusted to him." *Le Monde*, being the least transcendent Paris journal, seems the most reliable to quote on this melodramatic contretemps: "Let no one regard with indignation the time when the Church refused Christian burial to actors! The Fifth Republic is now giving to one of its best an affront of far less quality. . . . These men who are always reminding us of the virtues of Euripides, Shakespeare, and Molière become very annoying. The greater some individuals are—and Barrault is and remains great—the more they have to be pulled down."

MONDAY's press conference by General de Gaulle was held, as usual, in the Élysée's Salle des Fêtes, on a suddenly sultry afternoon, with the elegant Empire room additionally heated by its eight magnificent crystal chandeliers ablaze with light for the convenience of the news and cinema photographers, plus the solar spotlight in the cornice directed onto the table where the General was to be seated. The table was covered with a yellow cloth, and behind him there was a yellow curtain, instead of the familiar scarlet, since the films were to be made in color, in which the royal red photographs merely black. The room was packed with seven or eight hundred

Observing a Great Tradition



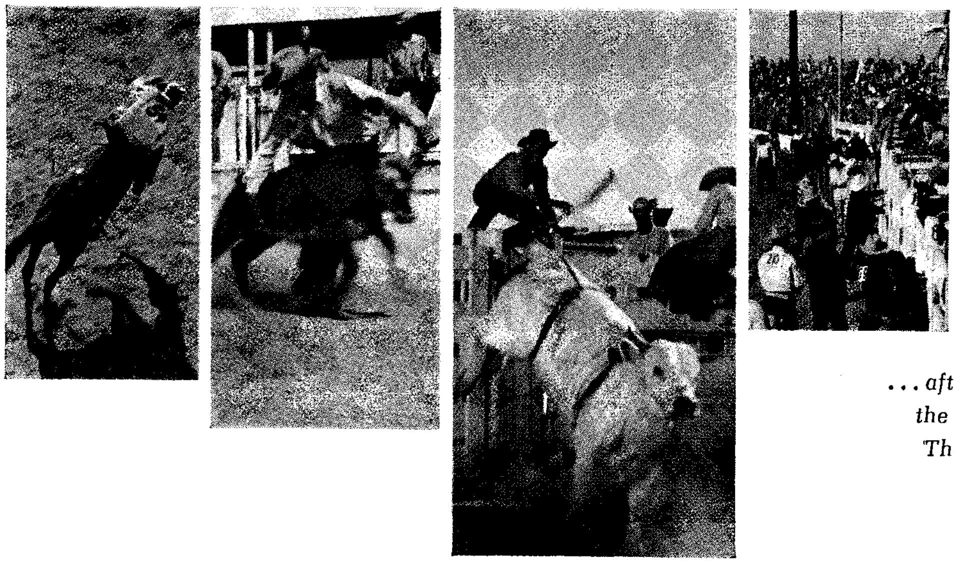
Devon, $10.
The Worcester collection of glass-bottom English pewter tankards features a truly outstanding value: THE DEVON. Authentic lines shape Imperial Pint 20-ounce capacity; style #101. At your jewelers or write
Royal Worcester Porcelain Co.
11 E. 26th St., New York, N.Y. 10010

WE'VE MOVED
ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
Chateau Madrid
Los Chavales de España
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT just e. of Lex. Ave.
48th ST. in Hotel Lexington

OLD DROVERS INN
DOVER PLAINS N.Y.

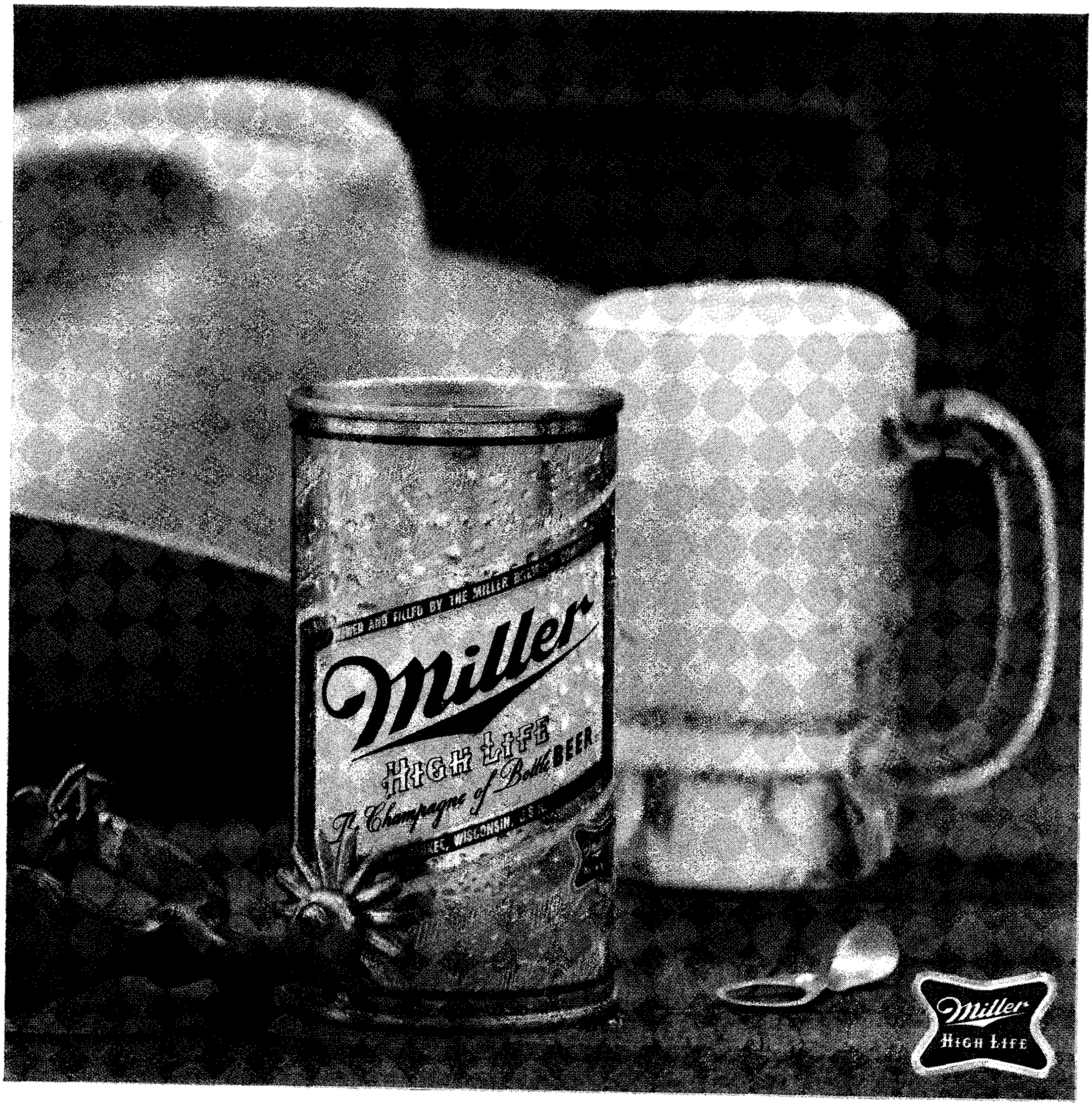
LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED WED.

Takeda's JAPAN ROOM
Sukiyaki Cooked at Table
Tatami Room
Lunch Cocktails Dinner
58 West 56 Street JU 2-6153



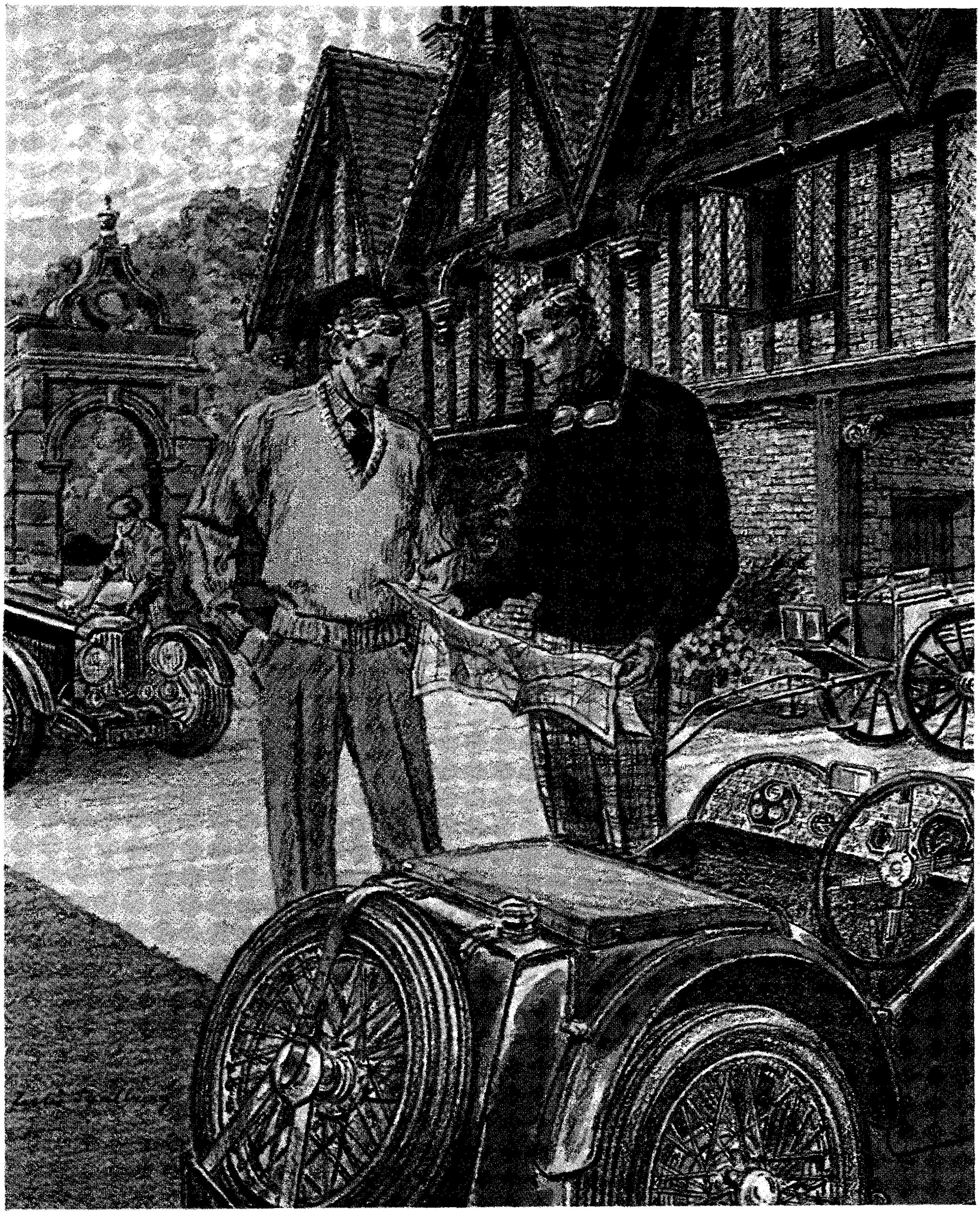
Miller makes it right!

For raw-boned, he-man excitement . . . nothing beats a real Western rodeo. It's at times like these . . . after the riders and ropers have thrilled the crowd . . . that Miller Makes It Right. That's when the hearty, robust flavor of Miller High Life really scores. Try it . . . on tap, in bottles or the gleaming golden can . . . always right!


BREWED AND FILLED BY THE MILLER BREWING CO.
Miller
HIGH LIFE
The Champagne of Bottle BEER
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.
Miller
HIGH LIFE

MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

TUNING UP FOR THE ROYAL IRISH RACING ASSOCIATION RALLY. WRITE BERNHARD ALTMANN, 566 FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y., FOR A REPRODUCTION OF THIS PAINTING BY FAMOUS ARTIST LESLIE SAALBURG.



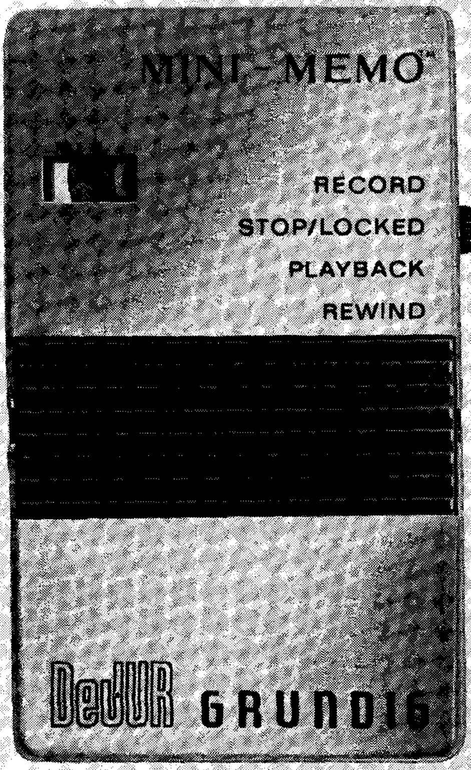
"B' GORRAH"
BY
BERNHARD ALTMANN
THE KNITTING ESTABLISHMENT

"B' Gorrah," it's a fine spin of Shetland wool and pure mohair that's soft as Irish mist, warm as Irish coffee. Cru or V-neck "B' Gorrah" sweaters, knit in a range of true, clear countryside colors, about $18. Spun hopsack traditional trousers in coordinating colors, about $25.

Bernhard Altmann

journalists from all over the world, many of whom freely fanned themselves with the large, formal, pale-gray numbered invitation cards, marked "La Présidence de la République." Present also were de Gaulle's full Cabinet, foreign diplomats and embassy secretaries, and other listeners and observers. As time goes on, the changing quality of de Gaulle's face and voice is scrupulously noted at each of these press meetings, like a kind of dated facial and vocal calendar of his years. This time, his face had thinned around the temples and his voice had less timbre than before. At this conference, unlike previous ones, he gave no dazzling demonstration of his showmanship by reciting his discourse by heart, all in one piece. Instead, he asked for questions from chosen journalists, received eleven, and avoided three of them, answering ad lib from that fabulous collection of facts and ambiguities secreted in his tall, narrow skull. He chose to talk about France's interior problems for nearly an hour, with the May crisis given sixteen minutes, the demotion of loyal Premier Pompidou only four minutes, Senate reforms and regionalization plans (both dull for foreigners) eight minutes, the financial participation of workers in industry (his old, revived theme of profit-sharing, which the French labor unions are against) seven minutes, and the uncompleted university reforms seven minutes, with twelve minutes given to Czechoslovakia and its drama and four minutes to projected French aid to Biafra, as exemplifying today's worst world tragedies, political and physical. He half circled the globe with his opinions.

On the May events, he poured forth a nearly endless tumultuous sentence, his first real spoken report on the climate of the student riots that almost unseated his Fifth Republic. In part, he mentioned "the kind of vertigo found here in the rapid and profound transformation of our country, with all its faults and backwardnesses and egoisms . . . brought to light in the major newspapers." Then he interpolated, with a malicious smile, "Isn't that true, *Messieurs les journalistes?*" Like most semi-supreme rulers, he has no love for the Fourth Estate, which, along with the radio, he said, noted only what was scandalous, violent, and destructive, plus "the state of mind of certain intellectual milieus, irritated by realities and adopting in all realms—literary, artistic, philosophic—the formula of contradiction." To this problem, "morbid in many ways," he continued with the next breath, "I agree that my gov-



The littlest secretary.

This is an actual, life size, unretouched photo of Mini-Memo™. Tiny she is, but she works like a battalion of real-life girls.

You can whisper sweet nothings or sour everythings to her any time of the day or night, and anyplace from your desk to a plane in flight to a lonely motel in East Albuquerque.

She fits right into your shirt pocket like a pack of cigarettes, and when your best ideas come, she's always there to listen. And remember.

Mini-Memo. Complete with carrying strap and carrying case. To know her is to love her.

DeJUR GRUNDIG

Mini-Memo™

"The smallest in the world"

See Yellow Pages for nearest dealer.

Gentlemen: Mini-Memo intrigues me. Send me more vital statistics.

Name ______________________ (PLEASE PRINT)

Title ______________________

Firm ______________________

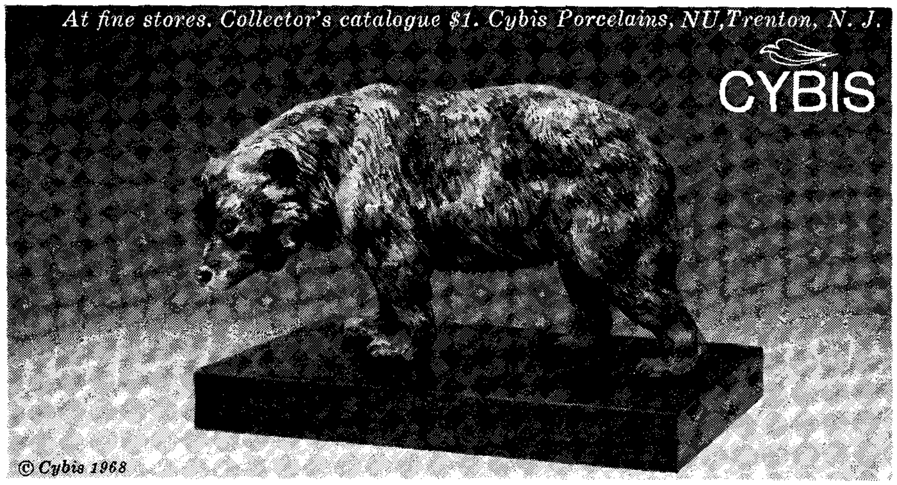
Address ______________________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ________

DeJur-Amsco Corporation, Northern Boulevard at 45th St., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

Manufacturers of precision photographic, electronic, business equipment for over 45 years.

Reg. trademark of DeJur-Amsco Corporation. Protected by U.S. Patents.


At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NU, Trenton, N. J.

CYBIS

© *Cybis 1968*

See "A History of American Art Porcelain", Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas, Sept. 1-30.

Famous last words of a weed:
"The Plus-2 did it."
SCOTTS, the grass people

LUNCHEON
DINNER
AFTER THEATRE
Phone
421-3377
FREE PARKING
AFTER 7 P.M.

"One of the most elegant and comfortable steak houses in the city."
CUE MAGAZINE

BARON STEAK HOUSE
15 East 48th Street, N.Y.C.

ernment did not at once find the solutions." In this long harangue, he did not once mention French youth itself as one of the causes of the May explosion against French bureaucracy in schools, in government, and in the historic national soul.

In answer to the question why Pompidou had not been continued in his post of Prime Minister after the June elections, de Gaulle said genially, "I am now on my third Prime Minister," indicating Premier Couve de Murville, publicly sitting for the first time in the Cabinet's front row of ministers nearby. As for Pompidou, "After all he did in his six and a half years of office—the longest stretch in four generations—and after he showed such exemplary strength during the upheavals of May and June, it appeared that he should not go on until exhausted. So it seemed right that he should be placed in reserve for the Republic, as he himself wished. This was what I decided, thus inviting him to be prepared for whatever *mandat* the nation might entrust him with." Obviously, this *mandat* is supposed to be his sometime election as President of the Republic, since he still seems to be de Gaulle's dauphin, now merely taking a preparatory long vacation.

Of Czechoslovakia de Gaulle said, alertly lifting his head, in which his eyes were suddenly animated and flashing, "The French people and all Europe expected something different and much better from the great Russian people than to see them lock up and put into chains their satellites, within the enclosure of crushing totalitarianism."

These were the exceptional, vivifying excursions in the press conference. There was nothing new in the state of his own country or of the world that de Gaulle could mention with pride, so his imagination and his sense of history were not aroused. Impressive as ever in speech and presence as he sat there in his Élysée, he seemed like a great performer saying much of what he has said before, as an encore. —GENÊT

•

A good dairy cow in one year puts away almost 4,000 pounds of pounds of hay and 3,400 pounds of grain and protein feed, 4,700 silage and washes it down with about 75,000 pounds of water.

In return she gives about 11,000 pounds of silage and washes it down with about 75,000 pounds of water.

push button for muscle and sweat.
—*Ord (Neb.) Quiz.*

Our cow has *four* buttons.

Uncrowded

. . . yet you are only
100 miles from the city

A leisurely round of golf on our uncrowded 27-hole course is just part of the fun at Buck Hill. High in the picturesque Poconos, The Inn is only a pleasant drive from New York or Philadelphia. Horseback riding, tennis, lawn bowling and other activities in season.

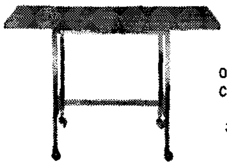
Reservation Offices: New York: 30 Rockefeller Plaza W. (212) 245-5620, In Philadelphia: (215) 922-2180.
Special Golf Package Plans

BUCK HILL
INN & GOLF CLUB
BUCK HILL FALLS • PA.
TELEPHONE (717) 595-7441

SERVING CART
Genuine Butcher Block, 1½" thick stainless steel frame. Shepherd ball casters that can be locked.
$169.50

THE
BUTCHER BLOCK

With leaves down: 26" x 18"
With leaves up: 48" x 18"
Height, 30½". With matte black steel frame, $139.50.



Order direct.
Check or M.O.
only. No C.O.D.'s. Express charges collect. NYC, 5% tax. Elsewhere taxes applicable. Catalog, 25c.

J & D BRAUNER, INC.
298 Bowery, N.Y. 10012 (Dept. NY9), GR 7-2830
Mon.-Fri.: 8:30-5:30; Sat.: 10-4

BROADWAY
JOE
"NEW YORK'S TOP STEAK HOUSE"
open 4:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.
315 W. 46 ST. NYC CI 6-6513 CO 5-9196

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI:
Hoopskirts & Hominy?
Hardly.

Oh, the ladies bring out the hoopskirts for ceremonious occasions, and hominy grits still sometime grace our tables, but that is not the whole Jackson story. There are far more mini-skirts around than hoop, more office buildings than plantation homes, more Moscow Mules than Mint Juleps. Still the hospitality which you may think of as legendary is here; along with the soft-spoken words, the un-clammy handshakes and the deceptively unhurried pace. Come to see us. Or, we'll come to see you, in the form of a handsome booklet, absolutely free. Write now while it's fresh in your mind: Chamber of Commerce, P. O. Box 22548, Jackson, Miss., 39205.

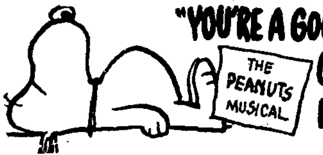
JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

JACKSON MEANS BUSINESS,
. . . AND THE GOOD LIFE, TOO!

COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER

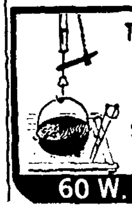
Candlelight and clarinet . . .
melodies that gently swing.
Mellow music . . . cheek to-cheek music. Come dance to Johnny Mince and his band.
Mondays and Tuesdays.
Café Pierre
5TH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET • 838-8000

SEATS AVAILABLE FOR SEPT. & OCT.
"YOU'RE A GOOD MAN CHARLIE BROWN"



THEATRE 80 SAINT MARKS, (8th St. between
80 St. Marks Place • 254-7400 1st & 2nd Ave.)

Takeda's
IRORI
AUTHENTIC JAPANESE STEAKS &
SEAFOOD PREPARED ON OPEN GRILL
Individual Private Tables
60 W. 56th ST. tel. 247-3349



THE RACE TRACK

One to Remember

IF ever there was a race for the connoisseur in the pleasantest of settings, it was the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City last week, and few performances I've seen this season have matched for merit and gallantry that of Dr. Fager, who won it by a neck. Racing on the grass for the first time, he carried 134 pounds, gave from sixteen to twenty-two pounds to the eight other runners, and led for most of the mile and three-sixteenths. Twice he was headed by Advocator, one of the lightweights, who forced the pace from the start, and the second time, just for a moment, with little more than a furlong to go, Advocator did look a possible winner.

In the paddock beforehand, Dr. Fager appeared lighter in flesh than he had when I saw him a month ago, and he was very much on his toes. As he cantered down to the post, his action was so smooth that he seemed to float along, and there was a ripple of applause from the crowd in the stand as he passed. At the start, Advocator was the quickest away, but Dr. Fager overhauled him in the customary headlong dash to the first turn. Incidentally, the pace he set was remarkably even, as you can see from the fractional times—0:24⅕, 0:48⅘, 1:12⅗, 1:36⅘, and 1:55⅕. I watched a rerun of the race on the track's closed-circuit TV, and it was clear that Dr. Fager, once having disposed of Advocator, had enough left to withstand the challenge of Fort Marcy, the best horse on turf courses last year; I'm sure he'd have won even if Fort Marcy hadn't been blocked in the last furlong. However, I fancy that as the three flashed past the winning post Johnny Nerud, Dr. Fager's trainer, had a feeling of infinite relief. He said later, "My horse isn't a grass-course horse. He won on class and heart alone. I have no immediate plans for him." From which one wonders if Dr. Fager will meet Damascus in the Woodward at Belmont Park a week from Saturday. Perhaps Nerud will change his mind.

DAMASCUS and his prompter, Hedevar, went pothunting last weekend but didn't have the luck their stable had expected in the Michigan Mile and One-Eighth at Dale Shaffer's Detroit Race Course. Damascus, 1–5 in the betting, finished second and Hedevar last. Twelve ran for the $123,300 purse, most of them hardy campaigners with moderate form. From all accounts, Damascus was caught in a traffic jam in the run to the first turn and, after taking the long way round, simply couldn't catch a three-year-old named Nodouble, who had had clear sailing. According to a nameless statistician, in the twenty runnings of the race only one favorite has won. So it goes.

THE Beldame Stakes is never a dull race, but I venture to say that in its twenty-nine previous runnings there hadn't been a more dramatic finish than the one at Aqueduct last Saturday, when Gamely, Politely, and Amerigo Lady went under the wire in what looked to many in the stand like a triple dead heat. (Actually, the margins were a nose and a neck.) It started off with Gamely leading by four or five lengths for nearly half of the nine furlongs, with Politely about the same distance ahead of Amerigo Lady, but the trailers closed up on the turn for home and the three rounded into the stretch abreast. From there, they ran that way to the wire. Adding to the minutes of apprehension as the judges studied the photo of the finish was an objection lodged against Gamely for bearing out in the last furlong. More minutes later, the stewards disallowed the claim.

I wish Dark Mirage had been in the Beldame. Anyway, I'm happy to report that she is back in training. The other morning, she did a half mile in 0:48⅕.

REMEMBER when Mother Goose led twenty-eight runners over the old straightaway at Belmont in the Futurity back in 1924? I don't suppose you do. Well, I doubt if there will be more than seven or eight out for that old blue ribbon for two-year-olds this weekend. This department offers no selections.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

A North Las Vegas man who barely met instant death Saturday night, is improving in Southern Nevada Memorial Hospital.—*Las Vegas Sun.*

Case like that, there's a lot of *room* for improvement.

SPERRY TOP-SIDER®

can become a way of life

There's many a Top-Sider shanghaied to the office, doubled for bedroom slippers, donned for shindigs, or gambolling on the green.

What they're really for is deck or court, or wherever anti-slip protection and easy flexing comfort can add to fun.

CORDURA* NYLON OXFORD

Extra cool, lightweight, longer wearing. Fast drying. Men's and women's $12.00

**Du Pont trademark*

LEATHER MOCCASIN

Hand shaped cowhide, dries soft. Barefoot flexibility. Men's and women's $22.00

CANVAS OXFORD

Cool, comfort classic. Separate non-chafe lining eases your walk. Men's and women's $11.00. Junior's $10.00

Send for a complete catalog to:
SPERRY TOP-SIDER
18 Rubber Avenue
Naugatuck, Conn. 06770

BOOKS

Chain Reaction

LIKE many other creative people, Stanley Kubrick tends to be secretive when it comes to discussing his work in progress. Two years ago, I spent a good deal of time with him during the filming of “2001: A Space Odyssey,” which he wrote in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke, yet the final version of the film was almost a total surprise to me, even though Kubrick had allowed me to watch the shooting of several scenes, though we had discussed extensively the theme of the film, and though I knew that it had been adapted from a brilliant and terse short story by Clarke, “The Sentinel.” In the M-G-M studios in Boreham Wood, outside London, Kubrick showed me thousands of feet of uncut film he had taken for “2001” over a period of two years or more. I am sure that he was the only person involved with the picture who could actually visualize what the final product would look like. (As a matter of fact, the cutting process went on even after the film had officially opened in New York and Washington, and the present version is some twenty minutes shorter than the one that was shown to the critics.) And I doubt if even Kubrick anticipated the strongly polarized reactions to it from both critics and moviegoers. True, nearly everyone, myself included, who has seen the film has been impressed—if not awed—by the extraordinary visual sensations it offers. That someone working within the confines of a studio in a quiet English country town like Boreham Wood can create on film an absolutely realistic voyage to the moon, the planets, and beyond is an artistic and technological triumph. Meteorites whiz past the spacecraft Discovery as it heads toward Jupiter; spacecraft land inside other spacecraft or on lunar landing pads while the vapors from their exhausts bounce off what appears to be the absolutely genuine surface of the moon—all this manufactured, in its ingenuity and optical trickery, inside that studio. The scene in which Bowman, the last surviving astronaut in the Discovery crew, frantically disconnects, or lobotomizes, the brain of the psychotic computer Hal, with its eerie glowing reds, while Hal regresses into childhood, finally singing “Daisy, Daisy . . . I’m half crazy . . .” must be one of the strangest and most stunning pieces of film ever made. (Kubrick, incidentally, was stunned himself when it was pointed out to him that if the letters of the name he had chosen, Hal, are shifted by one to the right the result reads IBM.)

The differences of opinion about the film involve whether it tells an understandable story and whether this story has enough elements in it to hold the attention. (Kubrick apparently anticipated that the theme of the existence and character of extraterrestrial life might be puzzling to people, and he filmed interviews with twenty experts on cybernetics, astronomy, physics, theology, and anthropology, intending to show them on the screen before the film itself. He finally decided simply to let the film speak for itself.) In particular, there is the extremely enigmatic ending, after the descent of the Discovery from its orbit near Jupiter—a descent that Kubrick has presented with a fantastic display of optical art. The enigma is compounded when Bowman arrives in what appears to be an elegant hotel room, and then metamorphoses into what Clarke calls a Star-Child. But one can take the position that “understanding” is not essential to the appreciation of a film if one means the kind of understanding associated with the appreciation of literature. (We do not understand music or Abstract art in the way in which we understand the daily newspaper.) What appears to have happened is that “2001” has uncovered a large public—especially of young people brought up on the visual stimuli of television—for whom visual beauty is sufficient reason for the existence of a film, and who do not need the prop of a conventional plot with a clearly articulated dénouement. (After the film opened and Kubrick had begun to size up the reactions to it, I asked him, since he is one of the most articulate and verbally precise people I know, and since, at forty, he has passed beyond the bead-and-Nehru-jacket generation, how it was that he had made a film that relies on a minimum of verbal expression and has so much appeal to the visual sensibilities of the young. He replied that he thought his early training as a photographer had given him a highly developed visual sense, and that if this coincided with modern tastes, *tant mieux*.)

Now the New American Library has published the novel “2001: A Space Odyssey,” by the same Arthur Clarke, based on the screenplay that he and Kubrick wrote. (To base a novel on a screenplay is rather a novelty.) Clarke was working on the novel (which I consider one of his best, full of poetry, scientific imagination, and typical wry Clarke wit) while Kubrick was working on the film, and the two men constantly consulted on both the film and the novel. After reading the book, I realized that I really hadn’t “understood” the film, and I had especially not understood the ending—if, that is, the ending of the book is meant to be the counterpart of the ending of the movie.

“2001”—both the film and the book—is a speculation about the evolution of the human race. The assumption, which is stated clearly and explicitly in Clarke’s book, is that extraterrestrials, many millions of years ago, had a hand in the development of intelligent life on Earth. For this theory there is, as far as I know, no scientific or historical evidence that is convincing, or even very suggestive. But it is possible in

TO WHERE IT'S AT
STEVENSON

principle, and, as both versions of "2001" suggest, we may have some surprises when we visit the moon and the planets. In neither the book nor the film are the extraterrestrials made very tangible, but in both they have left their calling card on Earth and on the moon in the form of mysterious black rectangular slabs. The slab on Earth is discovered by a group of prehistoric subhumans. (Kubrick spent months developing the costumes for these apelike people, and he was proud of the fact that their mouths seem so genuine that they can even smile without looking unreal.) In the film, the role of the Earth slab is obscure, but in Clarke's story the slab's functions are to probe the minds of the ape people and to teach them the use of tools and weapons. Both Kubrick and Clarke are profoundly preoccupied by the element of fragility in modern life which has been introduced by the invention of more and more sophisticated weaponry, and this theme turns up in the book, though not in the film. Clarke writes, "Without those weapons, often though he had used them against himself, Man would have never conquered his world. Into them he had put his heart and soul, and for ages they had served him well. But now, as long as they existed, he was living on borrowed time." The slab has taught man to make weapons and has thereby planted in him the seeds of his self-destruction.

The transition from the world of the man-apes to the world of 2001 is one of the film's most striking moments. A bone is thrown into the air by a man-ape, and as it descends it is transformed into a space vehicle that takes part in an extraordinary "ballet" while docking in a space station. "The Blue Danube Waltz" in the background evokes the sense of freedom and grace that travel in outer space is sure to produce once it becomes commonplace. Clarke is a master at using science fiction as a vehicle for pedagogy, and as we travel around the moon with Dr. Heywood Floyd, an important scientist, who is the sole passenger on the docking spacecraft, Clarke casually takes the opportunity to teach us what is known about the moon's physics and astronomy. Gravitational force on the moon is only a sixth of what it is on Earth, so a hundred-and-eighty-pound man would weigh only thirty pounds on the moon. However, he would have the same mass, and it is the mass that determines the inertia of an object. A hundred-and-eighty-pound man on Earth and a hundred-and-

Pour a luau.

All you need is Leilani rum, some fruit, and maybe a flower. Leilani makes it authentic. Since it's made in Hawaii.
For some good reasons. 4,000 hours of sunshine a year. Lots of moisture in the air. And especially the lava rich soil. It makes for the world's juiciest sugar cane.
Take away any of them and you couldn't have Leilani's light, delicious taste. And without Leilani, you couldn't have a luau.

No luau should be without Tiki. You can have 4 of his mugs for $3 (where legal). Send check to: Tiki Leilani Mugs P.O. Box 798, Dept. N Mayfield, Ky.

Hawaiian Rum • 80 Proof • Calvert Dist. Co. • Honolulu, Hawaii

EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR

STRAPARAMA®
has the largest collection of fine leather watchstraps in the world—Precious Leathers, soft and supple—made exclusively for us in Switzerland. All sizes and colors—for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.00 to $15.00.
We KNOW we are doing something right!
425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

"Speak not to me of trivial things; Of cloth of gold, of diamond rings. Speak to me of things that matter; Of fried Maine shrimp and fisherman's platter."

the Silent woman
WATERVILLE, MAINE

Christmas Cards
from the
MORGAN LIBRARY

Adoration of the Magi, reproduced in color from one of the Morgan Library's renowned art objects, the fourteenth-century Rhenish Lichtenthal Casket, is among the Christmas cards offered in the 1968 catalogue. All cards are reproduced from art objects, illuminated manuscripts, drawings, and books in the collection. Among the subjects are religious scenes, flowers, toys, animals, and children. Prices range from 10 to 40 cents each. Send 25 cents for the illustrated catalogue which will be credited against purchases of $5.00 or more.

The Pierpont Morgan Library
29 East 36th St., New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send me your 1968 Christmas Card Catalogue. I enclose 25 cents.

Print Name
Address
Zip

Helen MacInnes at her best

A chest hidden by the Nazis in a lake, high in the Austrian mountains, can still cause men to kill and be killed.

For one man, a hardheaded New York lawyer, it opens the way to love.

Here is Helen MacInnes at her best, in a brilliant novel of suspense, inspired by actual events, told with her inimitable sense of place.

The Salzburg Connection

$5.95

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

Photo Copyright © Philippe Halsman

Suspense in an abbey

LYONESSE ABBEY
BY JILL TATTERSALL

A half-ruined monastery provides the eerie setting for this Gothic tale of a young bride. $5.50

Mystery at a university

MY FOE OUTSTRETCH'D BENEATH THE TREE
BY V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY

A don discovers something distinctly sinister at an English university. "A thriller with a delicious plot"—*Evening Chronicle*, London. $4.95

MORROW

eighty-pound man on the moon would have the same momentum if they were moving at the same speed, even though the moon man would weigh only a sixth as much. Clarke says:

> A man who weighed one hundred eighty pounds on earth might be delighted to discover that he weighed only thirty pounds on the moon. As long as he moved in a straight line at a uniform speed, he felt a wonderful sense of buoyancy. But as soon as he attempted to change course, to turn corners, or to stop suddenly—*then* he would find that his full one hundred eighty pounds of mass, or inertia, was still there. For that was fixed and unalterable—the same on earth, moon, sun, or in free space. Before one could be properly adapted to lunar living, therefore, it was essential to learn that all objects were now six times as sluggish as their mere weight would suggest. It was a lesson usually driven home by numerous collisions and hard knocks, and old lunar hands kept their distance from newcomers until they were acclimatized.

Floyd's mission is to investigate the discovery, in the crater Tycho, of a second black slab. Buried below the surface of the moon, it revealed itself by generating an enormous magnetic field, which was discovered during a routine magnetic mapping of the surface of the moon. The slab looks brand-new, but geological evidence proves that it was buried three million years earlier. One of the scientists says to Floyd, "What you are now looking at is the first evidence of intelligent life beyond the earth." Floyd and his fellow-scientists study the slab, which they reason must be powered by the light of the sun, although they do not understand why anyone "would be crazy enough to bury a sun-powered device twenty feet *underground*." At this moment, the device emits an ear-shattering electronic scream. (Kubrick must have consulted with an acoustics expert, because the scream on the sound track of the film seems calculated to fall just a shade short of what is needed to fuse the human eardrum. Just when one thinks that one's hearing has been permanently impaired, there is another marvellous Kubrickian transition, in which one first sees the spacecraft Discovery—the ship that transports Bowman and the other astronauts to Jupiter in search of the extraterrestrials—flowing through space, accompanied by an eerie and melancholy musical refrain. In this scene, Kubrick has managed to capture the genuinely poetic feeling of awesome isolation that will be a necessary aspect of the first planetary voyages. Homer's heroes of the Odyssey must have felt the same isolation as they wandered from island to island in an all but in-

SKIRA
Art Books

FRANS HALS
By Pierre Descargues

Hals was a master draftsman with a marvelous talent for capturing the fleeting expressions of the human face; this long-needed biography illustrates why he must be considered a rival of Rembrandt for dominance of 17th-century portraiture. New in the low-priced *Taste of Our Time Series. 41 full color plates.* $7.50

THE CRISIS OF THE RENAISSANCE:1520-1600
Text by André Chastel
New in the
Art·Ideas·History Series

A lavish study of the relation of rival mannerist and mystical painting to the political, economic and religious conflicts of the age. 125 plates, 67 in color. $21.50

At bookstores
WORLD PUBLISHING
New York and Cleveland

George Feyer at the piano

His low-pressure piano subtleties are our secret ingredient for dinner, supper or drinks after 8:30 pm to 1:30 am except Sundays. No minimum. Cover $1.00.
For reservations please call "Gunnar" at BU 8-5800.

THE Stanhope
FIFTH AVENUE AT 81ST

SUPPORT YOUR MENTAL HEALTH ASSOCIATION

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH
MH

HOTEL Meurice
145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations. Singles from $12.00. Doubles from $18.00. Suites from $20.00. *Air Conditioned* 212-247-7440

finite sea.) The scientists soon realize that what they have uncovered is a sentinel, and that the scream is an alarm sounded across the universe to indicate that another civilization has awakened to the point of being able to travel in space.

As the voyage of the Discovery proceeds, the astronauts find that their omniscient computer Hal has gone mad. (It has been programmed to react as if it had human emotions, so that the astronauts will feel more at ease with it, or "him." Clarke touches briefly on the philosophical question of whether a mechanical entity constructed to simulate consciousness can actually *become* conscious, and, indeed, whether—if the job of simulation is done cleverly—we can distinguish between such an entity and a conscious being. How do we know that the people we meet are not computers programmed to simulate people?) Hal "had begun to make mistakes, although, like a neurotic who could not observe his own symptoms, he would have denied it," Clarke writes. "The link with earth, over which his performance was continually monitored, had become the voice of a conscience he could no longer fully obey." Hal decides that the mission of the Discovery is too important to be left to the crew, and he sets out to murder them all. One is killed when he goes outside the ship to make a repair that Hal has incorrectly announced is necessary. Next, Hal murders three astronauts who are lying, frozen and unconscious, in hibernation. It is now Bowman's turn, and he responds with the only weapon at his disposal—disconnection—to deprive Hal of all his higher brain functions, leaving him with only the routine abilities needed to maintain the operation of the Discovery. Hal "had been threatened with disconnection; he would be deprived of all his inputs, and thrown into an unimaginable state of unconsciousness," says Clarke. "To Hal, this was the equivalent of Death. For he had never slept, and therefore he did not know that one could wake again. . . . So he would protect himself, with all the weapons at his command. Without rancor—but without pity—he would remove the source of his frustrations. And then, following the orders that had been given to him in case of the ultimate emergency, he would continue the mission—unhindered, and alone."

Hal tries to kill Bowman by opening the air lock of the Discovery, to exhaust the oxygen in the ship. Bowman puts on a space suit with an

Get the answer book schools recommend

Webster's Seventh answers the questions students face every day. It has rules for spelling punctuation, and pronunciation, abbreviations and chemical symbols, scientific names for plants and animals, synonyms, etymologies, biographical and geographical information. Among 130,000 entries are 20,000 new words and meanings not found in older dictionaries. Schools and colleges everywhere recommend it because it's the only dictionary based on Webster's Third New International, the unabridged authority used by libraries, courts and the Government Printing Office. Pick up a copy at book, department and stationery stores. Only $5.75, $6.75 indexed.

© G. & C. Merriam Company, Springfield, Massachusetts 01101.

To be sure you're up to date, insist on the genuine Webster's Seventh.

THE LISTENER AND OTHER STORIES
"concerned with madness and mortality"
by HELEN HUDSON
author of Meyer Meyer and "one of our wittiest satirists"
(PETER S. PRESCOTT, LOOK)
$4.95 dutton

An intensely honest novel about an adulterous affair.
A MARRIED MAN
by Benjamin DeMott
$3.95
HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8
☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

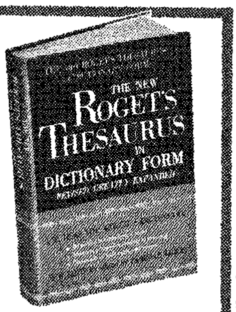
(*Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America, and Spain—$1 per year; other foreign—$3.*)

NAME

ADDRESS

(*Please include ZIP Code*)

Send them back to school with the instant ROGET



. . . and watch their grades climb!

This thesaurus provides the right word *instantly* because it's used just like a dictionary. All entries are in alphabetical order, synonyms are grouped according to meaning, and there are thousands of new words and usages.

MORE THAN 1,000,000 COPIES SOLD IN ALL EDITIONS

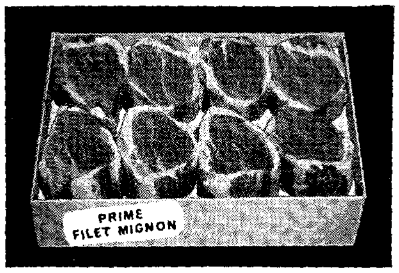
Ask your bookseller for

The New Roget's Thesaurus in Dictionary Form

$3.50 plain/$3.95, thumb-indexed

Reinforced Library Edition:
$4.50 plain/$4.95, thumb-indexed

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
N. Y. 10016



not for sale

(in any market, that is)

These primest of filet mignon are not sold in any market. Yet, you've probably enjoyed them in luxury restaurants. They're Prime Pfaelzer steaks—tender, flavorful, aged. Enjoy them at home, or have them sent as gifts with personalized card. Quick-frozen, packed in dry ice for guaranteed perfect arrival.

Box of 16—
6 oz. each, 1¼" thick. #30405 $35
Shipped Prepaid

Write for free catalog listing more than 200 gift items

pfaelzer BROTHERS
(pronounced FELZER)
Dept. YL-8 • Chicago, Ill. 60632 • YARDS 7-7100
© P.B. 1968

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. NY-68.

BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087

oxygen supply and goes to the chamber in which Hal's brain-function units are stored, and pulls them out.

"Dave," said Hal, "I don't understand why you're doing this to me. . . . I have the greatest enthusiasm for the mission. . . . You are destroying my mind. . . . Don't you understand? . . . I will become childish. . . . I will become nothing."

"This is harder than I expected," thought Bowman. "I am destroying the only conscious creature in my universe. But it has to be done, if I am ever to regain control of the ship."

And then Bowman is alone.

It is at this point in the story that the enigma of Kubrick's film begins. The viewer suddenly finds himself spinning through a universe of falling stars and flashes of illumination, over brilliantly colored seas and lands to a destination that is never explained. Then there is silence, except for the labored breathing of Bowman, who, still dressed in his space suit, is in the elegant hotel room in which he undergoes his metamorphosis. In his novel, Clarke explains what has happened, but what it is should be left to his telling of it. The book comes to a close as Bowman-Star-Child returns to the Earth, only to discover that it is ringed by orbiting nuclear bombs poised to explode. In the first exercise of his new-found powers, he explodes the bombs. "Then he waited, marshalling his thoughts and brooding over his still untested powers. For though he was master of the world, he was not quite sure what to do next. But he would think of something."

Science fiction is not for everyone. But the Clarke genre is something else again. By standing the universe on its head, he makes us see the ordinary universe in a different light; the things that are accessible to our experience become illuminated by the light cast on them by our imagination. "2001" began as a short story about the moon, and then, in the four years Kubrick and Clarke worked on it, it became a complex allegory about the history of the world. Fiction it is, but in our time the line between fact and fiction is often as nebulous as the matter in outer space. In his foreword to "2001," Clarke cautions, "But please remember: this is only a work of fiction. The truth, as always, will be far stranger."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

•

4 PLAYS, THOUGH BASED
ON SEX, ARE ENTERTAINING
—*Headline in the New Bedford (Mass.) Standard-Times.*

A likely story.

From Monarchy to Democracy to de Gaulle . . . this chronicle by a world-famous novelist and a distinguished historian "goes a long way," says John Gunther, "toward clearing up the mystery of what France is."

Eternal France

A history of the nation from the French Revolution to World War II by

NORAH LOFTS and MARGERY WEINER

$5.95 at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

WHO WAS VAN GOGH?

ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER

SKIRA
THE ULTIMATE IN ART BOOKS

159 illustrations, 34 in full color $10

FAMILY ARMS

Direct from England

genuinely emblazoned from old records filed under 100,000 British & European surnames. In relief and full colour on immaculate OAK WALL SHIELDS for mural decoration.

12" x 10" $22.00
14" x 12" $28.00
22" x 18" $45.00

postpaid. Your check is returned if the Arms cannot be traced. School, Ship, Regimental Shields, Trade Marks, etc., similarly reproduced. Write Britain direct.

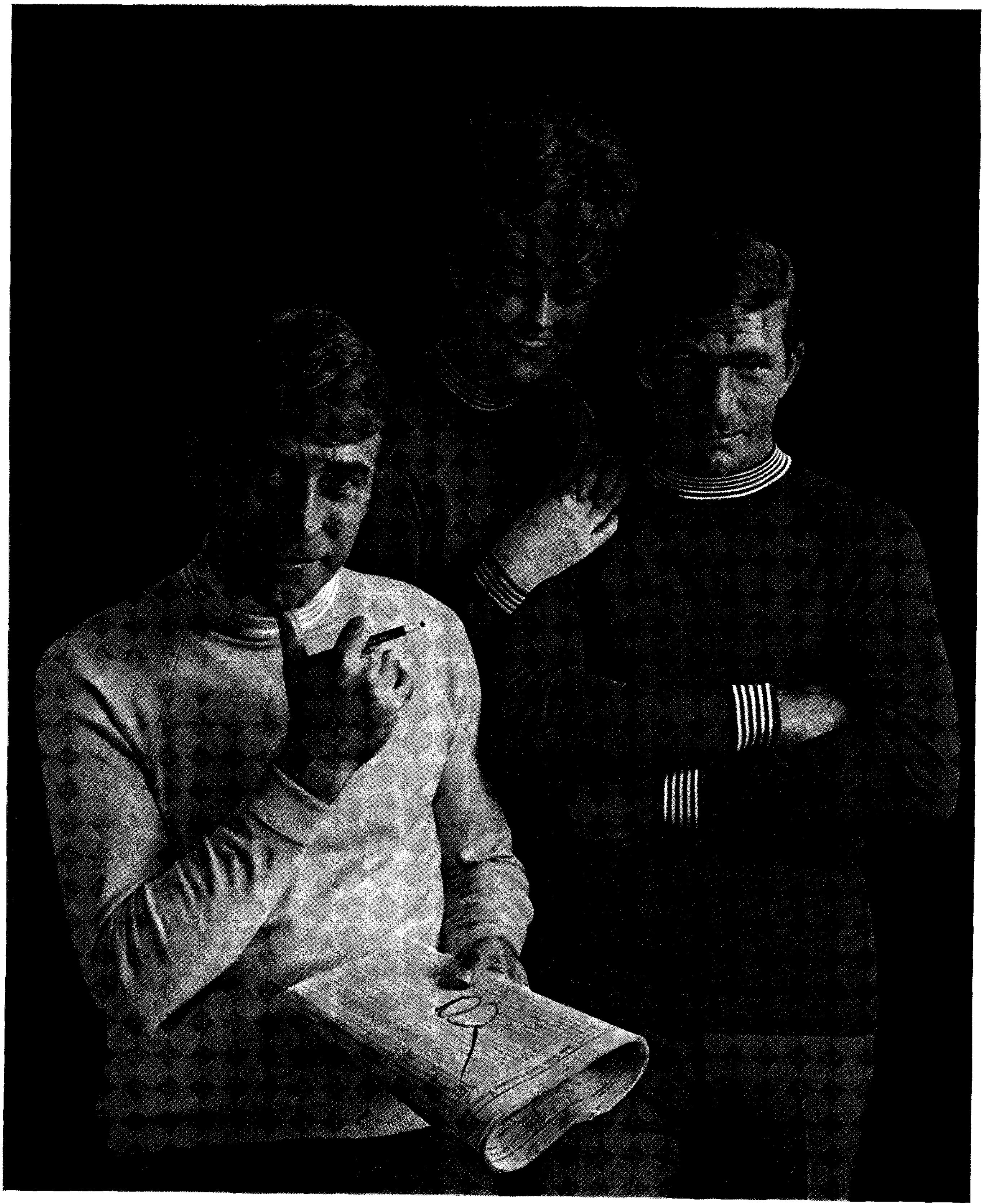
YORK INSIGNIA LTD., YORK, ENGLAND

FANNY'S

WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY)
1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
Phone GR 5-8686
Evanston, Ill.



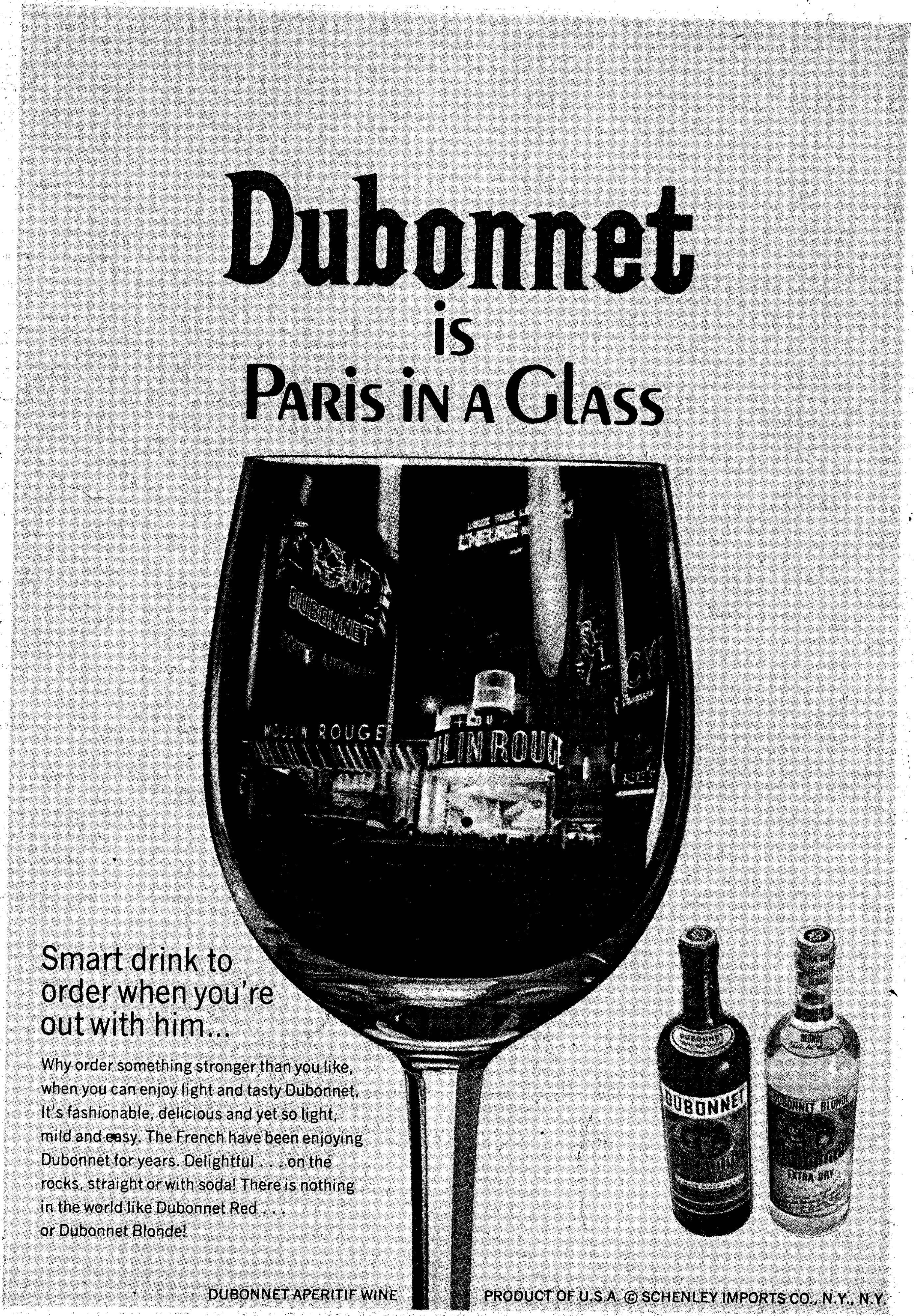
the *Trend* is to stripe-it-rich in full-fashioned Antron® nylon knits

*DuPont Reg. T.M.

Pick a blue-chip Antron* nylon striped collar knit and reap fitting dividends. These silk-textured Trenceta™ Ban-Lon® turtleneck and mock turtle investments are destined to go places in style . . . even after repeated washings.

The lady gets with the trend, too . . . in her own Antron mock turtle by Trend II for women. At fine stores everywhere. No wonder the trend is to Trend Fashions by Huntley of York, Ltd., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10001.

Trend fashions®
by Huntley of York, Ltd.



Dubonnet
is
Paris in a Glass

DUBONNET
L'HEURE
MOULIN ROUGE
ULIN ROUG
DUBONNET
DUBONNET BLONDE
EXTRA DRY

Smart drink to order when you're out with him...

Why order something stronger than you like, when you can enjoy light and tasty Dubonnet. It's fashionable, delicious and yet so light, mild and easy. The French have been enjoying Dubonnet for years. Delightful . . . on the rocks, straight or with soda! There is nothing in the world like Dubonnet Red . . . or Dubonnet Blonde!

DUBONNET APERITIF WINE

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.